

JUVENAL

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THE

SATIRES

OF

Decimus Junius Juvenalis.

Tranſlated into Engliſh VERSE.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

And ſeveral Other Eminent Hands.

Together with the

SATIRES of *Aulus Perſius Flaccus.*

Made Engliſh by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

With Explanatory Notes at the End of each SATIR.

To which is Prefix'd,

A Diſcourſe concerning the Original and Progreſs of SATIR.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable

CHARLES Earl of *Dorſet*, &c.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Quicquid agunt Homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago libelli.

The Third Edition, Adorn'd with SCULPTURES.

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TO THE

Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Houshould, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THE Wishes and Desires of a good Man, which have attended your Lordship from your Early Appearance in the World, are at length compliſh'd in your obtaining those Honours and Dignities, which you have so long deserv'd. There are no Factions, tho' irreconcilable to one another, that are not united in their Affection to you, and the Reward they pay you. They are equally pleas'd in your Prosperity, and would be equally concern'd in your Misfortune. Tully Nephew was not more the Delight of Humankind. The Universal Empire made him only more known

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Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majeſty's Houſhould, Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the GARTER, *&c.*

My LORD,

THE Wiſhes and Deſires of all good Men, which have attended your Lordſhip from your Firſt Appearance in the World, are at length accompliſh'd in your obtaining thoſe Honours and Dignities, which you have ſo long deſerv'd. There are no Factions, tho' irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their Affection to you, and the Reſpect they pay you. They are equally pleas'd in your Proſperity, and wou'd be equally concern'd in your Afflictions. *Titus Veſpaſian* was not more the Delight of Humankind. The Univerſal Empire made him only more

known, and more powerful, but cou'd not make him more belov'd. He had greater Ability of doing Good, but your Inclination to it, is not less: And tho' you cou'd not extend your Beneficence to so many Persons, yet you have lost as few Days as that excellent Emperour; and never had his Complaint to make when you went to Bed, that the Sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the Opportunity of relieving some unhappy Man. This, my Lord, has justly acquir'd you as many Friends, as there are Persons who have the Honour to be known to you: Meer Acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer Line: And they who have convers'd with you, are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a Truth so generally acknowledg'd, that it needs no Proof: 'Tis of the Nature of a First Principle, which is receiv'd as soon as it is propos'd; and needs not the Reformation which *Descartes* us'd to his: For we doubt not, neither can we properly say, we think we admire and love You, above all other Men: There is a certainty in the Proposition, and we know it. With the same Assurance I can say, you neither have Enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither Love or Hate you: and they who have, can have no other Notion of you; than that which they receive from the Publick, That you are the best of Men. After this, my Testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be Day-light at High-noon: And all who have the benefit of Sight, can look up, as well, and see the Sun.

'Tis true, I have one Priviledge which is almost particular to my self, that I saw you in the *East* at your first arising above the Hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any Man of that Light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upwards to the Meridian. I made my early Addresses to your Lordship, in my Essay of Dramatick Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the World; wherein, I have the Right of a First Discoverer. When I was my self, in the Rudiments of my Poetry, without Name or Reputation in the World, having rather the Ambi-

Ambition of a Writer, than the Skill; when I was drawing the Out-Lines of an Art, without any living Master to instruct me in it; an Art which had ben better prais'd than study'd here in *England*, wherein *Shakespear*, who created the Stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly; and *Johnson*, who by studying *Horace*, had been acquainted with the Rules, yet seem'd to envy to Posterity that Knowledge, and like an Inventer of some useful Art, to make a Monopoly of his Learning: When thus, as I may say, before the Use of the Loadstone, or Knowledge of the Compass, I was sailing in a vast Ocean, without other help than the Pole-Star of the Ancients, and the Rules of the *French* Stage amongst the Moderns, which are extreamly different from ours, by reason of their opposite Taste; yet even then, I had the presumption to Dedicate to your Lordship: A very unfinish'd Piece, I must confess, and which only can be excus'd by the little Experience of the Author, and the Modesty of the Title, *An Essay*. Yet I was stronger in Prophecy than I was in Criticism I was inspir'd to foretell You to Mankind, as the Restorer of Poetry, the greatest Genious, the truest Judge, and the best Patron.

Good Sence and good Nature, are never separated, tho' the Ignorant World has thought otherwise. Good Nature, by which I mean Beneficence and Candor, is the Product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the Failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in Mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to Excellency, tho' not absolutely free from Faults, will certainly produce a Candor in the Judge. 'Tis incident to an elevated Understanding, like your Lordship's, to find out the Errors of other Men; But 'tis your Prerogative to pardon them; to look with Pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote Kindred to your own Conceptions: And to forgive the many Failings of those, who with their wretched Art, cannot arrive to those Heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native Genious. Which are as

as inborn to you, as they were to *Shakespear*; and for ought I know, to *Homer*; in either of whom we find all Arts and Sciences, all Moral and Natural Philosophy, without knowing that they ever study'd them.

There is not an *English* Writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinc'd, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most Vain, and the most Ambitious of our Age, have not dar'd to assume so much, as the Competitors of *Themistocles*: They have yielded the first Place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteem'd as Second to your Lordship; and even that also with a *Longo, sed proximi Intervallo.* If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their Self-conceipt, they must be very singular in their Opinion: They must be like the *Officer*, in a Play, who was call'd Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The World will easily conclude, whether such unattended Generals can ever be capable of making a Revolution in *Parnassus.*

I will not attempt in this place, to say any thing particular of your *Lyrick Poems*, tho' they are the Delight and Wonder of this Age, and will be the Envy of the next. The Subject of this Book confines me to Satyr; and in that, an Author of your own Quality, (whose Ashes I will not disturb,) has given you all the Commendation, which his Self-sufficiency cou'd afford to any Man: *The best good Man, with the worst-Natur'd Muse.* In that Character, methinks, I am reading *Johnson*'s Verses to the Memory of *Shakespear*: An Insolent, Sparing, and Invidious Panegyrick: Where good Nature, the most Godlike Commendation of a Man, is only attributed to your Person, and deny'd to your Writings: For they are every-where so full of Candor, that, like *Horace*, you only expose the Follies of Men, without arraigning their Vices; and in this excel him, That You add that pointedness of Thought, which is visibly wanting in our great *Roman.* There is more of Salt in all your Verses, than I have seen in any of the Moderns, or even of the Ancients: But you have been

sparing

ſparing of the Gall; by which means you have pleas'd all Readers, and offended none. *Donn* alone, of all our Country-men, had your Talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your Verſification. And were he tranſlated into Numbers, and Engliſh, he wou'd yet be wanting in the Dignity of Expreſſion. That which is the prime Virtue, and chief Ornament of *Virgil*, which diſtinguiſhes him from the reſt of Writers, is ſo conſpicuous in your Verſes, that it caſts a Shadow on all your Contemporaries; we cannot be ſeen, or but obſcurely, while you are preſent. You equal *Donn* in the Variety, Multiplicity, and Choice of Thoughts; you excel him in the Manner, and the Words. I read you both, with the ſame Admiration, but not with the ſame Delight. He affects the Metaphyſicks, not only in his Satyrs, but in his amorous Verſes, where Nature only ſhou'd reign; and perplexes the minds of the Fair Sex with nice Speculations of Philoſophy, when he ſhou'd engage their Hearts, and entertain them with the Softneſſes of Love. In this (if I may be pardon'd for ſo bold a Truth) Mr. *Cowley* has Copy'd him to a fault; ſo great a one, in my Opinion, that it throws his Miſtreſs infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter Compoſitions; which are undoubtedly the beſt of his Poems, and the moſt correct. For my own part, I muſt avow it freely to the World, that I never attempted any thing in Satyr, wherein I have not ſtudy'd your Writings as the moſt perfect Model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greateſt Commendation, which my own Partiality can give to my Productions, is, that they are Copies, and no farther to be allow'd, than as they have ſomething more or leſs of the Original. Some few Touches of your Lordſhip, ſome ſecret Graces which I have endeavour'd to expreſs after your manner, have made whole Poems of mine to paſs with approbation: But take your Verſes altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, 'tis becauſe you have not written more. You have not ſet me ſufficient Copy to tranſcribe; and I cannot add one Letter

of my own Invention, of which I have not the Example there.

'Tis a general Complaint againſt your Lordſhip, and I muſt have leave to upbraid you with it, that, becauſe you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wiſhes you ſo well, in all things that relate to your Proſperity, have their Intervals of wiſhing for themſelves, and are within a little of grudging you the Fulneſs of your Fortune: They wou'd be more malicious if you us'd it not ſo well, and with ſo much Generoſity.

Fame is in it ſelf a real Good, if we may believe *Cicero*, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even Fame, as *Virgil* tells us, acquires ſtrength by going forward. Let *Epicurus* give Indolency as an Attribute to his Gods, and place in it the Happineſs of the Bleſt: The Divinity which we Worſhip, has given us not only a Precept againſt it, but his own Example to the contrary. The World, my Lord, wou'd be content to allow you a Seventh Day for reſt; or if you thought that hard upon you, we wou'd not refuſe you half your time: If you came out, like ſome Great Monarch, to take a Town but once a Year, as it were for your Diverſion, tho' you had no need to extend your Territories: In ſhort, if you were a bad, or which is worſe, an indifferent Poet, we wou'd thank you for our own Quiet, and not expoſe you to the want of yours. But when you are ſo great, and ſo ſucceſsful, and when we have that neceſſity of your Writing, that we cannot ſubſiſt intirely without it; any more, (I may almoſt ſay,) than the World without the daily Courſe of ordinary Providence, methinks, this Argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your Repoſe for the Publick Benefit. 'Tis not that you are under any force of working daily Miracles, to prove your Being; but now and then ſomewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your Production, is requiſite to refreſh your Character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a ſufficient Reproach to you; and ſhou'd I carry it as far as Mankind wou'd authorize me, wou'd be little leſs than Satir. And, indeed, a Provocation

vocation is almoſt neceſſary, in behalf of the World, that you might be induc'd ſometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of Scriblers, who daily peſter the World with their inſufferable ſtuff, that they might be diſcourag'd from Writing any more. I complain not of their Lampoons and Libels, tho, I have been the Publick Mark for many Years, I am vindictive enough to have repell'd Force by Force, if I cou'd imagine that any of them had ever reach'd me; but they either ſhot at Rovers, and therefore miſs'd, or their Powder was ſo weak, that I might ſafely ſtand them, at the neareſt diſtance. I anſwer'd not the *Rehearſal*, becauſe I knew the Author ſate to himſelf when he drew the Picture, and was the very Bays of his own Farce. Becauſe alſo I knew, that my Betters were more concern'd than I was in that Satir: And, laſtly, becauſe Mr. *Smith* and Mr. *Johnſon*, the main Pillars of it, were two ſuch languiſhing Gentlemen in their Converſation, that I cou'd liken them to nothing but to their own Relations, thoſe Noble Characters of men of Wit and Pleaſure about the Town. The like Conſiderations have hinder'd me from dealing with the lamentable Companions of their Proſe and Doggrel, I am ſo far from defending my Poetry againſt them, that I will not ſo much as expoſe theirs. And for my Morals, if they are not proof againſt their Attacks, let me be thought by Poſtery, what thoſe Authors wou'd be thought, if any Memory of them, or of their Writings, cou'd endure ſo long, as to another Age. But theſe dull Makers of Lampoons, as harmleſs as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous Example to the Publick: Some witty Men may perhaps ſucceed to their Deſigns, and mixing Sence with Malice, blaſt the Reputation of the moſt Innocent amongſt men, and the moſt Vertuous amongſt Women.

Heaven be prais'd, our common Libellers are as free from the imputation of Wit, as of Morality; and therefore whatever Miſchief they have deſign'd, they have perform'd but little of it. Yet theſe ill Writers, in all Juſtice, ought themſelves to be expos'd: As *Perſius* has given us a fair

Example

Example in his First Satyr; which is levell'd particularly at them: And none is so fit to correct their Faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own Writings, but is also so Just, that he will never Defame the Good; and is arm'd with the Power of Verse, to punish and make Examples of the bad. But of this, I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the Definition and Character of true Satyrs.

In the mean time, as a Counsellor bred up in the Knowledge of the Municipal and Statue-Laws, may honestly inform a Just Prince how far his Prerogative extends; so I may be allow'd to tell your Lordship, who by an undisputed Title, are the King of Poets, what an extent of Power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant Scriblers of this Age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are absolute by your Office, in all that belongs to the Decency and Good Manners of the Stage. You can banish from thence Scurrility and Profaneness, and restrain the licentious Insolence of Poets and their Actors in all things that shock the Publick Quiet; or the Reputation of Private Persons, under the Notion of *Humour*. But I mean not the Authority, which is annex'd to your Office; I speak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your Person. What is produc'd in you by an Excellent Wit, a Masterly and Commanding Genius over all Writers; Whereby you are impower'd, when you please, to give the final Decision of Wit; to put your Stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a Brand of Reprobation on Clipt Poetry, and false Coin. A Shilling dipt in the *Bath* may go for Gold amongst the Ignorant, but the Scepters on the Guineas shew the difference. That your Lordship is form'd by Nature for this Supremacy, I cou'd easily prove, (were it not already granted by the World) from the distinguishing Character of your Writing. Which is so visible to me, that I never cou'd be impos'd on to receive for Yours, what was written by any others; or to mistake your Genuine Poetry, for their Spurious Productions. I can farther add with Truth (tho' not without some Va-

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nity in saying it) that in the same Paper, written by divers Hands, whereof your Lordship's was only part, I cou'd separate your Gold from their Copper: And tho' I cou'd not give back to every Author his own Brass, (for there is not the same Rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never fail'd of knowing what was yours, and what was not: And was absolutely certain, that this, or the other Part, was positively yours, and cou'd not possibly be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad Poems, tho' not all, carry there Owners Marks about 'em. There is some peculiar Aukwardness, false Grammar, imperfect Sense, or at the least Obscurity; some Brand or other on this Buttock, or that Ear, that 'tis notorious who are the Owners of the Cattel, tho' they shou'd not sign it with their Names. But your Lordship, on the contrary, is distinguish'd, not only by the Excellency of your Thoughts, but by your Stile and Manner of expressing them. A Painter judging of some admirable Piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of *Holben*, or *Vandike*: But Vulgar Designs, and Common Draughts, are easily mistaken, and misapply'd. Thus, by my long Study of your Lordship, I am arriv'd at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the Good Poems of other Men, like those Artists, I can only say, this is like the Draught of such a one, or like the Colouring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that 'tis the Hand of a good Master: But in your Performances, 'tis scarcely possibly for me to be deceiv'd. If you write in your Strength, you stand reveal'd at the first view; and shou'd you write under it, you cannot avoid some pecular Graces, which only cost me a second Consideration to discover you: For I may say it, with all the Severity of Truth, that every Line of yours is precious. Your Lordship's only Fault is, that you have not written more; unless I cou'd add another, and that yet greater, but I fear for the Publick, the Accusation wou'd not be true, that you have written, and out of vitious Modesty will not publish.

Virgil

Virgil has confin'd his works within the compaſs of Eighteen Thouſand Lines, and has not treated many Subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have the Reputation of the beſt Poet. *Martial* ſays of him, that he could have excell'd *Various* in Tragedy, and *Horace* in Lyrick Poetry, but out of Deference to his Friends he attempted neither.

The ſame prevalence of Genius is in your Lordſhip, but the World cannot pardon your concealing it on the ſame Conſideration; becauſe we have neither a living *Various*, nor a *Horace*, in whoſe Excellencies both of *Poems*, *Odes*, and *Satires*, you had equall'd them, if our Language had not yielded to the *Roman* Majeſty, and length of time had not added a Reverence to the works of *Horace*. For good Senſe is the ſame in all or moſt Ages; and courſe of Time rather improves Nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: Another *Homer*, and another *Virgil*, may poſſibly ariſe from thoſe very Cauſes which produc'd the firſt: Tho' it wou'd be impudence to affirm that any ſuch have yet appear'd.

'Tis manifeſt, that ſome particular Ages have been more happy than others in the Production of Great Men, in all ſorts of Arts and Sciences: As that of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Ariſtophanes*, and the reſt for Stage-Poetry amongſt the *Greeks*: That of *Auguſtus*, for Heroick, Lyrick, Dramatick, Elegiaque, and indeed all ſorts of Poetry; in the Perſons of *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Ovid*, and many others; eſpecially if we take into that Century the latter end of the Common-wealth; wherein we find *Varro Lucretius*, and *Catullus*: And at the ſame time liv'd *Cicero*, and *Saluſt*, and *Cæſar*. A famous Age in modern Times, for Learning in every kind, was that of *Lorenzo de Medici*, and his Son *Leo* X. wherein Painting was reviv'd and Poetry flouriſh'd, and the Greek Language was reſtor'd.

Examples in all theſe are obvious: But what I wou'd inferr is this; That in ſuch an Age, 'tis poſſible ſome Great Genius may ariſe, to equal any of the Ancients; abating only for the Language. For great Contempories whet and cultivate each other: And mutual Borrowing, and Com-

Commerce, makes the Common Riches of Learning, as it does of the Civil Government.

But ſuppoſe that *Homer* and *Virgil* were the only of their Species, and that nature was ſo much worn out in producing them, that ſhe is never able to bear the like again; yet the Example only holds in Heroick Poetry: In Tragedy and Satir I offer my ſelf to maintain againſt ſome of our modern Criticks, that this Age and the laſt, particularly in *England*, have excell'd the Ancients in both thoſe kinds; and I wou'd Inſtance in *Shakeſpear* of the former, of your Lordſhip in the latter ſort.

Thus I might ſafely confine my ſelf to my Native Country: But if I wou'd only croſs the Seas, I might find in *France* a living *Horace* and a *Jevenal*, in the Perſon of the admirable *Boileau*; whoſe Numbers are Excellent, whoſe Expreſſions are Noble, whoſe Thoughts are Juſt, whoſe Language is pure, whoſe Satir is Pointed, and whoſe Sence is Cloſe: What he borrows from the Ancients, he repays with Uſury of his own; in Coin as good, and almoſt as univerſally valuable: For ſetting Prejudice and Partiality apart; tho' he is our Enemy, the Stamp of a *Louis*, the Patron of all Arts, is not much inferiour to the Medal of an *Auguſtus Cæſar*. Let this be ſaid without entring into the Intereſts of Factions and Parties; and relating only to the Bounty of that King to Men of Learning and Merit: A Praiſe ſo juſt, that even we who are his Enemies, cannot refuſe it to Him.

Now if it may be permitted me to go back again to the Conſideration of *Epique* Poetry, I have confeſs'd, that no Man hitherto has reach'd, or ſo much as approach'd to the Excellencies of *Homer* or of *Virgil*; I muſt farther add, that *Statius*, the beſt Verſificator next to *Virgil*, knew not how to Deſign after him, tho' he had the Model in his eye; that *Lucan* is wanting both in Deſigh and Subject, and is beſides too full of Heat, and Affectation; that amongſt the Moderns, *Arioſto* neither deſign'd Juſtly, nor obſerv'd any Unity of Action, or Compaſs of Time, or Moderation in the Vaſtneſs of his Draught: His Stile is luxurious, without

out Majesty, or Decency, and his Adventures, without the compass of Nature and possibility: *Tasso*, whose Design was Regular, and who observ'd the Rules of Unity in Time and Place, more closely than *Virgil*, yet was not so happy in his Action; he confesses himself to have been too Lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the Dignity of Heroick Verse, in his *Episodes* of *Sophronia*, *Erminia*, and *Armida*; his Story is not so pleasing as *Ariosto*'s; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forc'd; and besides, is full of Conceipts, Points of Epigram, and Witticisms; all which are not only below the Dignity of *Heroick* Verse, but contrary to its Nature: *Virgil* and *Homer* have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so Boyish an Ambition in so grave a Subject, are so far from being consider'd as Heroick Poets, that they ought to be turn'd down from *Homer* to the *Anthologia*, from *Virgil* to *Martial* and *Owen*'s Epigrams, and from *Spencer* to *Fleeno*; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to *Tasso*, he borrows from the Invention of *Boyardo*, and in his Alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worse, imitates *Homer* so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the King of *Jerusalem* Fifty Sons, only because *Homer* had bestow'd the like number on King *Priam*: he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his Hero with a *Patroclus*, under another Name, only to bring him back to the Wars, when his Friend was kill'd. The *French* have perform'd nothing in this kind, which is not ar below those two *Italians*, and subject to a thousand more Reflections, without examining their St. *Lewis*, their *Pucelle*, or their *Alarique*: The *English* have only to boast of *Spencer* and *Milton*, who neither of them wanted either Genius or Learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet both of them are liable to many Censures. For there is no Uniformity in the Design of *Spencer*: He aims at the Accomplishment of no one Action: He raises up a Hero for every one of his Adventures; and endows each of them with some particular Moral Vertue, which renders them

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all equal, without Subordination or Preference. Every one is most Valiant in his own Legend; only we must do him that Justice to observe, that Managnimity, which is the Character of Prince *Arthur*, shines throughout the whole Poem; and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The Original of every Knight was then living in the Court of Queen *Elizabeth*; and he attributed to each of them that Virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them: An ingenious piece of Flattery, tho' it turn'd not much to his Account. Had he liv'd to finish his Poem, in the six remaining Legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but cou'd not have been perfect, because the Model was not true. But Prince *Arthur*, or his chief Patron Sir *Philip Sidney*, whom he intended to make happy by the Marriage of his *Gloriana*, dying before him, depriv'd the Poet, both of Means and Spirit, to accomplish his Design: For the rest, his obsolete Language, and the ill Choice of his Stanza, are Faults but of the Second Magnitude: For notwithstanding the first he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admir'd; that labouring under such a difficulty, his Verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only *Virgil*, whom he profestly imitated, has surpass'd him, among the *Romans*; and only Mr. *Waller* among the *English*.

As for Mr. *Milton*, whom we all admire with so much Justice, his Subject is not that of an Heroick Poem, properly so call'd: His Design is the Losing of our Happiness; his Event is not prosperous, like that of all other *Epique* Works: His Heavenly Machines are many and his Human Persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. *Rhymer*'s Work out of his Hands: He has promis'd the World a Critique on that Authour; wherein, tho' he will not allow his Poem for Heroick, I hope he will grant us, that his Thoughts are elevated, his Words sounding, and that no Man has so happily copy'd the Manner of *Homer*; or so copiously translated his *Grecisms*, and the Latin Elegancies of *Virgil*. 'Tis true, he runs into a flat of Thought,

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sometimes for a Hundred Lines together, but 'tis when he is got into a Track of Scripture: His antiquated Words were his Choice, not his Necessity; for therein he imitated *Spencer* as *Spencer* did *Chaucer*. And tho', perhaps the love of their Masters, may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them; yet in my Opinion, obsolete Words may then be laudably reviv'd, when either they are more sounding, or more significant than those in practice: And when their Obscurity is taken away, by joyning other Words to them, which clear the Sence; according to the Rule of *Horace*, for the admission of new Words. But in both cases, a Moderation is to be observ'd in the use of them: For unnecessary Coinage, as well as unnecessary Revival, runs into Affectation; a Fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justifie *Milton* for his Blank Verse, tho' I may excuse him, by the Example of *Hanibal Caro*, and other *Italians* who have us'd it: For whatever Causes he alledges for the abolishing of Rhime (which I have not now the leisure to examine) his own particular Reason is plainly this, that Rhime was not his Talent; he had neither the Ease of doing it, nor the Graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or Verses written in his Youth; where his Rhime is always constrain'd and forc'd, and comes hardly from him at an Age when the Soul is most pliant; and the Passion of Love, makes almost every Man a Rhimer, tho' not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my Biass so long together, and made so tedious a Digression from Satir to Heroick Poetry. But if you will not excuse it, by the tattling Quality of Age, which, as Sir *William Davenant* says, is always Narrative; yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this Subject, will qualifie the remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the Crime of Prefaces, or trouble the World with my Notions of any thing that relates to Verse. I have then as you see, observ'd the Failings of many great Wits amongst the Moderns, who have attempted to write an *Epique* Poem: Besides these, or the like Animadversions

of

of them by other Men, there is yet a farther Reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed, so well as the Ancients, even tho' we cou'd allow them not to be inferiour, either in Genius or Learning, or the Tongue in which they write; or all those other wonderful Qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a ture Accomplish'd Heroique Poet. The fault is laid on our Religion: They say that Christianity is not capable of those Embellishments which are afforded in the Belief of those ancient Heathens.

And 'tis true, that in the severe Notions of our Faith, the Fortitude of a Christian consists in Patience and Suffering for the Love of GOD, whatever Hardships can befal in the World; not in any great Attempts, or in performance of those Enterprises which the Poets call Heroique; and which are commonly the Effects of Interest, Ostentation, Pride and Worldly Honour. That Humility and Resignation are our prime Vertues; and that these include no Action, but that of the Soul: When as, on the contrary, an Heroique Poem requires, to its necessary Design, and as its last Perfection, some great Action of War, the Accomplishment of some Extraordinary Undertaking; which requires the Strength and Vigour of the Body, the Duty of a Souldier, the Capacity and prudence of a General; and, in short, as much, or more of the Active Virtue, than the Suffering. But to this, the Answer is very obvious. GOD has plac'd us in our several Stations; the Virtues of a private Christian are Patience, Obedience, Submission, and the like; but those of a Magistrate, or General, or a King, are Prudence, Council, active Fortitude, coercive Power, awful Command, and the Exercise of Magnanimity, as well as Justice. So that this Objecting hinders not, but that an Epique Poem, or the Heroique action of some Great Commander, Enterpris'd for the Common Good, and Honour of the Christian Cause, and Executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the *Heathens*; provided the Poet be *endu'd* with the same talents; and the Language, tho' not of equal Dignity, yet as near ap-

proaching to it, as our Modern Barbariſm will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, tho' more refin'd; and therefore we are to reſt contented with that only inferiority, which is not poſſibly to be remedy'd.

I wiſh I cou'd as eaſily remove that other Difficulty which yet remains. 'Tis objected by a great *French* Critique as well as an admirable Poet, yet living, and whom I have mention'd with that Honour which his Merit exacts from me, I mean *Boileau*, That the Machines of our Chriſtian Religion in Heroique Poetry, are much more feeble to ſupport that weight than thoſe of *Heatheniſm*. Their Doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous Fables, was yet the Belief of the Two Victorious Monarchies, the *Grecian* and *Roman*. Their Gods did not only intereſt themſelves in the Event of Wars (which is the Effect of a Superiour Providence) but alſo eſpous'd the ſeveral Parties, in a viſible Corporal Deſcent, manage their Intrigues, and fought their Battles ſometimes in oppoſition to each other: Tho' *Virgil* (more diſcreet than *Homer* in that laſt Particular) has contented himſelf with the Partiality of his Deities, their Favours, their Counſels or Commands, to thoſe whoſe Cauſe they had eſpous'd, without bringing them to the Outrageouſneſs of Blows. Now, our Religion (ſays he) is depriv'd of the greateſt part of thoſe Machines; at leaſt the moſt Shining in Epique Poetry. Tho' St. *Michael* in *Arioſto* ſeeks out *Diſcord*, to ſend her amongſt the *Pagans*, and finds her in a Convent of Friars where Peace ſhould reign, which indeed is fine Satir; and Satan; in *Taſſo*, excites *Soliman* to an Attempt by Night on the Chriſtian Camp, and brings an Hoſt of Devils to his Aſſiſtance; yet the Arch-Angel, in the former Example, when *Diſcord* was reſtive, and would not be drawn from her belov'd Monaſtery with fair Words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many Stripes, ſet her, on God's name, about her Buſineſs; and makes her know the difference of Strength betwixt a Nuncio of Heaven, and a Miniſter of Hell: The ſame Angel, in the latter

latter Instance from *Tasso* (as if God had never another Messenger belonging to the Court, but was confin'd like *Jupiter* to *Mercury*, and *Juno* to *Iris*,) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the *Christians* are already kill'd, and all the rest are in a fair way to be routed, stickles betwixt the Remainders of God's Host, and the Race of Fiends; pulls the Devils backward by the Tails, and drives them from their Quarry; or otherwise the whole Business had miscarry'd, and *Jerusalem* remain'd untaken. This, says *Boileau*, is a very unequal Match for the poor Devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the Combat; for nothing is more easie, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old Rebels to Reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what Pleasure, what Entertainment can be rais'd from so pitiful a Machine, where we see the Success of the Battel from the very beginning of it; unless that, as we are *Christians*, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our Enemies, when we cannot do the work our selves? For if the Poet had given the Faithful more Courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least have made them exceed the *Turks* in number, that he might have gain'd the Victory for us Christians, without interessing Heaven in the Quarrel; and that with as much ease, and as little Credit to the Conqueror, as when a Party of 100 Souldiers defeats another which consists only of 50.

This, my Lord, I confess, is such an Argument against our Modern Poetry, as cannot be answer'd by those Mediums which have been us'd. We cannot hitherto boast, that our Religion has furnish'd us with any such Machines, as have made the Strength and Beauty of the Ancient Buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an Invention of my own, to supply the manifest Defect of our new Writers? I am sufficiently sensible of my Weakness; and 'tis not very probable that I shou'd succeed in such a Project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my Predecessors, the Poets, or any of their Seconds, and Coadjutors, the Critiques. Yet we see the Art of War is improv'd in

sieges, and new Instruments of Death are invented daily Something new in Philosophy and the Mechanicks is discover'd almost every Year; and the Science of former Ages is improv'd by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long Preamble to that, which better Judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

'Tis this, in short, That Christian Poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own Strength. If they had search'd the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the Machines which are proper for their Work; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the Rules sufficient for Salvation. The perusing of one Chapter in the Prophecy of *Daniel*, and accommodating what there they find, with the Principles of *Platonique* Philosophy, as it is now Christianiz'd, wou'd have the Ministry of Angels as strong an Engine, for the working up Heroique Poetry, in our Religion, as that of the Ancients has been to raise theirs by all the Fables of their Gods, which were only receiv'd for Truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the People.

'Tis a Doctrine almost universally receiv'd by Christians, as well Protestants as Catholicks, That there are Guardian Angels appointed by God Almighty, as his Vicegerents, for the Protection and Government of Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Monarchies; and those as well of Heathens, as of true Believers. All this is so plainly prov'd from those Texts of *Daniel*, that it admits of no farther Controversie. The Prince of the *Persians*, and that other of the *Grecians*, are granted to be the Guardians and Protecting Ministers of those Empires. It cannot be deny'd, that they were opposit, and resisted one another. St. *Michael* is mention'd by his Name, as the Patron of the *Jews*, and is now taken by the Christians, as the Protector General of our Religion. These Tutelar *Genii*, who presided over the several People and Regions committed to their Charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their Commissions cou'd possibly extend. The general Purpose, and Design of all, was certainly the Service of

their

their Great CREATOR. But 'tis an undoubted Truth, that for Ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of Heaven, his Providential Designs for the Benefit of his Creatures, for the Debasing and Punishing of some Nations, and the Exaltation and Temporal Reward of others, were not wholly known to these his Ministers; else why those factious Quarrels, Controversies and Battels, amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same Design, the Service and Honour of their Common Master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main Design; and as Finite Beings, not admitted into the Secrets of Government, the last Resorts of Providence, or capable of discovering the final Purposes of GOD, who can work Good out of Evil, as he pleases; and irresistably sways all manner of Events on Earth, directing them finally for the best, to his Creation in general, and to the ultimate End of his own Glory in particular: They must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the Means conducing to those Ends, in which alone they can jarr, and oppose each other. One Angel, as we may suppose the Prince of *Persia*, as he is call'd, judging, that it would be more for God's Honour, and the Benefit of his People, that the *Median* and *Persian* Monarchy, which deliver'd them from the *Babylonish* Captivity, shou'd still be uppermost: And the Patron of the *Grecians*, to whom the Will of God might be more particularly reveal'd, contending on the other side, for the Rise of *Alexander* and his Successors, who were appointed to punish the Backsliding *Jews*, and thereby to put them in mind of their Offences, that they might repent, and become more Virtuous, and more observant of the Law reveal'd. But how far these Controversies and appearing Enmities of those glorious Creatures may be carry'd; how these Oppositions may best be manag'd, and by what Means conducted, is not my Business to shew or determine. These things must be left to the Invention and Judgment of the Poet. If any of so happy a Genius be now living, or any future Age can produce a Man who being Conversant in the Philosophy of *Plato*, as his

now accommodated to Christian Use; for (as *Virgil* gives us to understand by his Example) that is the only proper of all others for an *Epique* Poem, who to his Natural Endowments, of a large Invention, a ripe Judgment, and a strong Memory, has join'd the Knowledge of the Liberal Arts and Sciences, and particularly Moral Philosophy, the Mathematicks, Geography and History, and with all these Qualifications is born a Poet; knows, and can practice the variety of Numbers, and is Master of the Language in which he writes; if such a Man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have propos'd a Model to him, by which he may build a Nobler, a more Beautiful, and more Perfect Poem, than any yet extant since the Ancients.

There is another part of these Machines yet wanting; but by what I have said, it wou'd have been easily supply'd by a Judicious Writer. He cou'd not have fail'd to add the opposition of ill Spirits to the good; they have also their Design, ever opposite to that of Heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: But this imperfect System if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that Hypothesis of the Evil Spirits contending with the Good. For being so much weaker since their Fall, than those Blessed Beings, they are yet suppos'd to have a permitted Power from God, of acting ill, as from their own deprav'd Nature they have always the Will of designing it. A great Testimony of which we find in Holy Writ, when God Almighty suffer'd *Satan* to appear in the Holy Synod of the Angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into Example by any of the Poets,) and also gave him Power over all things belonging to his Servant *Job*, excepting only Life.

Now what these wicked Spirits cannot compass, by the vast disproposition of their Forces, to those of the Superior Beings, they may by their Fraud and Cunning carry farther, in a seeming League, Confederacy, or Subservience to the Designs of some good Angel, as far as consists with his Purity, to suffer such an Aid, the end of which

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may possibly be disguis'd, and conceal'd from his finite Knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great Errour in such a Being: Yet since a Devil can appear like an Angel of Light; since Craft and Malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect Understanding; and lastly, since *Milton* has given us an Example of the like nature, when *Satan* appearing like a Cherub to *Uriel*, the Intelligence of the Sun circumvented him even in his own Province, and pass'd only for a Curious Traveller through those new-created Regions, that he might observe therein the Workmanship of God, and praise him in his Works.

I know not why, upon the same Supposition, or some other, a Fiend may not deceive a Creature of more Excellency than himself, but yet a Creature; at least by the connivance, or tacit permission of the Omniscient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have as briefly as I cou'd, given your Lordship, and by you the World, a rude Draught of what I have been long labouring in my Imagination. And what I had intended to have put in practice, (tho' far unable for the attempt of such a Poem) and to have left the Stage, to which my Genious never much inclin'd me, for a Work which wou'd have taken up my Life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the Honour of my Native Country, to which a Poet is particularly oblig'd: Of two Subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I shall chuse that of King *Arthur* conquering the *Saxons*; which being farther distant in Time, gives the greater scope to my Invention: Or that of *Edward* the Black Prince in subduing *Spain*, and restoring it to the Lawful Prince, tho' a great Tyrant, *Don Pedro* the Cruel: Which for the compass of Time, including only the Expedition of one Year: For the Greatness of the Action, and its answerable Event; for the Magnanimity of the *English* Hero, oppos'd to the Ingratitude of the Person whom he restor'd; and for the many beautiful Episodes, which I had interwoven with the principal Design, together with the Characters of the chiefest *English* Persons; wherein, after *Homer* and *Virgil*, I would have

taken occasion to represent my living Friends and Patrons of the Noblest Families, and also shadow'd the Events of future Ages, in the Succession of our Imperial Line. With these Helps, and those of the Machines, which I have mention'd; I might perhaps have done as well as some of my Predecessors; or at least chalk'd out a way, for others to amend my Errors in a like Design. But being encourag'd only with fair Words, by King *Charles* II. my little Salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future Subsistance, I was then discourag'd in the beginning of my Attempt; and now Age has overtaken me; and Want, a more insufferable Evil, through the Change of the Times, has wholly disenabl'd me. Tho' I must ever acknowledge, to the Honour of your Lordship, and the eternal Memory of your Charity, that since this Revolution, wherein I have patiently suffer'd the Ruin of my small Fortune, and the loss of that poor Subsistance which I had from Two Kings, whom I had serv'd more faithfully than profitably to my self; then your Lordship, as pleas'd, out of no other Motive but your own Nobleness, without any Desert of mine, or the least Sollicitation from me, to make me a most Bountiful Present, which at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my Relief. That Favour, my Lord, is of it self sufficient to bind any Grateful Man, to a perpetual Acknowledgment, and to all the future Service, which one of my mean Condition can be ever able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in Blessing you here, and Rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the Cause for which I now suffer, because your Lordship is engag'd against it: But the more you are so, the greater is my Obligation to you: For your laying aside all the Considerations of Factions and Parties, to do an Action of pure disinterest'd Charity. This is one amongst many of your shining Qualities, which distinguish you from others of your Rank: But let me add a farther Truth, That without these Ties of Gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular Inclination to Honour you; and

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if it were too bold an Expression, to say, I Love you. 'Tis no shame to be a Poet, tho' 'tis so be a bad one. *Augustus Cæsar* of old, and Cardinal *Richlieu* of late, wou'd willingly have been such; and *David* and *Solomon* were such. You, who without Flattery, are the best of the present Age in *England*, and wou'd have been so, had you been born in any other Country, will receive more Honour in future Ages, by that one Excellency, than by all those Honours to which your Birth has intitl'd you, or your Merits have acquir'd you.

Ne, forte, pudori,
Sit Tibi Musa Lyræ solers, & Cantor Apollo.

I have formerly said in this Epistle, that I cou'd distinguish your Writings from those of any others: 'Tis now time to clear my self from any imputation of Self-conceipt on that Subject. I assume not to my self any particular Lights in this Discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every Man of Sense and Judgment, who loves Poetry, and understands it. Your Thoughts are always so remote from the common way of Thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another Species, than the Conceptions of other Poets; yet you go not out of Nature for any of them. Gold is never bred upon the Surface of the Ground, but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the Mines of it are seldom found; but the force of Waters casts it out from the Bowels of Mountains, and exposes it amongst the Sands of Rivers; giving us of her Bounty, what we cou'd not hope for by our search. This Success attends your Lordship's Thoughts, which wou'd look like Chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenour. If I grant that there is Care in it, 'tis such a Care as wou'd be ineffectual and fruitless in other Men. 'Tis the *Curiosa felicitas* which *Petronius* ascribes to *Horace*, in his *Odes*. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: In short, if we have the same Knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same Quintessence we cannot give it such a Term, such a Propriety, and such a Beauty. Something is deficient in the Manner, or

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the Words, but more in the Nobleneſs of our Conception. Yet when you have finiſh'd all, and it appears in its full Luſtre, when the Diamond is not only found, but the Roughneſs ſmooth'd, when it is cut into a Form, and ſet in Gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect Work of Art and Nature: And every one will be ſo vain, to think he himſelf cou'd have perform'd the like, 'till he attempts it. 'Tis juſt the Deſcription that *Horace* makes of ſuch a finiſh'd Piece: It appears ſo eaſie, *Ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem; ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret, auſus idem.* And beſides all this, 'tis your Lordſhip's particular Talent to lay your Thoughts ſo cloſe together, that were they cloſer they wou'd be crouded, and even a due Connexion wou'd be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good Lines, which are to come after a long Parentheſis of Twenty bad: which is the *April* Poetry of other Writers, a mixture of Rain and Sun-ſhine by fits: You are always bright, even, almoſt to a Fault, by reaſon of the exceſs. There is continual abundance, a Magazine of Thought, and yet a perpetual Variety of Entertainment; which creates ſuch an Appetite in your Reader, that he is not cloy'd with any thing, but ſatisfy'd with all. 'Tis that which the *Romans* calls *Cœna dubia*; where there is ſuch Plenty, yet withall ſo much Diverſity, and ſo good Order, that the Choice is difficult betwixt one Excellency and another; and yet the Concluſion, by a due Climax, is evermore the beſt; that is, as a Concluſion ought to be, ever the moſt proper for its place. See, my Lord, whether I have not ſtudy'd your Lordſhip with ſome Application: And ſince You are ſo Modeſt, that you will not be Judge and Party, I appeal to the whole World, if I have not drawn your Picture to a great degree of Likeneſs, tho' 'tis but in a Meniature: And that ſome of the beſt Features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done, is enough to diſtinguiſh You from any other, which is the Propoſition that I took upon me to demonſtrate.

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have said to my present Business; the Satires of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, appearing in this new *English* Dress, cannot so properly be inscribed to any Man as to your Lordship, who are the first of the Age in that way of Writing. Your Lordship, amongst many other Favours, has given me your Permission for this Address; and you have particularly encourag'd me by your Perusal and Approbation of the *Sixth* and *Tenth Satires* of *Juvenal*, as I have Translated them. My Fellow-Labourers have likewise Commission'd me, to perform in their behalf this Office of a Dedication to you; and will acknowledge, with all possible Respect and Gratitude, your Acceptance of their Work. Some of them have the Honour to be known to your Lordship already; and they who have not yet that Happiness, desire it now. Be pleas'd to receive our common Endeavours with your wonted Candor, without Intitling You to the Protection of our common Failings, in so difficult an Undertaking. And allow me your Patience, if it be not already tir'd with this long Epistle, to give you from the best Authors, the Origin, the Antiquity, the Growth, the Change, and the Compleatment of Satir among the *Romans*. To Describe if not Define, the Nature of that Poem, with its several Qualifications and Virtues, together with the several sorts of it. To compare the Excellencies of *Horace*, *Persius*, and *Juvenal*, and shew the particular Manners of their Satirs. And lastly, to give an account of this New Way of Version which is attempted in our Performance. All which, according to the Weakness of my Ability, and the best Lights which I can get from others, shall be the Subject of my following Discourse.

The most Perfect Work of Poetry, says our Master *Aristotle* is Tragedy. His Reason is, because it is the most united; being more severely confin'd within the Rules of Action, Time, and Place. The Action is entire of a Piece, and one, without Episodes: The Time limited to a Natural Day: and the Place circumscrib'd at least within

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the compass of one Town, or City. Being exactly proportion'd thus, and uniform in all its Parts, the Mind is more capable of comprehending the whole Beauty of it without distraction.

But after all these Advantages, an Heroique Poem is certainly the greatest Work of Human Nature. The Beauties and Perfections of the other are but Mechanical; those of the Epique are more Noble. Tho' *Homer* has limited his Place to *Troy*, and the Fields about it; his Actions to Forty Eight Natural Days, whereof Twelve are Holy-days, or Cessation from Business, during the Funerals of *Patroclus*. To proceed, the Action of the Epique is greater: The Extention of Time enlarges the Pleasure of the Reader, and the Episodes give it more Ornament, and more Variety. The Instruction is equal; but the first is only Instructive, the latter Forms a Hero, and a Prince.

If it signifies any thing which of them is of the more Ancient Family, the best and most absolute Heroique Poem was written by *Homer* long before Tragedy was invented: But, if we consider the natural Endowments, and acquir'd Parts which are necessary to make an accomplish'd Writer in either kind, Tragedy requires a less and more confin'd Knowledge: Moderate Learning, and Observation of the Rules is sufficient, if a Genius be not wanting. But in an Epique Poet, one who is worthy of that Name, besides an universal Genius, is requir'd universal Learning, together with all those Qualities and Acquisitions which I have nam'd above, and as many more as I have through haste or negligence omitted. And after all he must have exactly study'd *Homer* and *Virgil*, as his Patterns, *Aristotle* and *Horace* as his Guides and *Vida* and *Bossu*, as their Commentators, with many others both *Italian* and *French* Critiques, which I want leisure here to recommend.

In a word, What I have to say, in relation to This Subject, which does not particularly concern Satir, is, That the Greatness of an Heroique Poem beyond that of a Tragedy, may easily be discover'd by observing how few have attempted that Work, in comparison of those

who have written Drama's; and of those few, how small a number have succeeded. But leaving the Critiques on either side, to contend about the Preference due to this or that sort of Poetry; I will hasten to my present Business, which is the Antiquity and Origine of Satir, according to those Informations which I have receiv'd from the Learned *Casaubon*, *Heinsius*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the *Dauphin's Juvenal*; to which I shall add some Observations of my own.

There has been a long Dispute among the Modern Critiques, whether the *Romans* deriv'd their Satir from the *Grecians* or first invented it themselves. *Julius Scaliger* and *Heinsius*, are of the first Opinion; *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the Publisher of the *Dauphins Juvenal*, maintain the latter. If we take Satir in the general signification of the Word, as it is us'd in all Modern Languages for an Invective 'tis certain that 'tis almost as old as Verse; and tho' Hymns, which are Praises of God, may be allow'd to have been before it, yet the Defamation of others was not long after it. After God had Curs'd *Adam* and *Eve* in Paradise, the Husband and Wife excus'd themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those Conjugal Dialogues in Prose; which the Poets have perfected in Verse. The Third Chapter of *Job* is one of the first Instances of this Poem in Holy Scripture: Unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the Second; where his Wife advises him to curse his Maker.

This Original, I confess, is not much to the Honour of Satir; but here it was Nature, and that deprav'd: When it became an Art, it bore better Fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that Scoffs and Revilings are of the Groth of all Nations; and consequently that neither the Greek Poets borrow'd from other People their art of Railing, neither needed the *Romans* to take it from them. But considering Satir as a Species of Poetry; here the War begins amongst the Critiques. *Scaliger* the Father will have it descend from *Greece* to *Rome*; and derives the word Satir, from *Satyrus*, that mixt kind of Animal, or, as the Ancients thought him, Rural God, made up betwixt

twixt a Man and a Goat; with a Humane Head, hook'd Nose, powting Lips, a Bunch or Struma under the Chin, prick'd Ears, and upright Horns; the Body shagg'd with Hair, especially from the Waste, and ending in a Goat, with the Legs and Feet of that Creature. But *Casaubon*, and his Followers, with Reason, condemn this Derivation; and prove that from *Satyrus*, the word *Satira* as it signifies a Poem, cannot possibly decend. For *Satira* is not properly a Substantive, but an Adjective; to which the word *Lanx*, in English a Charger or large Platter, is understood. So that the Greek Poem made according to the Manners of a Satir, and expressing his Qualities, must properly be call'd Satirical, and not Satir. And thus far 'tis allow'd that the *Grecians* had such Poems; but that they were wholly different in Specie, from that to which the *Romans* gave the Name of Satir.

Aristotle divides all Poetry, in relation to the Progress of it, into Nature without Art: Art begun, and Art compleated. Mankind, even the most Barbarous, have the Seeds of Poetry implanted in them. The first Specimen of it was certainly shewn in the Praises of the DEITY, and Prayers to Him: And as they are of Natural Obligation, so they are likewise of Divine Institution. Which *Milton* observing, introduces *Adam* and *Eve*, every Morning adoring GOD in Hymns and Prayers. The first Poetry was thus begun, in the wild Notes of Natural Poetry, before the Invention of Feet, and Measures. The *Grecians* and *Romans* had no other Original of their Poetry. Festivals and Holy-days soon succeeded to Private Worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoin'd by the true GOD to His own People; as they were afterwards imitated by the *Heathens*; who by the Light of Reason knew they were to invoke same Superior Being in their Necessities, and to thank Him for his Benefits. Thus the *Grecian* Holy-days were Celebrated with Offerings to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, and other Deities, to whose Bounty they suppos'd they were owing for their Corn and Wine, and other Helps of Life. and the ancient

Romans,

Romans, as *Horace* tells us, paid their Thanks to Mother Earth, or *Vesta*, to *Silvanus*, and their *Genius*, in the same manner. But as all Festivals have a double Reason of their Institution; the first of Religion, the other of Recreation, for the unbending of our Minds: So both the *Grecians* and *Romans* agreed, after their Sacrifices were perform'd, to spend the remainder of the Day in Sports and Merriments; amongst which, Songs and Dances, and that which they call'd Wit, (for want of knowing better) were the chiefest Entertainments. The *Grecians* had a notion of Satires, whom I have already describ'd; and taking them, and the *Sileni*, that is the young Satires and the old, for the Tutors, Attendants, and Humble Companions of their *Bacchus*, habited themselves like those Rural Deities, and imitated them in their Rustick Dances, to which they joyn'd Songs, with some sort of rude Harmony, but without certain Numbers; and to these they added a kind of Chorus.

The *Romans* also (as Nature is the same in all Places) tho' they knew nothing of those *Grecian* Demi-Gods, nor had any Communication with *Greece*, yet had certain Young Men, who at their Festivals Danc'd and Sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of Verse, which they call'd *Saturnian*; what it was, we have no certain light from Antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the *Grecian*, it was void of Art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient *Romans*, at these Holy-days, which were a mixture of Devotion and Debauchery, had a Custom of reproaching each other with their Faults, in a sort of *extempore* Poetry, or rather of tunable hobling Verse; and they answer'd in the same kind of gross Raillery; their Wit and their Musick being of a piece. The *Grecians*, says *Casaubon*, had formerly done the same, in the Persons of their petulant Satires. But I am afraid he mistakes the matters, and confounds the Singing and Dancing of the Satires, with the Rustical Entertainments of the first *Romans*. The Reason of my Opinion is this; that *Casaubon* finding little light from Antiquity,

quity, of these beginnings of Poetry; amongst the *Grecians*, but only these Representations of *Satirs*, who carry'd *Canisters* and *Carnucopias* full of several Fruits in their Hands, and danc'd with them at their Publick Feasts: And afterwards reading *Horace*, who makes mention of his homely *Romans*, jesting at one another in the same kind of Solemnities, might suppose those wanton *Satirs* did the same. And especially because *Horace* possibly might seem to him, to have shewn the Original of all Poetry in general, including the *Grecians*, as well as *Romans*: Tho' 'tis plainly otherwise, that he only describ'd the beginning, and first Rudiments of Poetry in his own Country. The Verses are these, which he cites from the First Epistle of the Second Book, which was written to *Augustus*.

Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis duræ ferentem,
Cum sociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem Porco, Silvanum lacte piabunt;
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
Fescennia per hunc inventa licentia morem
Versibus alternis, opprobria rustica fudit.

Our brawny Clowns of old, who turn'd the Soil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
At Harvest home, with Mirth and Country Cheer
Restor'd their Bodies for another Year;
Refresh'd their Spirits, and renew'd their Hope
Of such a future Feast, and future Crop.
Then with their Fellow-Joggers of the Ploughs,
Their little Children, and their faithful Spouse;
A Sow they slew to Vesta's *Deity;*
And kindly Milk, Silvanus, *pour'd to thee.*
With Flow'rs, and Wine, their Genius they ador'd;
A short Life, and a merry, was the Word.
From flowing Cups defaming Rhymes ensue,
And at each other homely Taunts they threw.

Yet

Yet since it is a hard Conjecture, that so Great a Man as *Casaubon* shou'd misapply what *Horace* writ concerning ancient *Rome*, to the Ceremonies and Manners of ancient *Greece*, I will not insist on this Opinion, but rather judge in general, That since all Poetry had its Original from Religion, that of the *Grecians* and *Rome* had the same beginning; Both were invented at Festivals of Thanksgiving; And both were prosecuted with Mirth and Raillery, as Rudiments of Verses: Amongst the *Greeks*, by those who represented *Satirs*: and amongst the *Romans*, by real Clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading *Casaubon* on these two Subjects, methinks I hear the same Story told twice over, with very little alteration. Of which *Dacier* taking notice, in his Interpretation of the Latin Verses which I have translated, says plainly, that the beginning of Poetry was the same, with a small variety in both Countries: And that the Mother of it in all Nations, was Devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that most Learned Critique takes notice also, in his Illustrations on the First Epistle of the Second Book, that as the Poetry of the *Romans*, and that of the *Grecians*, had the same beginning at Feasts of Thanksgiving, as it has been observ'd; and the old Comedy of the *Greeks* which was invective, and the Satir of the *Romans* which was of the same nature, were begun on the very same occasion, so the Fortune of both in process of time was just the same; the old Comedy of the *Grecians* was forbidden, for its too much Licence in exposing of particular Persons, and the Rude Satir of the *Romans* was also punish'd by a Law of the *Decemviri*, as *Horace* tells us, in these Words:

Libertasque recurrentes accepta per Annos
Lusit amabiliter, donec jam saevus apertam
In rabiem verti coepit jocus; & per honestas
Ire domos impune minax: Doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Condere carmen: Quinctiam Lex
Pœnaque lata, quæ malè carmine quemquam
Describi, vertere modum formidine fustis
Ad benedicendum, delectandumque redacti.

The Law of the *Decemviri* was this; *Siquis Occentassit malum Carmen, sive Condidisit, quod Infamiam faxit, Flagitiumve alteri, Capitale esto.* A strange likeness, and barely possible: But the Critiques being all of the same Opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better Judgments than my own.

But to return to the *Grecians*, from whose Satirick Drama's; the elder *Scaliger* and *Heinsius*, will have the *Roman* Satir to proceed, I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such Descent from them as those Authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whosoever he were that invented Tragedy, (for Authors differ) mingl'd with them a Chorus and Dances of *Satires*, which had before been us'd, in the Celebration of their Festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retain'd. The Character of them was also kept, which was Mirth and Wantonness: And this was given, I suppose, to the Folly of the common Audience, who soon grow weary of good Sence; and as we daily see, in our own Age and Country, are apt to forsake Poetry, and still ready to return to Buffoonry and Farce. From hence it came, that in the *Olympique Games*, where the Poets contended for four Prizes, the Satirique Tragedy was the last of them; for in the rest, the *Satires* were excluded from the Chorus. Amongst the Plays of *Euripides*, which are yet remaining, there is one of these Satiriques, which is call'd the *Cyclops*; in which we may see the nature of those Poems; and from thence conclude, what likeness they have to the *Roman* Satir.

The Story, of this *Cyclops*, whose Name was *Polyphemus*, so famous in the *Grecian* Fables, was, That *Ulysses*, who with his Company was driven on the Coast of *Sicily*, where those *Cyclops* inhabited, coming to ask Relief from *Silenus*, and the *Satires*, who were Herdsmen to that one-ey'd Giant, was kindly receiv'd by them, and entertain'd; 'till being perceiv'd by *Polyphemus*, they were made Prisoners, against the Rites of Hospitality, for which *Ulysses* eloquently pleaded, were afterwards put down into the

Den,

Den, and some of them devour'd: After which, *Ulysses* having made him drunk, when he was asleep thrust a great Firebrand into his Eye; and so revenging his dead Followers, escap'd with the remaining Party of the living: And *Silenus*, and the *Satirs*, were freed from their Servitude under *Polyphemus*, and remitted to their first Liberty, of attending and accompanying their Patron *Bacchus*.

This was the Subject of the Tragedy, which being one of those that end with a happy Event, is therefore by *Aristotle* judg'd below the other sort, whose Success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the *Satires*, who were part of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as well as the whole *Chorus*, were properly introduc'd into the Nature of the Poem, which is mix'd of Farce and Tragedy. The Adventure of *Ulysses* was to entertain the Judging Part of the Audience, and the uncouth Persons of *Silenus*, and the Satirs, to to divert the Common People with their gross Railleries.

Your Lordship has perceiv'd, by this time, that this Satirique Tragedy, and the *Roman* Satir have little resemblances in any other Features. The very Kinds are different; For, what has a Pastoral Tragedy to do with a Paper of Verses satirically written? The Character and Raillery of the Satires, is the only thing that cou'd pretend to a likeness; Were *Scaliger* and *Heinsius* alive to maintain their Opinion. And the first Farces of the *Romans*, which were the Rudiments of their Poetry, were written before they had any Communication with the *Greeks*; or, indeed, any knowledge of that People.

And here it will be proper to give the Definition of the *Greek* Satirique Poem from *Casaubon*, before I leave this Subject. The Satirique, says he, is a Dramatique Poem, annex'd to a Tragedy; having a Chorus, which consists of Satirs: The Persons represented in it, are Illustrious Men: The Action of it is great; the Stile is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the Event of the Action most commonly is happy.

The *Grecians*, besides these Satirique Tragedies, had another kind of Poem, which they call'd *Silli*; which

were more of kin to the *Roman* Satir: Thoſe *Silli* were indeed Invective Poems, but of a different Species from the *Roman* Poems of *Ennius*, *Pacuvius*, *Lucilius*, *Horace*, and the reſt of their Succeſſors. They were ſo call'd ſays *Caſaubon* in one place, from *Silenus*, the Foſter-Father of *Bacchus*; but in another place, bethinking himſelf better, he derives their Name ἀπὸ τῆς σιλλαίνειν, from their Scoffing and Petulancy. From ſome Fragments of the *Silli*, written by *Timon*, we may find, that they were Satirique Poems, full of *Parodies*; that is, of Verſes patch'd up from great Poets, and turn'd into another Sence than their Author intended them. Such amongſt the *Romans* is the famous *Cento* of *Auſonius*; where the Words are *Virgil*'s: But by applying them to another Sence they are made a Relation of a Wedding-Night; and the Act of Conſummation fulſomly deſcrib'd in the very Words of the moſt Modeſt amongſt all Poets. Of the ſame manner are our Songs, which are turn'd into Burleſque; and the ſerious Words of the Author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in *Timon Silli* the Words are generally thoſe of *Homer*, and the Tragique Poets; but he applies them ſatirically, to ſome Cuſtoms and Kinds of Philoſophy, which he arraigns. But the *Romans* not uſing any of theſe *Parodies* in their Satires; ſometimes, indeed, repeating Verſes of other Men, as *Perſius* cites ſome of *Nero*'s; but not turning them into another meaning, the *Silli* cannot be ſuppos'd to be the Original of *Roman* Satir. To theſe *Silli* conſiſting of *Parodies*, we may properly add the Satires which were written againſt particular Perſons; ſuch as were the Iambiques of *Archilochus* againſt *Lycambes*, which *Horace* undoubtedly imitated in ſome of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, whoſe Titles bear a ſufficient witneſs of it: I might alſo name the Invective of *Ovid* againſt *Ibis*; and many others: But theſe are the Under-Wood of Satir, rather than the Timber-Trees: They are not a general Extenſion, as reaching only to ſome individual Perſon. And *Horace* ſeems to have purg'd himſelf from thoſe ſplenetick Reflections in thoſe *Odes* and *Epodes*, before he under-

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took the Noble Work of Satires; which were properly so call'd.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length disengag'd my self from those Antiquities of *Greece*; and have prov'd, I hope, from the best Critiques, that the *Roman* Satir was not borrow'd from thence, but of their own Manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of *Dacier* I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows *Casaubon*; but to keep him in my eye, as my best and truest Guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own Lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in Plain words, *Satira quidem tota, nostra est*: And *Horace* had said the same thing before him, speaking of his Predecessor in that sort of Poetry, *Et Græcis intacti Carminis Author*. Nothing can be clearer than the Opinion of the Poet, and the Orator, both the best Critiques of the two best Ages of the *Roman* Empire, than that Satir was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted from *Athens* to *Rome*. Yet, as I have said, *Scaliger* the Father, according to his Custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better Reason, than the derivation of *Satyrus* from σάθυ *Salacitas*; and so from the Lechery of those Fauns, thinks he has sufficiently prov'd, that Satir is deriv'd from them. As if Wantonness and Lubricity, were essential to that sort of Poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other Allegation, which I have already mention'd is as pitiful: That the *Satires* carry'd Platters and Canisters full of Fruit, in their Hands. If they had enter'd empty-handed, had they been ever the less *Satires*? Or were the Fruits and Flowers, which they offer'd, any thing of kin to Satir? Or any Argument that this Poem was originally *Grecian*? *Casaubon* judg'd better, and his Opinion is grounded on sure Authority, that *Satir* was deriv'd from *Satura*, a *Roman* word, which signifies Full, and Abundant, and full also of Variety, in which nothing is wanting to its due Perfection.

'Tis thus, says *Dacier* that we lay a full Colour, when the Wooll has taken the whole Tincture, and drunk in as much of the Dye as it can receive. According to this Derivation, from *Satur* comes *Satura*, or *Satira*: According to the new Spelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now spell'd *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an Adjective, and relates to the word *Lanx*, which is understood. And this *Lanx*, in *English* a Charger, or large Platter, was yearly fill'd with all sorts of Fruits, which were offer'd to the Gods at their Festivals, as the *Premices*, or First Gatherings. These Offerings of several sorts thus mingl'd, 'tis true, were not unknown to the *Grecians*, who call'd them παντοιῶν δωρεὰν, a Sacrifice of all sorts of Fruits; and παντοκλασίαν, when they offer'd all kinds of Grain. *Virgil* has mention'd these Sacrifices in his *Georgiques*,

Lancibus & pandis, fumantia reddimus Exta.

And in another place, *Lanceſque & liba feremus*: That is, we offer the smoaking Intrails in great Platters; and we will offer the Chargers, and the Cakes.

This word *Satura* has been afterward apply'd to many other sorts of Mixtures; as *Festus* calls it a kind of *Olla*, or hotch-potch, made of several sorts of Meats. Laws were also call'd *Leges Saturæ*; when they were of several Heads and Titles; like our tack'd Bills of Parliament. And *per Saturam legem ferre*, in the *Roman* Senate, was to carry a Law without telling the Senators, or counted Voices when they were in haste. *Saluſt* uses the word *per Saturam Sententias exquirere*; when the Majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectur'd, that the Discourses or Satires of *Ennius*, *Lucilius*, and *Horace*, as we now call them, took their Name; because they are full of various Matters, and are also written on various Subjects, as *Porphyrius* says. But *Dacier* affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these Satires are so call'd. For that Name had been us'd formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those Discourses of *Horace*. In explaining of which, con-

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tinues *Dacier*) a Method is to be pursu'd of which *Casaubon* himself has never thought, and which will put all thinks into so clear a Light, that no farther room will be left for least dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred Years, since the Building of their City, the *Romans* had never known any entertainments of the State: Chance and Jollity first found out those Verses which they call'd *Saturnian*, and *Fescennine*: Or rather Human Nature, which is inclin'd to Poetry, first produc'd them, rude and barbarous, and unpolish'd, as all other Operations of the Soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with Art and Study. However, in occasions of Merriment they were first practis'd; and this rough-cast unhewn Poetry, was instead of Stage-Plays for the space of an hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the *French* call them, *Impromptus*. For which the *Tarsians* of old were much renown'd; and we see the daily Examples of them in the *Italian* Farces of *Harlequin*, and *Scaramucha*. Such was the Poetry of that salvage People, before it was tun'd into Numbers, and the Harmony of Verse. Little of the *Saturnian* Verses is now remaining; we only know from Authors, that they were nearer Prose than Poetry, without feet, or measure. They were ἔνρυθμοι but not ἔμμετροι: Perhaps they might be us'd in the solemn Part of their Ceremonies, and the *Fescennine*, which were invented after them, in their Afternoons Debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The *Fescennine* and *Saturnian* were the same; for as they were call'd *Saturnian* from their Ancientness, when *Saturn* Reign'd in *Italy* they were also call'd *Fescennine*, from *Fescennina*, a Town in the same Country, where they were first practis'd. The Actors with a gross and rustick kind of Raillery, reproach'd each other with their Failings; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their Audience. Somewhat of this Custom was afterwards retain'd in their *Saturnalia*, or Feasts of *Saturn*, celebrated in *December*; at least all kind of freedom in Speech

was then allow'd to Slaves, even against their Masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our *Christmas Gambols*. Souldiers also us'd those *Fescennine* Verses, after Measure and Numbers had been added to them, at the Triumph of their Generals. Of which we have an Example, in the Triumph of *Julius Cæsar* over *Gaul*, in these Expressions: *Cæsar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem: Ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem.* The Vapours of Wine made the first Satirical Poets amongst the *Romans*; which, says *Dacier*, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a Company of Clowns on a Holy-day, dancing Lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* Doggrel, with their Defects and Vices, and the Stories that were told of them in Bake-houses and Barbers Shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entring, as I may say, into the first Rudiments of Civil Conversation, they left these Hedge-Notes, for another sort of Poem, somewhat polish'd, which was also full of pleasant Raillery, but without any mixture of Obscenity. This sort of Poetry appear'd under the name of Satir, because of its variety: And this Satir was adorn'd with Compositions of Musick, and with Dances; but Lascivious Postures were banish'd from it. In the *Tuscan* Language, says *Livy*, the word *Hister* signifies a Player: And therefore those Actors, which were first brought from *Etruria* to *Rome*, on occasion of a Pestilence; when the *Romans* were admonish'd to avert the Anger of the Gods by Plays, in the Year *ab Urbe Condita* CCCXC. Those Actors, I say, were therefore call'd *Histriones*: And that Name has since remain'd, not only to Actors *Roman* born, but to all others of every Nation. They play'd not the former *extempore* Stuff of *Fescennine* Verses, or Clownish Jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly Farce, with Musick and Dances, and Motions that were proper to the Subject.

In this Condition *Livius Andronicus* found the Stage, when he attempted first, instead of Farces, to supply it

with

with a Nobler Entertainment of Tragedies and Comedies. This Man was a *Grecian* born, and being made a Slave by *Livius Salinator*, and brought to *Rome*, had the Education of his Patron's Children committed to him. Which Trust he discharg'd, so much to the satisfaction of his Master, that he gave him his Liberty. *Andronicus* thus become a Freeman of *Rome*, added to his own Name that of *Livius* his Master, and, as I observ'd, was the first Author of a Regular Play in that Commonwealth. Being already instructed in his Native Country, in the Manners and Decencies of the *Athenian* Theater, and conversant in the *Archaea Comedia*, or old Comedy of *Aristophanes*, and the rest of the *Grecian* Poets; he took from that Model his own designing of Plays for the *Roman* Stage. The first of which was represented in the Year CCCCCXIV. since the Building of *Rome*, as *Tully*, from the Commentaries of *Atticus*, has assur'd us; it was after the end of the first *Punic* War, the Year before *Ennius* was born. *Dacier* has not carry'd the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one *Livius Andronicus* was the first Stage-Poet at *Rome*: But I will adventure on this hint, to advance another Proposition, which I hope the Learned will approve. And tho' we have not any thing of *Andronicus* remaining to justify my Conjecture, yet 'tis exceeding probable, that having read the Works of those *Grecian* Wits, his Country-men, he imitated not only the Ground-work, but also the manner of their Writing. And how grave soever his Tragedies might be, yet in his Comedies he express'd the way of *Aristophanes*, *Eupolis*, and the rest, which was to call some Persons by their own Names, and to expose their Defects to the laughter of the People. The Examples of which we have in the fore-mention'd *Aristophanes*, who turn'd the wise *Socrates* into ridicule; and is also very free with the Management of *Cleon*, *Alcibiades*, and other Ministers of the *Athenian* Government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first hint of Satirical Plays on the *Roman* Stage, was given by the *Greeks*. Not from the *Satires*, for that has

has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this Discourse: But from their old Comedy, which was imitated first by *Livius Andronicus*. And then *Quintilian* and *Horace* must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that Satir is wholly *Roman*; and a sort of Verse, which was not touch'd on by the *Grecians*. The Reconcilement of my opinion to the Standard of their Judgment, is not however very difficult, since they spake of Satir, not as in its first Elements, but as it was form'd into a separate Work; begun by *Ennius*, pursu'd by *Lucilius*, and compleated afterwards by *Horace*. The Proof depends only on this *Postulatum*, that the Comedies of *Andronicus*, which were imitations of the *Greek*, were also imitations of their Railleries, and Reflections on particular Persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable Supposition, 'tis easie to inferr, that the first Light which was given to the *Roman Theatrical* Satir, was from the Plays of *Livius Andronicus*. Which will be more manifestly discover'd, when I come to speak of *Ennius*. In the mean time I will return to *Dacier*.

The People, says he, ran in Crowds to these new Entertainments of *Andronicus*, as to Pieces which were more Noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former Satirs, which for some time they neglected and abandon'd. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they join'd them to their Comedies: Playing them at the end of every Drama; as the *French* continue at this day to act their Farces; in the nature of a separate Entertainment from their Tragedies. But more particularly they were join'd to the *Atellane* Fables, says *Casaubon*; which were Plays invented by the *Osci*. Those Fables, says *Valerius Maximus*, out of *Livy*, were temper'd with the *Italian* Severity, and free from any Note of Infamy or Obsceneness; and as an old Commentator on *Juvenal* affirms, the *Exodiarii*, which were Singers and Dancers, enter'd to entertain the People with light Songs, and mimical Gestures, that they might not go away oppress'd with Melancholy, from those serious Pieces of the Theater.

So

So that the ancient Satir of the *Romans* was in extemporary Reproaches: The next was Farce, which was brought from *Tuscany*: To that succeeded the Plays of *Andronicus*, from the old Comedy of the *Grecians*: And out of all these, sprung two several Branches of new *Roman* Satir; like diffrent Cyens from the same Root. Which I shall prove with as much brevity as the Subject will allow.

A Year after *Andronicus* had open'd the *Roman* Stage with his new Drama's *Ennius* was born; who, when he was grown to Man's Estate, having seriously consider'd the Genius of the People, and how eagerly they follow'd the first Satirs, thought it wou'd be worth his Pains, to refine upon the Project, and to write Satirs not to be Acted on the Theater, but Read. He preserv'd the Groundwork of their Pleasantry, their Venom, and their Raillery on particular Persons, and general Vices: And by this means avoiding the Danger of any ill Success, in a Publick Representation, he hop'd to be as well receiv'd in the Cabinet, as *Andronicus* had been upon the Stage. The Event was answerable to his Expectation. He made Discourses in several sorts of Verse, vary'd often in the same Paper; retaining still in the Title, their original Name of Satir. Both in relation to the Subjects, and the variety of Matters contain'd in them, the Satirs of *Horace* are entirely like them; only *Ennius*, as I said confines not himself to one sort of Verse, as *Horace* does; but taking Example from the *Greeks*, and even from *Homer* himself, in his *Margites*, which is a kind of Satir, as *Scaliger* observes, gives himself the license, when one sort of Numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as his Fancy Dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle Hexameters with Iambique Trimeters; or with Trochaique Tetrameters; as appears by those Fragments which are yet remaining of him: *Horace* has thought him worthy to be Copy'd; inserting many things of his into his own Satirs, as *Virgil* has done into his *Æneids*.

Here we have *Dacier*, making out that *Ennius* was the first Satirist in that way of Writing, which was of his invention;

vention; that is, Satir abſtracted from the Stage, and new modell'd into Papers of Verſes, on ſeveral Subjects. But he will have *Ennius* take the Ground-work of Satir from the firſt Farces of the *Romans*; rather than from the form'd Plays of *Livius Andronicus*, which were Copy'd from the *Grecian* Comedies. It may Poſſible be ſo; but *Dacier* knows no more of it then I do. And it ſeems to me the more probable Opinion, that he rather imitated the fine Railleries of the *Greeks*, which he ſaw in the Pieces of *Andronicus*, than the Courſneſs of his old Country-men, in their Clowniſh Extemporary way of jeering.

But beſides this, 'tis univerſally granted, that *Ennius* tho' an *Italian*, was excellently learn'd in the *Greek* Language. His Verſes were ſtuff'd with Fragments of it, even to a fault: And he himſelf believ'd, according to the *Pythagorian* Opinion, that the Soul of *Homer* was tranſfus'd into him; Which *Perſius* obſerves, in his *Sixth Satir*; *Poſtquam deſtertuit eſſe Maonides*. But this being only the private Opinion of ſo inconſiderable a Man as I am, I leave it to the farther Diſquiſition of the Critiques, if they think it worth their notice. Moſt evident it is, that whether he imitated the *Roman* Farce, or the *Greek* Comedies, he is to be acknowledg'd for the firſt Author of *Roman Satir*, as it is properly ſo call'd, and diſtinguiſh'd from any ſort of Stage-Play.

Of *Pacuvius*, who ſucceeded him, there is little to be ſaid, becauſe there is ſo little remaining of him: Only that he is taken to be the Nephew of *Ennius*, his Siſter's Son; that in probability he was inſtructed by his Uncle, in his way of Satir, which we are told he has Copy'd; but what Advances he made we know not.

Lucilius came into the World, when *Pacuvius* flouriſh'd moſt; he alſo made Satirs after the manner of *Ennius* but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavour'd to imitate more cloſely the *vetus Comedia* of the *Greeks*: Of the which the old Original *Roman* Satir had no Idea, till the time of *Livius Andronicus*. And though *Horace* ſeems to have made *Lucilius* the firſt Author of Satir in Verſe,

among

amongſt the *Romans*; in theſe Words, *Quid cum eſt* Lucilius *auſus Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem*. He is only thus to be underſtood, That *Lucilius* had given a more graceful turn to the Satir of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; not that he invented a new Satir of his own. And *Quintilian* ſeems to explain this Paſſage of *Horace* in theſe Words: *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt, in qua primus inſignem laudem adeptus eſt* Lucilius.

Thus, both *Horace* and *Quintilian*, give a kind of Primacy of Honour to *Lucilius*, amongſt the Latin Satiriſts. For as the *Roman* Language grew more refin'd, ſo much more capable it was of receiving the *Grecian* Beauties in his time: *Horace* and *Quintilian* cou'd mean no more, than that *Lucilius* writ better than *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. And on the ſame account we preferr *Horace* to *Lucilius*: Both of them imitated the old *Greek* Comedy; and ſo did *Ennius* and *Pacuvius* before them. The poliſhing of the Latin Tongue, in the ſucceſſion of Times, made the only difference. And *Horace* himſelf, in two of his Satirs, written purpoſely on this Subject, thinks the *Romans* of his Age, were too partial in their Commendations of *Lucilius*; who writ not only looſely, and muddily, with little Art, and much leſs Care, but alſo in a time when the Latin Tongue was not yet ſufficiently purg'd from the Dregs of Barbariſm; and many ſignificant and ſounding Words, which the *Romans* wanted, were not admitted even in the times of *Lucretius* and *Cicero*; of which both complain.

But to proceed, *Dacier* juſtly taxes *Caſaubon*, for ſaying, That the Satires of *Lucilius* were wholly different in *Specie* from thoſe of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. *Caſaubon* was led into that Miſtake by *Diomedes* the Grammarian, who in effect ſays this: Satir amongſt the *Romans*, but not amongſt the *Greeks*, was a biting invective Poem, made after the Model of the ancient Comedy: for the Reprehenſion of Vices: Such as were the Poems of *Lucilius*, of *Horace*, and of *Perſius*. But in former times, the name of Satir was given to Poems, which were compos'd of ſeveral ſorts of Verſes; ſuch as were made by *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*;

more

more fully expreſſing the Etymology of the word Satir, from *Satura*, which we have obſerv'd. Here 'tis manifeſt, that *Diomedes* makes a Specifical Diſtinction betwixt the Satires of *Ennius*, and thoſe of *Lucilius*. But this, as we ſay in *Engliſh*, is only a Diſtinction without a Difference; for the Reaſon of it is ridiculous, and abſolutely falſe. This was that which cozen'd honeſt *Caſaubon*, who relying on *Diomedes*, had not ſufficiently examin'd the Origin and Nature of thoſe two Satirs; which were entirely the ſame, both in the Matter and the Form. For all that *Lucilius* perform'd beyond his Predeceſſors, *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, was only the adding of more Politeneſs, and more Salt; without any change in the Subſtance of the Poem: And tho' *Lucilius* put not together in the ſame Satir ſeveral ſorts of Verſes, as *Ennius* did; yet he compos'd ſeveral Satirs, of ſeveral ſorts of Verſes; and mingl'd them with *Greek* Verſes: One Poem conſiſted only of Hexameters; and another was entirely of Iambiques; a third of Trochaiques; as is viſible by the Fragments yet remaining of his Works. In ſhort, if the Satires of *Lucilius* are therefore ſaid to be wholly different from thoſe of *Ennius*, becauſe he added much more of Beauty and Poliſhing to his own Poems, than are to be found in thoſe before him; it will follow from hence, that the Satires of *Horace* are wholly different from thoſe of *Lucilius*, becauſe *Horace* has not leſs ſurpaſs'd *Lucilius* in the Elegancy of his Writing, than *Lucilius* ſurpaſs'd *Ennius* in the Turn and Ornament of his. This Paſſage of *Diomedes* has alſo drawn *Douſa*, the Son, into the ſame Errour of *Caſaubon*, which, I ſay, not to expoſe the little Failings of thoſe judicious Men, but only to make it appear, with how much Diffidence and Caution we are to Read their Works; when they treat a Subject of ſo much Obſcurity, and ſo very ancient, as is this of Satir.

Having thus brought down the Hiſtory of Satir from its Original, to the times of *Horace*, and ſhewn the ſeveral changes of it. I ſhou'd here diſcover ſome of thoſe Graces which *Horace* added to it, but that I think it will

be

be more proper to defer that Undertaking, till I make the Comparison betwixt him and *Juvenal*. In the mean while, following the Order of Time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of Satir, which also was decended from the Ancients: 'Tis that which we call the *Varronian* Satir, but which *Varro* himself calls the *Menippean*; because *Varro*, the most Learn'd of the *Romans*, was the first Author of it, who imitated, in his Works, the Manners of *Menippus* the *Gadarenian*, who profess'd the Philosophy of the *Cynicques*.

This sort of Satir was not only compos'd of several sorts of Verse, like those of *Ennius*, but was also mix'd with Prose; and Greek was sprinkl'd amongst the Latin. *Quintilian*, after he had spoken of the Satir of *Lucilius* adds what follows, *There is another and former kind of Satir, Compos'd by* Terentius Varro, *the most Learn'd of the* Romans: *In which he was not satisfy'd alone, with mingling in it several sorts of Verse.* The only difficulty of this Passage, is, that *Quintilian* tells us, that this Satir of *Varro* was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since *Varro*, who was contemporary to *Cicero*, must consequently be after *Lucilius*? But *Quintilian* meant not, that the Satir of *Varro* was in order of time before *Lucilius*? he wou'd only give us to understand, that the *Varronian* Satir, with mixture of several sorts of Verses, was more after the manner of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, than that of *Lucilius*, who was more severe, and more correct; and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his Verses, in the same Poem.

We have nothing remaining of those *Varronian* Satires, excepting some inconsiderable Fragments; and those for the most part much corrupted. The Titles of many of them are indeed preserv'd, and they are generally double. From whence, at least, we may understand, how many various Subjects were treated by that Author. *Tully*, in his Academicks, introduces *Varro* himself giving us some light concerning the Scope and Design of those Works. Wherein, after he had shewn his reasons why he did not

pean;

ex professo write of Philosophy, he adds what follows. Notwithstanding, *says he*, that those Pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated *Menippus*, though I have not Translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of mirth, and gayety: Yet many things are there inserted, which are drawn from the very Intrails of Philosophy, and many things severely argu'd: Which I have mingl'd with Pleasantries on purpose, that they may more easily go down with the Common sort of Unlearn'd Readers. The rest of the Sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the composition of his Satires, he so temper'd Phylology with Philosophy, that his Work was a mixture of them both. And *Tully* himself confirms us in this Opinion; when a little after he addresses himself to *Varro* in these words. *And you your self have compos'd a most Elegant and compleat Poem; you have begun Philosophy in many Places: Sufficient to incite us, though too little to Instruct us.* Thus it appears, that *Varro* was one of those Writers whom they call'd σπουδογελοῖοι, studious of laughter; and that, as Learned as he was, his business was more to divert his Reader, than to teach him. And he Entitled his own Satires *Menippean*: Not that *Menippus* had writen any Satires, (for his were either Dialogues or Epistles) but that *Varro* imitated his Stile, his Manner, and his Facetiousness. All that we know farther of *Menippus*, and his Writings, which are wholly lost; is, that by some he is esteem'd, as, amongst the rest, by *Varro*: By others he is noted of Cynical Impudence, and Obscenity: That he was much given to those *Parodies*, which I have already mention'd; that is, he often quoted the Verses of *Homer* and the Tragick Poets, and turn'd their serious meaning into something that was Ridiculous; whereas *Varro's* Satires are by *Tully* call'd Absolute, and most Elegant, and Various Poems. *Lucian*, who was emulous of this *Menippus*, seems to have imitated both his Manners and his Stile in many of his Dialogues; where *Menippus* himself is often introduc'd as a Speaker in them, and as a perpetual Buffoon: Particularly his Character is express'd in the be-

beginning of that Dialogue which is call'd *Nauvegantia*. But *Varro*, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthineſs, and only expreſſes his witty Pleaſantry.

This we may believe for certain, That as his Subjects were various, ſo moſt of them were Tales or Stories of his own invention. Which is alſo manifeſt from Antiquity, by thoſe Authors who are acknowledg'd to have written *Varronian* Satires, in imitation of his: Of whom the Chief is *Petronius Arbiter*, whoſe Satire, they ſay, is now Printing in *Holland*, wholly recover'd, and made compleat: When 'tis made publick, it will eaſily be ſeen by any one Sentence, whether it be ſuppoſititious, or genuine. Many of *Lucian*'s Dialogues may alſo properly be call'd *Varronian* Satires; particularly his *True Hiſtory*: And conſequently the *Golden Aſs* of *Apuleius*, which is taken from him. Of the ſame Stamp is the Mock Deification of *Claudius*, by *Seneca*: And the *Sympoſium* or *Ceſar's* of *Julian* the Emperour. Amongſt the Moderns we may reckon the *Encomium Moriæ* of *Eraſmus*, *Barclay's Euphormio*, and a Volume of *German* Authors, which my ingenious Friend Mr. *Charles Killigrew* once lent me. In the *Engliſh* I remember none, which are mix'd with Proſe, as *Varro's* were: But of the ſame kind is Mother *Hubbard's* Tale in *Spencer*; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the Poems of *Abſalom* and *Mac Flecno*.

This is what I have to ſay in general of Satire: Only as *Dacier* has obſerv'd before me, we may take notice, That the word Satire is of a more general ſignification in Latin, than in French, or Engliſh. For amongſt the *Romans* it was not only us'd for thoſe Diſcourſes which decry'd Vice, or expos'd Folly; but for others alſo, where Virtue was recommended. But in our modern Languages we apply it only to invective Poems, where the very Name of Satire is formidable to thoſe Perſons, who wou'd appear to the World, what they are not in themſelves. For in Engliſh, to ſay Satire, is to mean Reflection, as we uſe that Word in the worſt ſenſe; or as the *French* call it, more properly, *Mediſance*. In the Criticiſm of Spelling, it ought to be

with *i* and not with *y*; to distinguish its true Derivation from *Satura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be so, then 'tis false spell'd throughout this Book: For here 'tis written Satyr. Which having not consider'd at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the *French* are more nice, and never spell it any other way than Satire.

I am now arriv'd at the most difficult part of my Undertaking, which is to compare *Horace* with *Juvenal* and *Persius*: 'Tis observ'd by *Rigaltius*, in his Preface before *Juvenal*, written to *Thuanus*, that these three Poets have all their particular *Partisans*, and Favourers: Every Commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself oblig'd to prefer his Author to the other two: To find out their Failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own Darling. Such is the Partiality of Mankind, to set up that Interest which they have once espous'd, tho' it be to the prejudice of Truth, Morality, and common Justice: And especially in the Productions of the Brain. As Authors generally think themselves the best Poets, because they cannot go out of themselves, to judge sincerely of their Betters; so it is with Critiques, who, having first taken a liking to one of these Poets, proceed to Comment on him, and to Illustrate him: After which, they fall in love with their own Labours to that degree of blind Fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their Author, not so much for his sake, as for their own. 'Tis a Folly of the same nature with that of the *Romans* themselves, in their Games of the *Circus*; the Spectators were divided in their Factions, betwixt the *Veneti* and the *Prasini*: Some were for the Charioteer in Blue, and some for him in Green. The Colours themselves were but a Fancy; but when once a Man had taken pains to set out those of his Party, and had been at the trouble of procuring Voices for them, the Case was alter'd: He was concern'd for his own Labour; and that so earnestly, that Disputes and Quarrels, Animosities, Commotions, and Bloodshed, often happen'd: And in the Declension of the *Grecian* Empire,

the very Soveraigns themſelves engag'd in it, even when the Barbarians were at their Doors; and ſtickl'd for the Preference of Colours, when the ſafety of their People was in queſtion. I am now, my ſelf, on the brink of the ſame Precipice; I have ſpent ſome time on the Tranſlation of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*; and it behoves me to be wary, leſt, for that Reaſon, I ſhou'd be partial to them, or take a Prejudice againſt *Horace*. Yet, on the other ſide, I wou'd not be like ſome of our Judges, who wou'd give the Cauſe for a poor Man, right or wrong: For tho' that be an Errour on the better hand, yet it is ſtill a Partiality: And a Rich Man, unheard, cannot be concluded an Oppreſſor. I remember a Saying of King *Charles* II. on Sir *Matthew Hales*, (who was doubtleſs an Uncorrupt and Upright Man) That his Servants were ſure to be caſt on any Trial, which was heard before him: Not that he thought the Judge was poſſibly to be brib'd; but that his Integrity might be too ſcrupulous: And that the Cauſes of the Crown were always ſuſpicious, when the Priviledges of Subjects were concern'd.

It had been much fairer, if the modern Critiques, who have imbark'd in the Quarrels of their Favourite Authors, had rather given to each his proper due; without taking from another's Heap, to raiſe their own. There is Praiſe enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his Fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themſelves with the Spoils of others. But to come to particulars, *Heinſius* and *Dacier*, are the moſt principal of thoſe, who raiſe *Horace* above *Juvenal* and *Perſius*. *Scaliger* the Father, *Rigaltius*, and many others, debaſe *Horace*, that they may ſet up *Juvenal*: And *Caſaubon*, who is almoſt ſingle, throws Dirt on *Juvenal* and *Horace*, that he may exalt *Perſius*, whom he underſtood particularly well, and better than any of his former Commentators; even *Stelluti* who ſucceeded him. I will begin with him, who in my Opinion defends the weakeſt Cauſe, which is that of *Perſius*; and labouring, as *Tacitus* profeſſes of his own Writings, to diveſt my ſelf of Partiality, or Prejudice, conſider *Per-*

sius, not as a Poet; whom I have wholly Translated, and who has cost me more Labour and Time, than *Juvenal*; but according to what I judge to be his own Merit; which I think not equal in the main, to that of *Juvenal* or *Horace*; and yet in some things to be preferr'd to both of them.

First, then, for the Verse, neither *Casaubon* himself, nor any for him, can defend either his Numbers, or the Purity of his *Latin*. *Casaubon* gives this Point for lost; and pretends not to justifie either the Measures, or the Words of *Persius*: He is evidently beneath *Horace* and *Juvenal*, in both.

Then, as his Verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his Words not every where well chosen, the Purity of *Latin* being more corrupted, than in the time of *Juvenal*, and consequently of *Horace*, who writ when the Language was in the heighth of its Perfection; so his Diction is hard; his Figures are generally too bold and daring; and his Tropes, particularly his Metaphors, insufferably strain'd.

In the third place, notwithstanding all the diligence of *Casaubon*, *Stelluti*, and a *Scotch* Gentleman (whom I have heard extreamly commended for his Illustrations of him;) yet he is still obscure: Whether he affected not to be understood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his safety under *Nero*, compell'd him to this darkness in some places; or that it was occasion'd by his close way of Thinking, and the brevity of his Stile, and crowding of his Figures; or lastly, whether after so long a time, many of his Words have been corrupted, and many Customs, and Stories relating to them, lost to us; whether some of these Reasons, or all, concurr'd to render him so cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the best of Commentators can but guess at his Meaning, in many Passages: And none can be certain that he has divin'd rightly.

After all, he was a young Man, like his Friend and Contemporary *Lucan*: Both of them Men of extraordinary Parts, and great acquir'd Knowledge, considering their Youth. But neither of them had arriv'd to that Maturity of Judgment, which is necessary to the accomplishing of

a form'd

form'd Poet. And this Conſideration, as on the one hand it lays ſome Imperfections to their charge; ſo, on the other ſide, 'tis a candid excuſe for thoſe Failings, which are incident to Youth and Inexperience; and we have more Reaſon to wonder, how they, who died before the Thirtieth Year of their Age, cou'd write ſo well, and think ſo ſtrongly; than to accuſe them of thoſe Faults, from which Human Nature, and more eſpecially in Youth, can never poſſibly be exempted.

To conſider *Perſius* yet more cloſely: He rather inſulted over Vice and Folly, than expos'd them, like *Juvenal* and *Horace*. And as chaſte and modeſt as he is eſteem'd, it cannot be deny'd, but that in ſome places he is broad and fulſom, as the latter Verſe of the Fourth Satire, and of the Sixth, ſufficiently witneſs. And 'tis to be believ'd, that he who commits the ſame Crime often, and without Neceſſity, cannot but do it but with ſome kind of Pleaſure.

To come to a concluſion, he is manifeſtly below *Horace*; becauſe he borrows moſt of his greateſt Beauties from him: And *Caſaubon* is ſo far from denying this, that he has written a Treatiſe purpoſely concerning it; wherein he ſhews a multitude of his Tranſlations from *Horace*, and his Imitations of him, for the Credit of his Author, which he calls, *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To theſe Defects, which I caſually obſerv'd, while I was Tranſlating this Author, *Scaliger* has added others: He calls him, in plain terms, a ſilly Writer, and a Tyro; full of Oſtentation of his Learning; and after all, unworthy to come into Competition with *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

After ſuch terrible Accuſations, 'tis time to hear what his Patron *Caſaubon* can alledge in his Defence. Inſtead of anſwering, he excuſes for the moſt part; and when he cannot, accuſes others of the ſame Crimes. He deals with *Scaliger*, as a modeſt Scholar with a Maſter. He Compliments him with ſo much Reverence, that one wou'd ſwear he fear'd him as much at leaſt as he reſpected him. *Scaliger* will not allow *Perſius* to have any Wit; *Caſaubon* in-

terprets this in the mildeſt Sence; and confeſſes his Author was not good at turning things into a pleaſant Ridicule; or in other words, that he was not a laughable Writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptiſſimus and jocandum*. But that he was oſtentatious of his Learning, that, by *Scaliger*'s good Favour, he denies. *Perſius* ſhew'd his Learning, but was no Boaſter of it; he did *oſtendere*, but not *oſtentare*; and ſo, he ſays, did *Scaliger*: Where, methinks, *Caſaubon* turns it handſomly upon that ſupercilious Critick, and ſilently inſinuates, that he himſelf was ſufficiently Vain-glorious, and a Boaſter of his own Knowledge. All the Writings of this Venerable *Cenſor*, continues *Caſaubon*, which are χρυσῶ χρυσότερα more golden than Gold it ſelf, are every where ſmelling of that Thyme, which, like a Bee, he hath gather'd from ancient Authors: But far be Oſtentation and Vain-glory from a Gentleman ſo well Born, and ſo nobly Educated as *Scaliger*: But, ſays *Scaliger*, he is ſo obſcure, that he has got himſelf the Name of *Scotinus*, a dark Writer. Now, ſays *Caſaubon*, 'tis a wonder to me that any thing cou'd be obſcure to the Divine Wit of *Scaliger*; from which nothing cou'd be hidden. This is indeed a ſtrong Compliment, but no Defence. And *Caſaubon*, who cou'd not but be ſenſible of his Author's blind ſide, thinks it time to abandon a Poſt that was untenable. He acknowledges that *Perſius* is obſcure in ſome places: but ſo is *Plato*, ſo is *Thucydides*; ſo are *Pindar*, *Theocritus*, and *Ariſtophanes*, amongſt the *Greek* Poets; and even *Horace* and *Juvenal*, he might have added, amongſt the *Romans*. The Truth is, *Perſius* is not ſometimes, but generally obſcure: And therefore *Caſaubon*, at laſt, is forc'd to excuſe him, by alledging that it was *ſe defendendo*, for fear of *Nero*; and that he was commanded to write ſo cloudily by *Cornutus*, in virtue of holy Obedience to his Maſter. I cannot help my own Opinion; I think *Cornutus* needed not to have read many Lectures to him on that Subject. *Perſius* was an apt Scholar; and when he was bidden to be obſcure in ſome places, where his Life and Safety were in queſtion, took the

ſame

same Counsel for all his Book; and never afterwards wrote ten Lines together clearly. *Casaubon*, being upon this Chapter, has not fail'd, we may be sure, of making a Compliment to his own dear Comment. If *Persius*, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my Interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that Praise, which he has given to himself: But the nature of the thing, as *Lucretius* says, will not admit of a perfect Explanation. Besides many Examples which I cou'd urge, the very last Verse of his last Satire, upon which he particularly values himself in his Preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. 'Tis true, *Holiday* has endeavour'd to justifie his Construction; but *Stelluti* is against it: And, for my part, I can have but a very dark Notion of it. As for the Chastity of his Thoughts, *Casaubon* denies not but that one particular Passage, in the Fourth Satire, *At, si unctus cesses*, &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his Works: I understood it; but for that Reason turn'd it over. In defence of his boisterous Metaphors, he quotes *Longinus*, who accounts them as Instruments of the Sublime; fit to move and stir up the Affections, particularly in Narration. To which it may be reply'd, That where the Trope is far fetch'd, and hard, 'tis fit for nothing but to puzzle the Understanding; and may be reckon'd amongst those things of *Demosthenes*, which *Æschines* call'd θαύματα, not ῥήματα: that is, Prodegies, not Words. It must be granted to *Casaubon*, that the Knowledge of many things is lost in our Modern Ages, which were of familiar notice to the Ancients; and that Satire is a Poem of a difficult nature in it self, and is not written to vulgar Readers. And through the relation which it has to Comedy, the frequent change of Persons makes the Sense perplex'd; when we can but divine who it is that speaks: Whether *Persius* himself, or his Friend and Monitor; or, in some places, a third Person. But *Casaubon* comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if *Persius* had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an Interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoy'd

himself so hard a Task, he then consider'd the *Greek* Proverb, that he must χελώνες φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν: either eat the whole Snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went through with his laborious Task, as I have done with my difficult Translation.

Thus far, my Lord, you see it has gone very hard with *Persius*: I think he cannot be allow'd to stand in competition, either with *Juvenal* or *Horace*. Yet, for once, I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, That none of his hard Metaphors, or forc'd Expressions, are in my Translation: But more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular, of our general Performance, in making these two Authors English. In the mean time, I think my self oblig'd to give *Persius* his undoubted due, and to acquaint the World with *Casaubon*, in what he has equall'd, and in what excell'd his two Competitors.

A Man who is resolv'd to praise an Author, with any appearance of Justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to Exceptions. He is therefore oblig'd to chuse his Mediums accordingly: *Casaubon*, who saw that *Persius* cou'd not laugh with a becoming Grace, that he was not made for Jesting, and that a merry Conceipt was not his Talent, turn'd his Feather, like an *Indian*, to another Light, that he might give it the better Gloss. Moral Doctrine, says he, and Urbanity, or well-manner'd Wit, are the two things which constitute the *Roman* Satire. But of the two, that which is most essential to this Poem, and is, as it were, the very Soul which animates it, is the scourging of Vice, and exhortation to Vertue. Thus Wit, for a good Reason, is already almost our of Doors; and allow'd only for an Instrument, a kind of Tool, or a Weapon, as he calls it, of which the Satyrist makes use, in the compassing of his Design. The End and Aim of our Three Rivals, is consequently the same. But by what Methods they have prosecuted their Intention, is farther to be consider'd. Satire is of the nature of Moral Philosophy, as being instructive: He therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the Palm from

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his two Antagonists. The Philosophy in which *Persius* was Educated, and which he professes through his whole Book, is the Stoick: The most noble, most Generous, most Beneficial to Human Kind, amongst all the Sects, who have given us the Rules of Ethiques, thereby to form a severe Virtue in the Soul; to raise in us an undaunted Courage, against the Assaults of Fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our Power; not to value Riches, Beauty, Honours, Fame, or Health, any farther than as Conveniencies, and so many Helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our Generation. In short, to be always happy, while we possess our Minds, with a good Conscience, are free from the Slavery of Vices, and conform our Actions and Conversation to the Rules of Right Reason. See here, my Lord, an Epitome of *Epictetus*; the Doctrine of *Zeno*, and the Education of our *Persius*. And this he express'd, not only in all his Satires, but in the manner of his Life. I will not lessen this Commendation of the Stoick Philosophy, by giving you an account of some Absurdities in their Doctrine, and some perhaps Impieties, if we consider them by the Standard of Christian Faith: *Persius* has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those Imputations. What he teaches, might be taught from Pulpits, with more profit to the Audience, than all the nice Speculations of Divinity, and Controversies concerning Faith; which are more for the Profit of the Shepherd, than for the Edification of the Flock. Passion, Interest, Ambition, and all their bloody Consequences of Discord, and of War, are banish'd from this Doctrine. Here is nothing propos'd, but the Quiet and Tranquility of Mind; Virtue lodg'd at home, and afterwards diffus'd in her general Effects, to the Improvement and Good of Human Kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of *Salisbury* has recommended this our Author, and the Tenth Satyr of *Juvenal*, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the Divines in his Diocess, as the best Common Places for their Sermons, as the Store-

Houses

Houſes and Magazines of Moral Virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occaſion, all manner of Aſſiſtance for the accompliſhment of a virtuous Life, which the Stoicks have aſſign'd for the great End and Perfection of Mankind. Herein, then it is, that *Perſius* has excell'd both *Juvenal* and *Horace*. He ſticks to his own Philoſophy: He ſhifts not ſides, like *Horace*, who is ſometimes an *Epicuræan*, ſometimes a Stoick, ſometimes an Eclectick; as his preſent Humour leads him: Nor declaims like *Juvenal* againſt Vices, more like an Orator, than a Philoſopher. *Perſius* is every where the ſame; true to the Dogma's of his Maſter: What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practiſes himſelf. There is a Spirit of Sincerity in all he ſays: You may eaſily diſcern that he is in earneſt, and is perſwaded of that Truth which he inculcates. In this I am of Opinion, that he excels *Horace*, who is commonly in jeſt, and laughs while he inſtructs: And is equal to *Juvenal*, who was as honeſt and ſerious as *Perſius*, and more he cou'd not be.

Hitherto I have follow'd *Caſaubon*, and enlarg'd upon him; becauſe I am ſatisfy'd that he ſays no more than Truth; the reſt is almoſt all frivolous. For he ſays that *Horace* being the Son of a Tax-gatherer, or a Collector, as we call it, ſmells every where of the Meanneſs of his Birth and Education: His Conceipts are vulgar, like the Subjects of his Satires; that he does *Plebeium ſapere*; and writes not with that Elevation, which becomes a Satyriſt: That *Perſius* being nobly Born, and of an opulent Family, had likewiſe the advantage of a better Maſter; *Cornutus* being the moſt Learned of his time, a Man of a moſt Holy Life, the chief of the Stoick Sect at *Rome*; and not only a great Philoſopher, but a Poet himſelf; and in probability a Coadjutor of *Perſius*. That, as for *Juvenal*, he was long a Declaimer, came late to Poetry, and had not been much converſant in Philoſophy.

'Tis granted that the Father of *Horace* was *Libertinus*, that is, one degree remov'd from his Grandfather, who had been once a Slave: But *Horace*, ſpeaking of him, gives

gives him the best Character of a Father, which I ever read in History; and I wish a witty Friend of mine now living had such another. He bred him in the best School, and with the best Company of young Noblemen. And *Horace*, by his Gratitude to his Memory, gives a certain Testimony that his Education was ingenuous. After this, he form'd himself abroad, by the Conversation of Great Men. *Brutus* found him at *Athens*, and was so pleas'd with him, that he took him thence into the Army, and made him *Tribunus Militum*, a Colonel in a Legion, which was the Preferment of an Old Souldier. All this was before his Acquaintance with *Mecænas*, and his Introduction into the Court of *Augustus*, and the Familiarity of that Great Emperour; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his Conversation, and render him accomplish'd and knowing in all the Arts of Complacency and Good-behaviour; and, in short, an agreeable Companion for the retir'd Hours and Privacies of a Favourite, who was first Minister. So that, upon the whole matter, *Persius* may be acknowledg'd to be equal with him, in those Respects, tho' better born, and *Juvenal* inferiour to both. If the Advantage be any where, 'tis on the side of *Horace*; as much as the Court of *Augustus Cæsar*, was superiour to that of *Nero*. As for the Subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that *Horace* writ not vulgarly on vulgar Subjects, nor always chose them. His Stile is constantly accommodated to his Subject, either high or low: If his fault be too much lowness, that of *Persius* is the fault of the hardness of his Metaphors, and obscurity: And so they are equal in the Failings of their Stile; where *Juvenal* manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The Comparison betwixt *Horace* and *Juvenal* is more difficult; because their Forces were more equal: A Dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the Favourers of the two Poets. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I shall only venture to give my own Opinion, and leave it for better Judges to determine. If it be only argu'd

argu'd in general, which of them has the better Poet; the Victory is already gain'd on the side of *Horace*. *Virgil* himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his Turns, his choice of Words, and perhaps the Purity of his Latin. He who says that *Pindar* is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his *Odes*. But the Contention betwixt these two great Masters, is for the Prize of Satire: In which Controversie, all the *Odes* and *Epodes* of *Horace* are to stand excluded. I say this, because *Horace* has written many of them Satirically, against his private Enemies: Yet these, if justly consider'd, are somewhat of the Nature of the *Greek Silli*, which were Invectives against particular Sects and Persons. But *Horace* had purg'd himself of his Choler, before he enter'd on those Discourses, which are more properly call'd the *Roman* Satire: He has not now to do with a *Lyce*, a *Canidia*, a *Cassius Severus*, or a *Menas*, but is to correct the Vices and the Follies of his Time, and to give the Rules of a happy and virtuous Life. In a word, that former sort of Satire, which is known in *England* by the Name of Lampoon, is a dangerous sort of Weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral Right on the Reputation of other Men. 'Tis taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two Reasons, for which he may be permitted to write Lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justifie us: The first is Revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abus'd, and can make our selves no other Reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian Charity, all Offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like Pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty GOD. And this Consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's Prayer; for the plain Condition of the Forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the Offences which they have done to us: For which Reason I have many times avoided the Commission of that Fault, ev'n when I have been notoriously provok'd. Let not this, my Lord, pass for Vanity in me, for 'tis Truth. More

Libels

Libels have been written against me, than almost any Man now living: And I had Reason on my side, to have defended my own Innocence: I speak not of my Poetry, which I have wholly given up to the Criticks; let them use it as they please; Posterity perhaps, may be more favourable to me: For Interest and Passion will lie bury'd in another Age; and Partiality and Prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my Morals, which have been sufficiently aspers'd; that only sort of Reputation ought to be dear to every honest Man, and is to me. But let the World witness for me, that I have been often wanting to my self in that particular; I have seldom answer'd any scurrilous Lampoon, when it was in my Power to have expos'd my Enemies: And being naturally vindicative, have suffer'd in silence, and possess'd my Soul in quiet.

Any thing, tho' never so little, which a Man speaks of himself, in my Opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will wave this Subject, and proceed to give the second Reason, which may justifie a Poet, when he writes against a particular Person; and that is, when he is become a Publick Nuisance. All those, whom *Horace* in his Satires, and *Persius* and *Juvenal* have mention'd in theirs, with a Brand of Infamy, are wholly such. 'Tis an Action of Virtue to make Examples of vicious Men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their Crime and Follies: Both for their own Amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible; and for the Terrour of others, to hinder them from falling into those Enormities, which they see are so severely punish'd, in the Persons of others. The first Reason was only an Excuse for Revenge; but this second is absolutely of a Poet's Office to perform: But how few Lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this Duty: When they come in my way, 'tis impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are in common Justice, from the Choice of such Persons as are the proper Subject of Satire! And how little Wit they bring, for the support of their Injustice! The weaker Sex is their most ordinary Theme; and

and the beſt and faireſt are ſure to be the moſt ſeverely handled. Amongſt Men, thoſe who are proſperouſly unjuſt, are intitled to Panegyrick: But afflicted Virtue is inſolently ſtabb'd with all manner of Reproaches; no Decency is conſider'd, no Fulſomneſs omitted; no Venom is wanting, as far as Dulneſs can ſupply it: For there is a perpetual Dearth of Wit; a Barrenneſs of good Sence and Entertainment. The neglect of the Readers, will ſoon put an end to this ſort of ſcribling. There can be no Pleaſantry where there is no Wit: No Impreſſion can be made, where there is no Truth for the Foundation. To conclude, they are like the Fruits of the Earth in this unnatural Seaſon: The Corn which held up its Head, is ſpoil'd with Rankneſs; but the greater part of the Harveſt is laid along, and little of good Income and wholſom Nouriſhment is receiv'd into the Barns. This is almoſt a Digreſſion, I confeſs, to your Lordſhip; but a juſt Indignation forc'd it from me. Now I have remov'd this Rubbiſh, I will return to the Compariſon of *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

I wou'd willingly divide the Palm betwixt them; upon the two Heads of Profit and Delight, which are the two Ends of Poetry in general. It muſt be granted by the Favourers of *Juvenal*, that *Horace* is the more copious and profitable in his Inſtructions of Human Life: But in my particular Opinion, which I ſet not up for a Standard to better Judgments, *Juvenal* is the more delightful Author. I am profited by both, I am pleas'd with both; but I owe more to *Horace* for my Inſtruction; and more to *Juvenal*, for my Pleaſure. This, as I ſaid, is my particular Taſte of theſe two Authors: They who will have either of them to excel the other in both Qualities, can ſcarce give better Reaſons for their Opinion, than I for mine: But all unbiaſs'd Readers will conclude, that my Moderation is not to be condemn'd: To ſuch impartial Men I muſt appeal: For they who have already form'd their Judgment, may juſtly ſtand ſuſpected of Prejudice; and tho' all who are my Readers, will ſet up to be my Judges,

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That *Horace* is ſomewhat the better Inſtructor of the wo, is prov'd from hence, That his Inſtructions are more eneral; *Juvenal*'s more limited. So that granting, that he Counſels which they give are equally good for Moral lſe; *Horace*, who gives the moſt various Advice, and noſt applicable to all Occaſions which can occur to us in he courſe of our Lives; as including in his Diſcourſes, ot only all the Rules of Morality, but alſo of Civil Conerſation; is, undoubtedly, to be preferr'd to him, who s more circumcis'd in his Inſtructions, makes them to ewer People, and on fewer Occaſions, than the other. I nay be pardon'd for uſing an Old Saying, ſince 'tis true, nd to the purpoſe, *Bonum quo communius, eo melius*. Juvenal, excepting only his firſt Satire, is in all the reſt conin'd to the expoſing of ſome particular Vice; that he laſhes, and there he ſticks. His Sentences are truly ſhining nd inſtructive; But they are ſprinkled here and there. *Horace* is teaching us in every Line, and is perpetually Moral; he had found out the Skill of *Virgil*, to hide his Sentences; To give you the Virtue of them, without ſhewing them in their full Extent: Which is the Oſtentation of a Poet, and not his Art: And this *Petronius* charges on the Authors of his Time, as a Vice of Writing, which was then growing on the Age. *Ne Sententiæ extra Corpis Orationis emineant:* He wou'd have them weav'd into the Body of the Work, and not appear emboſs'd upon it, and ſtriking directly on the Reader's view. Folly was the proper Quarry of *Horace*, and not Vice: And, as there are but few notoriouſly wicked Men, in compariſon with a Shoal of Fools and Fops; ſo 'tis a harder thing to make a Man wiſe, than to make him honeſt: For the Will is only to be reclaim'd in the one; but the Underſtanding is to be inform'd in the other. There are Blind-ſides and Follies, even in the Profeſſors of Moral Philoſophy; and there is

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That *Horace* is ſomewhat the better Inſtructor of the two, is prov'd from hence, That his Inſtructions are more general; *Juvenal*'s more limited. So that granting, that the Counſels which they give are equally good for Moral Uſe; *Horace*, who gives the moſt various Advice, and moſt applicable to all Occaſions which can occur to us in the courſe of our Lives; as including in his Diſcourſes, not only all the Rules of Morality, but alſo of Civil Converſation; is, undoubtedly, to be preferr'd to him, who is more circumcis'd in his Inſtructions, makes them to fewer People, and on fewer Occaſions, than the other. I may be pardon'd for uſing an Old Saying, ſince 'tis true, and to the purpoſe, *Bonum quo communius, eo melius*. *Juvenal*, excepting only his firſt Satire, is in all the reſt confin'd to the expoſing of ſome particular Vice; that he laſhes, and there he ſticks. His Sentences are truly ſhining and inſtructive: But they are ſprinkled here and there. *Horace* is teaching us in every Line, and is perpetually Moral; he had found out the Skill of *Virgil*, to hide his Sentences; To give you the Virtue of them, without ſhewing them in their full Extent: Which is the Oſtentation of a Poet, and not his Art: And this *Petronius* charges on the Authors of his Time, as a Vice of Writing, which was then growing on the Age. *Ne Sententiæ extra Corpis Orationis emineant*: He wou'd have them weav'd into the Body of the Work, and not appear emboſs'd upon it, and ſtriking directly on the Reader's view. Folly was the proper Quarry of *Horace*, and not Vice: And, as there are but few notoriouſly wicked Men, in compariſon with a Shoal of Fools and Fops; ſo 'tis a harder thing to make a Man wiſe, than to make him honeſt: For the Will is only to be reclaim'd in the one; but the Underſtanding is to be inform'd in the other. There are Blind-ſides and Follies, even in the Profeſſors of Moral Philoſophy; and there is no-

not any one Sect of them that *Horace* has not expos'd. Which as it was not the Design of *Juvenal*, who was wholly employ'd in lashing Vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagin'd; so, perhaps, it was not so much his Talent. *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the Commendation which *Persius* gave him: Where by *Vitium*, he means those little Vices, which we call Follies, the Defects of Human Understanding, or at most the Piccadillo's of Life, rather than the Tragical Vices, to which Men are hurry'd by their unruly Passions and exorbitant Desires. But in the word *Omne*, which is universal, he concludes, with me, that the Divine Wit of *Horace* left nothing untouch'd; that he enter'd into the inmost Recesses of Nature; found out the Imperfections even of the most Wise and Grave, as well as of the Common People; discovering, even in the great *Trebatius*, to whom he addresses the First Satire, his hunting after Business, and following the Court, as well as in the Persecutor *Crispinus*, his Impertinence and Importunity. 'Tis true, he exposes *Crispinus* openly, as a common Nuisance: But he rallies the other, as a Friend, more finely. The Exhortations of *Persius* are confin'd to Noblemen: And the Stoick Philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them: *Juvenal* exhorts to particular Virtues, as they are oppos'd to those Vices against which he declaims: But *Horace* laughs to shame all Follies, and insinuates Virtue, rather by familiar Examples, than by the severity of Precepts.

This last Consideration seems to incline the Ballance on the side of *Horace*, and to give him the preference to *Juvenal*, not only in Profit, but in Pleasure. But, after all, I must confess, that the Delight which *Horace* gives me, is but languishing. Be pleas'd still to understand, that I speak of my own Taste only: He may ravish other Men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickl'd. Where he barely grins himself, and, as *Scaliger* says, only shews his white Teeth, he cannot provoke to any Laughter. His Urbanity, that is, his Good Manners, are to be commended,

mended, but his Wit is faint; and his Salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. *Juvenal* is of a more Vigorous and Masculine Wit, he gives me as much Pleasure as I can bear: He fully satisfies my Expectation; he treats his Subject home: His Spleen is rais'd, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of Concernment in all he says: He drives his Reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another Stage, it wou'd be too far, it wou'd make a Journey of a Progress, and turn Delight into Fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a Sign the Subject is exhausted, and the Wit of Man can carry it no farther. If a Fault can be justly found in him, 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant, says more than he needs, like my Friend the *Plain Dealer*, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his Thoughts are as just as those of *Horace*, and much more elevated. His Expressions are Sonorous and more Noble; his Verse more numerous, and his Words are suitable to his Thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the Pleasure of the Reader; and the greater the Soul of him who reads, his Transports are the greater. *Horace* is always on the amble, *Juvenal* on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on Carpet-ground. He goes with more Impetuosity than *Horace*, but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the Spirits. The low Stile of *Horace* is according to his Subject, that is generally groveling; I question not but he cou'd have rais'd it: For the First Epistle of the Second Book, which he writes to *Augustus*, (a most instructive Satire concerning Poetry,) is of so much Dignity in the Words, and of so much Elegancy in the Numbers, that the Author plainly shews, the *Sermo Pedestris*, in his other Satires, was rather his Choice than his Necessity. He was a Rival to *Lucilius* his Predecessor, and was resolv'd to surpass him in his own manner. *Lucilius*, as we see by his remaining Fragments, minded neither his Stile nor his Numbers, nor his Purity of Words, nor his Run of Verse. *Horace* therefore copes with him in that humble way of Satire; writes under his

own Force, and carries a dead Weight, that he may match his Competitor in the Race. This I imagine was the chief Reason, why he minded only the clearness of his Satire, and the cleanness of Expression, without ascending to those Heights, to which his own Vigour might have carry'd him. But limiting his Desires only to the Conquest of *Lucilius*, he had his Ends of his Rival, who liv'd before him; but made way for a new Conquest over himself, by *Juvenal* his Successor. He cou'd not give an equal Pleasure to his Reader, because he us'd not equal Instruments. The fault was in the Tools, and not in the Workman. But Versification and Numbers, are the greatest Pleasures of Poetry: *Virgil* knew it, and practis'd both so happily, that for ought I know, his greatest Excellency is in his Diction. In all other parts of Poetry, is faultless; but in this he plac'd his chief Perfection. And give me leave, my Lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say, that *Virgil* cou'd have written sharper Satires, than either *Horace* or *Juvenal*, if he wou'd have employ'd his Talent that way. I will produce a Verse and half of his, in one of his Eclogues, to justifie my Opinion; and with *Comma*'s after every Word, to shew, that he has given almost as many Lashes, as he has written Syllables; 'tis against a bad Poet, whose ill Verses he describes: *Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?* But to return to my purpose, when there is any thing deficient in Numbers, and Sound, the Reader is uneasie, and unsatisfy'd; he wants something of his Complement, desires somewhat which he finds not. And this being the manifest Defect of *Horace*, 'tis no wonder, that finding it supply'd in *Juvenal*, we are more delighted with him. And besides this, the Sauce of *Juvenal* is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of Reading him. The Meat of *Horace* is more nourishing; but the Cookery of *Juvenal* more exquisite, so that granting *Horace* to be the more general Philosopher, we cannot deny that *Juvenal* was the greater Poet, I mean in Satire. His Thoughts are sharper, his Indignation against Vice is more vehement;

ment; his Spirit has more of the Common-wealth Genius; he treats Tyranny, and all the Vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost Rigour: And consequently a Noble Soul is better pleas'd with a zealous Vindicator of *Roman* Liberty, than with a Temporizing Poet, a Well-manner'd Court-Slave, and a Man who is often afraid of Laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, *Horace* had the disadvantage of the Times in which he liv'd; they were better for the Man, but worst for the Satirist. 'Tis generally said, that those enormous Vices which were practis'd under the Reign of *Domitian*, were unknown in the time of *Augustus Cæsar*: That therefore *Juvenal* had a larger Field than *Horace*. Little Follies were out of doors, when Oppression was to be scourg'd instead of Avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the false Opinions of Philosophers, when the *Roman* Liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a *Brutus* in *Domitian*'s Days, to redeem or mend, than of a *Horace*, if he had then been living, to laugh at a Fly-Catcher. This Reflection at the same time excuses *Horace*, but exalts *Juvenal*. I have ended, before I was aware, the Comparison of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, upon the Topicks of Instruction and Delight; and indeed, I may safely here conclude that Common-place: For if we make *Horace* our Minister of State in Satire, and *Juvenal* of our private Pleasures; I think the latter has no ill Bargain of it. Let Profit have the Preheminence of Honour, in the End of Poetry. Pleasure, tho' but the second in Degree, is the first in Favour. And who wou'd not chuse to be lov'd better, rather than to be more esteem'd? But I am enter'd already upon another Topique; which concerns the particular Merits of these two Satyrists. However, I will pursue my Business where I left it; and carry it farther than that common Observation of the several Ages in which these Authors Flourish'd. When *Horace* writ his Satires, the Monarchy of his *Cæsar* was in its newness, and the Government but just made easie to the Conquer'd People. They cou'd not possibly have forgotten the Usurpation of that Prince upon their

Freedom, nor the violent Methods which he had us'd, in the compassing of that vast Design: They yet remember'd his Proscriptions, and the Slaughter of so many Noble *Romans* their Defenders. Amongst the rest, that horrible Action of his, when he forc'd *Livia* from the Arms of her Husband, who was constrain'd to see her Marry'd, as *Dian* relates the Story, and, big with Child, as she was, convey'd to the Bed of his insulting Rival. The same *Dion Cassius* gives us another instance of the Crime before mention'd: That *Cornelius Sisenna*, being reproach'd in full Senate, with the licentious Conduct of his Wife, return'd this Answer: That he had Marry'd her by the Counsel of *Augustus*: Intimating, says my Author, that *Augustus* had oblig'd him to that Marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access to her. His Adulteries were still before their Eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not Power. In other things that Emperour was moderate enough: Propriety was generally secur'd; and the People entertain'd with Publick Shows, and Donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost Liberty. But *Augustus*, who was conscious to himself, of so many Crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own Reputation, by making an Edict against Lampoons and Satires, and the Authors of those defamatory Writings, which my Author *Tacitus*, from the Law-Term, calls *famosos libellos*.

In the first Book of his *Annals*, he gives the following Account of it, in these Words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, quâ viros fœminasque inlustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in *English*: *Augustus* was the first, who under the colour of that Law, took Cognizance of Lampoons; being provok'd to it, by the Petulancy of *Cassius Severus*, who had defam'd many Illustrious Persons of both Sexes, in his Writings. The Law to which *Tacitus* refers, was *Lex læsæ Majestatis*; commonly call'd, for the sake of brevity, *Majestas*; or, as we say, High Treason: He means not that this Law had not been

Enacted

Enacted formerly: For it had been made by the *Decemviri*, and was inſcrib'd amongſt the reſt in the Twelve Tables; to prevent the Aſperſion of the *Roman* Majeſty, either of the People themſelves, or their Religion, or their Magiſtrates: And the Infringement of it was Capital; that is, the Offender was whipt to Death, with the *Faſces*, which were born before their chief Officers of *Rome*. But *Auguſtus* was the firſt, who reſtor'd that intermitted Law. By the words, *Under colour of that Law*, he inſinuates, that *Auguſtus* caus'd it to be executed, on pretence of thoſe Libels, which were written by *Caſſius Severus*, againſt the Nobility: But, in truth, to ſave himſelf from ſuch defamatory Verſes. *Suetonius* likewiſe makes mention of it thus: *Sparſos de ſe in Curiâ famoſos libellos, nec expavit, & magna curâ redarguit. Ac ne requiſitis quidem Auctoribus, id modo cenſuit, cognoſcendum poſt hac de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuſpiam ſub alieno nomine edant.* *Auguſtus* was not afraid of Libels, ſays that Author: Yet he took all care imaginable to have them anſwer'd; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the Authors of them ſhou'd be puniſh'd. But *Aurelius* makes it yet more clear, according to my Sence, that this Emperour for his own ſake durſt not permit them: *Fecit id Auguſtus in ſpeciem, & quaſi gratificaretur Populo Romano, & Primoribus urbis; ſed revera ut ſibi conſuleret: Nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipſe exemptus fuit. Nam ſuo nomine compeſcere erat invidioſum, ſub alieno facile & utile. Ergo ſpecie legis tractavit, quaſi Populi Romani Majeſtas infamaretur.* This, I think, is a ſufficient Comment on that Paſſage of *Tacitus*; I will add only by the way, that the whole Family of the *Cæſars*, and all their Relations, were included in the Law; becauſe the Majeſty of the *Romans* in the time of the Empire was wholly in that Houſe: *Omnia Cæſar erat*: They were all accounted ſacred who belong'd to him. As for *Caſſius Severus*, he was contemporary with *Horace*; and was the ſame Poet againſt whom he writes in his *Epodes*, under this Title, *In Caſſium Severum Male-*

Maledicum Poetam: Perhaps intending to kill two Crows, according to our Proverb, with one Stone; and revenge both himself and his Emperour together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, That *Augustus*, who was not altogether so Good as he was Wise, had some By-respect in the enacting of this Law: For to do any thing for nothing, was not his Maxim. *Horace*, as he was a Courtier, comply'd with the Interest of his Master; and avoiding the lashing of greater Crimes, confin'd himself to the ridiculing of petty Vices, and common Follies; excepting only some reserv'd Cases, in his *Odes* and *Epodes*, of his own particular Quarrels; which either with permission of the Magistrate, or without it, every Man will revenge, tho' I say not that he shou'd; for *prior læsit*, is a good excuse in the Civil Law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper Man to arraign great Vices, at least if the Stories which we hear of him are true, that he practis'd some, which I will not here mention, out of Honour to him. It was not for a *Clodius* to accuse Adulterers, especially when *Augustus* was of that number: So that tho' his Age was not exempted from the worst of Villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the Edict. And our Poet was not fit to represent them in an odious Character, because himself was dipt in the same Actions. Upon this Account, without farther insisting on the different Tempers of *Juvenal* and *Horace*, I conclude, that the Subjects which *Horace* chose for Satire, are of a lower nature than those of which *Juvenal* has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new Method, the Comparison betwixt *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Persius*; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be consider'd. *Persius* was Grave, and particularly oppos'd his Gravity to Lewdness, which was the predominant Vice in *Nero*'s Court, at the time when he publish'd his Satires, which was before that Emperour fell into the excess of Cruelty. *Horace* was a mild Admonisher, a Court-Satirist, fit for the gentle Times of *Augustus*, and

more

more fit for the Reasons which I have already given. *Juvenal* was as proper for his Times, as they for theirs: His was an Age that deserv'd a more severe Chastisement; Vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encourag'd by the Example of a Tyrant, and more protected by his Authority. Therefore, wheresoever *Juvenal* mentions *Nero*, he means *Domitian*, whom he dares not attack in his own Person, but scourges him by Proxy. *Heinsius* urges in praise of *Horace*, that according to the ancient Art and Law of Satire, it shou'd be nearer to Comedy than to Tragedy; not declaiming against Vice, but only laughing at it. Neither *Persius* nor *Juvenal* were ignorant of this, for they had both study'd *Horace*. And the thing it self is plainly true. But as they had read *Horace*, they had likewise read *Lucilius*, of whom *Persius* says, *Secuit Urbem; & genuinum fregit in illis*; meaning *Mutius* and *Lupus*: And *Juvenal* also mentions him in these words: *Ense velit stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens Infremuit*, &c. So that they thought the imitation of *Lucilius* was more proper to their purpose, than that of *Horace*. They chang'd Satire, says *Holiday*; but they chang'd it for the better: For the Business being to reform great Vices, Chastisement goes farther than Admonition; whereas a perpetual Grin, like that of *Horace*, does rather anger than amend a Man.

Thus far that Learned Critick, *Barten Holiday*, whose Interpretation and Illustrations of *Juvenal* are as excellent, as the Verse of his Translation and his English are lame and pitiful: For 'tis not enough to give us the Meaning of a Poet, which I acknowledge him to have perform'd most faithfully; but he must also imitate his Genius, and his Numbers, as far as the English will come up to the Elegance of the Original. In few words, 'tis only for a Poet to Translate a Poet. *Holiday* and *Stapylton* had not enough consider'd this, when they attempted *Juvenal*: But I forbear Reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this Sentence, where *Holiday* says, *A perpetual Grin, like that of* Horace, *rather angers than amends a Man.* I can-

cannot give him up the Manner of *Horace* in low Satire so easily: Let the Chastisements of *Juvenal* be never so necessary for his new kind of Satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of Satire consist in fine Raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular Talent, to which even *Juvenal* could not arrive. 'Tis not Reading, 'tis not Imitation of an Author, which can produce this Fineness: It must be inborn, it must proceed from a Genius, and particular way of Thinking, which is not to be taught: and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from Nature: How easie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of these opprobrious Terms! To spare the grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full Face, and to make the Nose and Cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of Shadowing. This is the Mystery of that noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his Practice. Neither is it true, that this Fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tickl'd while he is hurt in this manner; and a Fool feels it not. The Occasion of an Offence may possibly be giv'n, but he cannot take it. If it be granted that in effect this way does more mischief; that a Man is secretly wounded, and tho' he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious World will find it for him: Yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly Butchering of a Man, and the fineness of a Stroak that seperates the Head from the Body, and leaves it standing in its place. A Man may be capable, as *Jack Ketch*'s Wife said of his Servant, of a plain piece of Work, a bare Hanging; but to make a Malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her Husband. I wish I cou'd apply it to my self, if the Reader wou'd be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Absolom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough:

And

And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an Injury. If I had rail'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly; but I manag'd my own Work more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my self to the representing of Blindsides, and little Extravagancies; To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wish'd; the Jest went round, and he was laught at in his turn who began the Frolick.

And thus, my Lord, you see I have preferr'd the Manner of *Horace*, and of your Lordship, in this kind of Satire, to that of *Juvenal*; and I think, reasonably. *Holiday* ought not to have arraign'd so Great an Author, for that which was his Excellency and his Merit: Or if he did, on such a palpable Mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectifie his Errour, and restore to *Horace* that Commendation, of which he has so unjustly robb'd him. And let the Manes of *Juvenal* forgive me, if I say, that this way of *Horace* was the best for amending Manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an *Ense rescindendum*, but that of *Horace* was a pleasant Cure, with all the Limbs preserv'd entire; and, as our *Mountebanks* tell us in their Bills, without keeping the Patient within Doors for a Day. What they promise only, *Horace* has effectually perform'd: Yet I contradict not the Proposition which I formerly advanc'd: *Juvenal*'s Times requir'd a more painful kind of Operation: But if he had liv'd in the Age of *Horace*, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the Method which was prescrib'd him by his own Genius, which was sharp and eager; he cou'd not rally, but he cou'd declaim; And as his Provocations were great, he has reveng'd them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another Word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial Admirers of our *Horace*. I have hinted it before; but 'tis time for me now to speak more plainly.

This

This Manner of *Horace* is indeed the best; but *Horace* has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The manner of *Juvenal* is confess'd to be inferiour to the former; but *Juvenal* has excell'd him in his Performance. *Juvenal* has rail'd more wittily than *Horace* has rally'd. *Horace* means to make his Reader laugh; but he is not sure of his Experiment. *Juvenal* always intends to move your Indignation; and he always brings about his Purpose. *Horace*, for ought I know, might have tickl'd the People of his Age; but amongst the Moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own Understandings, that they can see a Jest farther off than other Men: They may find occasion of Laughter, in the Wit-battle of the two Buffoons, *Sarmentus* and *Cicerrus*; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when *Rupilius* and *Persius* are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the Characters of all Four, which are judiciously given: But for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid Raillery. I see not why *Persius* shou'd call upon *Brutus*, to revenge him on his Adversary; and that because he had kill'd *Julius Cæsar* for endeavouring to be a King, therefore he shou'd be desir'd to Murther *Rupilius*, only because his Name was Mr. *King*. A miserable Clench, in my Opinion, for *Horace* to Record: I have heard honest Mr. *Swan* make many a better, and yet have had the Grace to hold my Countenance. But it may be Puns were then in Fashion, as they were Wit in the Sermons of the last Age, and in the Court of King *Charles* II. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of *Horace*; but certain it is, he has no fine Palate, who can feed so heartily on Garbage.

But I have already weary'd my self, and doubt not but I have tir'd your Lordship's Patience, with this long rambling, and I fear trivial Discourse. Upon the one half of the Merits, that is, Pleasure, I cannot but conclude that *Juvenal* was the better Satirist: They who will descend into his particular Praises, may find them at large in the

the Dissertation of the Learned *Rigaltius* to *Thuanus*. As for *Persius*, I have given the Reasons why I think him inferiour to both of them: Yet I have one thing to add on that Subject.

Barten Holiday, who Translated both *Juvenal* and *Persius*, has made this Distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; That, in *Persius*, the Difficulty is to find a Meaning; in *Juvenal*, to chuse a Meaning: So Crabbed is *Persius*, and so Copious is *Juvenal*: So much the Understanding is employ'd in one, and so much the Judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any Sense in the former, and the best Sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended *Horace* below his Merit, when I have allow'd him but the second Place, I desire him to consider, if *Juvenal*, a Man of excellent Natural Endowments, besides the Advantages of Diligence and Study, and coming after him, and Building upon his Foundations, might not probably, with all these Helps, surpass him? And whether it be any Dishonour to *Horace* to be thus surpass'd; since no Art, or Science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several Ages? If *Lucilius* cou'd add to *Ennius*, and *Horace* to *Lucilius*, why, without any diminution to the Fame of *Horace*, might not *Juvenal* give the last Perfection to that Work? Or rather, what Disreputation is it to *Horace*, that *Juvenal* excels in the Tragical Satire, as *Horace* does in the Comical? I have read over attentively both *Heinsius* and *Dacier*, in their Commendations of *Horace*; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to *Juvenal*, than the Instructive Part; the Part of Wisdom, and not that of Pleasure; which therefore is here allow'd him, notwithstanding what *Scaliger* and *Rigaltius* have pleaded to the contrary for *Juvenal*. And to shew that I am impartial, I will here Translate what *Dacier* has said on that Subject.

I cannot give a more just Idea of the two Books of Satires made by *Horace*, than by comparing them to the Statues

Statues of the *Sileni*, to which *Alcibiades* compares *Socrates*, in the *Sympoſium*. They were Figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of Beauty on their out-ſide: But when any one took the Pains to open them, and ſearch into them, he there found the Figures of all the Deities. So, in the Shape that *Horace* preſents himſelf to us, in his Satires, we ſee nothing at the firſt view which deſerves our Attention. It ſeems that he is rather an Amuſement for Children, than for the ſerious Conſideration of Men: But when we take away his Cruſt, and that which hides him from our ſight; when we diſcover him to the bottom, then we find all the Divinities in a full Aſſembly; That is to ſay, all the Virtues which ought to be the continual exerciſe of thoſe, who ſeriouſly endeavour to correct their Vices.

'Tis eaſie to obſerve, that *Dacier*, in this Noble Similitude, has confin'd the Praiſe of his Author wholly to the Inſtructive Part: The Commendation turns on this, and ſo does that which follows.

In theſe two Books of Satire, 'tis the Buſineſs of *Horace* to inſtruct us how to combat our Vices, to regulate our Paſſions, to follow Nature, to give Bounds to our Deſires, to diſtinguiſh betwixt Truth and Falſhood, and betwixt our Conceptions of things, and Things themſelves: To come back from our prejudicate Opinions, to underſtand exactly the Principles and Motives of all our Actions; and to avoid the Redicule, into which all Men neceſſarily fall, who are intoxicated with thoſe Notions which they have receiv'd from their Maſters; and which they obſtinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right Reaſon.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to our ſelves, agreeable and faithful to our Friends, and diſcreet, ſerviceable, and well-bred in relation to thoſe with whom we are oblig'd to live, and to converſe. To make Figures intelligible, to conduct his Readers through the Labyrinth of ſome perplex'd Sentence, or obſcure Parentheſis, is no great matter: And, as *Epicurus* ſays, there

is

is nothing of Beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent Man. The principal Business, and which is of most importance to us, is to shew the Use, the Reason, and the Proof of his Precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a Model; are just like the Patients, who have open before them a Book of admirable Receipts for their Diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the Nature of the Remedies; or how to apply them to their Cure.

Let *Horace* go off with these Encomiums, which he has so well deserv'd.

To conclude the Contention betwixt our three Poets, I will use the Words of *Virgil*, in his *Fifth Æneid*, where *Æneas* proposes the Rewards of the Foot Race, to the Three first, who shou'd reach the Goal. *Tres præmia primi accipient; flavaque Caput nectentur Oliva*: Let these Three Ancients be preferr'd to all the Modorns, as first arriving at the Goal: Let them all be crown'd as Victors, with the Wreath that properly belongs to Satire. But, after that, with this distinction amongst themselves, *Primus equum phaleris insignem, Victor habeto.* Let *Juvenal* Ride first in Triumph. *Alter Amazoniam pharetram; plenamque Sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro Balteus, & teriti subnectit Fibula gemma.* Let *Horace*, who is the Second, and but just the Second, carry off the Quivers and the Arrows, as the Badges of his Satire; and the Golden Belt and the Diamond Button, *Tertius Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito.* And let *Persius*, the last of the first Three Worthies, be contented with this *Grecian* Shield, and with Victory not only over all the *Grecians*, who were ignorant of the *Roman* Satire, but over all the Moderns in succeeding Ages; excepting *Boileau* and your Lordship.

And thus I have given the History of Satire, and deriv'd it as from *Ennius*, to your Lordship; that is, from its first Rudiments of Barbarity, to its last polishing and Perfection: Which is, with *Virgil*, in his Address to *Augustus*;

——*nomen*

——nomen famâ tot ferrè per annos,
Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar.

I said only from *Ennius*, but I may safely carry it higher, as far as *Livius Andronicus*; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first Play at *Rome*, in the Year *ab Urbe condita* CCCCCXIV. I have since desir'd my Learned Friend Mr. *Maidwell* to compute the difference of Times, betwixt *Aristophanes* and *Livius Andronicus*; and he assures me from the best Chronologers, that *Plutus*, the last of *Aristophanes*'s Plays, was represented at *Athens*, in the Year of the 97th Olympiad; which agrees with the Year *Urbis Condtiæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of Years betwixt *Aristophanes* and *Andronicus* is 150; from whence I have probably deduc'd, that *Livius Andronicus*, who was a *Grecian*, had read the Plays of the Old Comedy, which were Satirical, and also of the New; for *Menander* was fifty Years before him; which must needs be a great light to him, in his own Plays, that were of the Satirical Nature. That the *Romans* had Farces before this, 'tis true; but then they had no Communication with *Greece*: So that *Andronicus* was the first who wrote after the manner of the Old Comedy, in his Plays; he was imitated by *Ennius*, about thirty Years afterwards. Tho' the former writ Fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the *Roman* Satire. According to that Description, which *Juvenal* gives of it in his First; *Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.* This is that in which I have made bold to differ from *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and indeed from all the Modern Critiques, that not *Ennius*, but *Andronicus* was the First; who by the *Archaea Comedia* of the *Greeks*, added many Beauties to the first Rude and Barbarous *Roman* Satire: Which sort of Poem, tho' we had not deriv'd from *Rome*, yet Nature teaches it Mankind, in all Ages, and in every Country

'Tis

'Tis but neceſſary, that after ſo much has been ſaid of Satire, ſome Definition of it ſhould be given. *Heinſius*, in his Diſſertations on *Horace*, makes it for me, in theſe Words; *Satire is a kind of Poetry, without a Series of Action, invented for the purging of our Minds; in which Human Vices, Ignorance, and Errors, and all things beſides, which are produc'd from them, in every Man, are ſeverely Reprehended; partly Dramatically, partly Simply, and ſometimes in both kinds of ſpeaking; but for the moſt part Figuratively, and Occultly; conſiſting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a ſharp and pungent manner of Speech; but partly alſo, in a Facetious and Civil way of Jeſting; by which either Hatred, or Laughter, or Indignation is mov'd*—— Where I cannot but obſerve, that this obſcure and perplex'd Definition, or rather Deſcription of Satire, is wholly accommodated to the *Horatian* way; and excluding the Works of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, as foreign from that kind of Poem: The Clauſe in the beginning of it (without a Series of Action) diſtinguiſhes Satire properly from Stage-Plays, which are all of one Action, and one continu'd Series of Action. The End or Scope of Satire is to purge the Paſſions, ſo far it is common to the Satires of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*: The reſt which follows, is alſo generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding Clauſe (*conſiſting in a low familiar way of Speech*) which is the proper Character of *Horace*; and from which, the other two, for their Honour be it ſpoken, are far diſtant. But how come Lowneſs of Style, and the Familiarity of Words to be ſo much the Propriety of Satire, that without them, a Poet can be no more a Satireſt, than without Riſibility he can be a Man? Is the fault of *Horace* to be made the Virtue, and Standing Rule of this Poem? Is the *Grande Sophos* of *Perſius*, and the Sublimity of *Juvenal* to be circumſcrib'd, with the meanneſs of Words and vulgarity of Expreſſion? If *Horace* refus'd the Pains of Numbers, and the loftineſs of Figures, are they bound to follow ſo ill a Precedent? Let him walk a Foot with his Pad in his Hand, for his own Pleaſure; but

let

let not them be accounted no Poets, who chooſe to mourn and ſhew their Horſmanſhip: *Holiday* is not afraid to ſay that there was never ſuch a fall, as from his Odes to his Satires, and that he, injuriouſly to himſelf, untun'd his Harp. The Majeſtique way of *Perſius* and *Juvenal* was new when they began it; but 'tis old to us; and what Poems have not, with Time, receiv'd an Alteration in their Faſhion? Which Alteration, ſays *Holiday*, is to after-times, as good a Warrant as the firſt. Has not *Virgil* chang'd the Manners of *Homer*'s Hero's in his *Æneis*? certainly he has, and for the better. For *Virgil*'s Age was more Civiliz'd, and better bred; and he writ according to the Politeneſs of *Rome*, under the Reign of *Auguſtus Cæſar*; not the Rudeneſs of *Agamemnon*'s Age, or the Times of *Homer*. Why ſhou'd we offer to confine free Spirits to one Form, when we cannot ſo much as confine our Bodies to one Faſhion of Apparel? Wou'd not *Donn*'s Satires, which abound with ſo much Wit, appear more Charming, if he had taken care of his Words, and of his Numbers? But he follow'd *Horace* ſo very cloſe, that of neceſſity he muſt fall with him: And I may ſafely ſay it of this preſent Age, That if we are not ſo great Wits as *Donn*, yet, certainly, we are better Poets.

But I have ſaid enough, and it may be, too much on this Subject. Will your Lordſhip be pleas'd to Prolong my Audience, only ſo far, till I tell you my own trivial Thoughts, how a Modern Satire ſhou'd be made. I will not deviate in the leaſt from the Precepts and Examples of the Ancients, who were always our beſt Maſters. I will only illuſtrate them, and diſcover ſome of the hidden Beauties in their Deſigns, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you pleaſe but to obſerve, that *Perſius*, the leaſt in Dignity of all the Three, has notwithſtanding, been the firſt, who has diſcover'd to us this important Secret, in the deſigning of a perfect Satire; that it ought only to treat of one Subject; to be confin'd to one particular Theme; or, at leaſt, to one principally. If other Vices occur in the management of the Chief, they

ſhould

ſhould only be tranſiently laſh'd, and not be inſiſted on, ſo as to make the deſign double. As in a Play of the *Engliſh* Faſhion, which we call a *Tragecomedy*, there is to be but one main deſign: And tho' there be an Under-plot, or ſecond Walk of Comical Characters and Adventures, yet they are ſubſervient to the chief Fable, carry'd along under it, and helping to it; ſo that the *Drama* may not ſeem a Monſter with two Heads. Thus the *Copernican* Syſtem of the Planets makes the Moon to be mov'd by the motion of the Earth, and carry'd about her Orb, as a Dependant of hers: *Maſcardi* in his Diſcourſe of the *Doppia favola*, or Double-tale in Plays, gives an Inſtance of it, in the famous Paſtoral of *Guarini*, call'd, *Il Paſtor Fido*, where *Coriſca* and the Satire are the Under-parts: Yet we may obſerve, that *Coriſca* is brought into the Body of the Plot, and made ſubſervient to it. 'Tis certain, that the Divine Wit of *Horace*, was not ignorant of this Rule, that a Play, though it conſiſts of many parts, muſt yet be one in the Action, and muſt drive on the Accompliſhment of one deſign; for he gives this very Precept, *Sit quodvis ſimplex duntaxat & unum*; yet he ſeems not much to mind it in his Satires, many of them conſiſting of more Arguments than one; and the ſecond without dependance on the firſt. *Caſaubon* has obſerv'd this before me, in his Preference of *Perſius* to *Horace*: And will have his own belov'd Author to be the firſt, who found out, and introduc'd this Method of confining himſelf to one Subject. I know it may be urg'd in defence of *Horace*, that this Unity is not neceſſary; becauſe the very word *Satura* ſignifies a Diſh plentifully ſtor'd with all variety of Fruits and Grains. Yet *Juvenal*, who calls his Poems a *Farrago*, which is a word of the ſame ſignification with *Satura*; has choſen to follow the ſame Method of *Perſius*, and not of *Horace*. And *Boileau*, whoſe Example alone is a ſufficient Authority, has wholly confin'd himſelf, in all his Satires, to this Unity of Deſign. That variety which is not to be found in any one Satire, is, at leaſt, in many, written on ſeveral occaſions. And if

Variety be of abſolute neceſſity in every one of them, according to the Etymology of the Word; yet it may ariſe naturally from one Subject, as it is diverſly treated, in the ſeveral ſubordinate Branches of it; all relating to the Chief. It may be illuſtrated accordingly with variety of Examples in the Subdiviſions of it; and with as many Precepts as there are Members of it; which altogether may compleat that *Olla*, or Hotchpotch, which is properly a Satire.

Under this Unity of Theme, or Subject, is comprehended another Rule for perfecting the Deſign of true Satire. The Poet is bound, and that *ex Officio*, to give his Reader ſome one Precept of Moral Virtue; and to caution him againſt ſome one particular Vice, or Folly. Other Virtues, ſubordinate to the firſt, may be recommended, under that Chief Head; and other Vices, or Follies, may be ſcourg'd, beſides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one Virtue, and inſiſt on that. Thus *Juvenal* in every Satire, excepting the firſt, ties himſelf to one principal Inſtructive Point, or to the ſhuning of Moral Evil. Even in the Sixth, which ſeems only an Arraignment of the whole Sex of Womankind; there is a latent Admonition to avoid ill Women, by ſhewing how very few, who are Virtuous and Good, are to be found amongſt them. But this, tho' the Wittieſt of all his Satires, has yet the leaſt of Truth, or Inſtruction in it. He has run himſelf into his old declamatory way, and almoſt forgotten, that he was now ſetting up for a Moral Poet.

Perſius is never wanting to us in ſome profitable Doctrine, and in expoſing the oppoſite Vices to it. His kind of Philoſophy is one, which is the Stoique; and every Satire is a Comment on one particular *Dogma* of that Sect; unleſs we will except the firſt, which is againſt bad Writers; and yet ev'n there he forgets not the Precepts of the *Porch*. In general, all Virtues are every where to be prais'd and recommended to Practice; and all Vices to be reprehended, and made either Odious or Ridiculous; or

or elſe there is a Fundamental Error in the whole Deſign.

I have already declar'd who are the only Perſons that are the Adequare Object of Private Satire, and who they are that may properly be expos'd by Name for Publick Examples of Vices and Follies; and therefore I will trouble your Lordſhip no farther with them. Of the beſt and fineſt manner of Satire, I have ſaid enough in the Compariſon betwixt *Juvenal* and *Horace*: 'Tis that ſharp, well-manner'd way, of laughing a Folly out of Countenance, of which your Lordſhip is the beſt Maſter in this Age. I will proceed to the Verſification, which is moſt proper for it, and add ſomewhat to what I have ſaid already on that Subject. The ſort of Verſe which is call'd *Burleſque*, conſiſting of Eight Syllables, or Four Feet, is that which our excellent *Hudibras* has choſen. I ought to have mention'd him before, when I ſpake of *Donn*; but by a ſlip of an old Man's Memory, he was forgotten. The worth of his Poem is too well known, to need my Commendation, and he is above my Cenſure: His Satire is of the *Varronian* kind, tho' unmix'd with Proſe. The Choice of his Numbers is ſuitable enough to his Deſign, as he has manag'd it: But in any other Hand, the ſhortneſs of his Verſe, and the quick returns of Rhyme, had debas'd the Dignity of Stile. And beſides, the double Rhyme, (a neceſſary Companion of Burleſque-Writing) is not ſo proper for Manly Satire, for it turns Earneſt too much to Jeſt, and gives us a Boyiſh kind of Pleaſure. It tickles aukwardly with a kind of pain, to the beſt ſort of Readers; we are pleas'd ungratefully, and, if I may ſay ſo, againſt our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unſeaſonable Delight, when we know he cou'd have given us a better, and more ſolid. He might have left that Task to others, who not being able to put in Thought, can only make us grin with the Excreſcence of a word of two or three Syllables in the Cloſe. 'Tis, indeed, below ſo great a Maſter to make uſe of ſuch a little Inſtrument. But his good Sence is perpetually ſhining through all he writes; it affords us not the

time of finding Faults: We pass through the Levity of his Rhyme, and are immediately carry'd into some admirable, useful Thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of Verse; and has written the best in it: And had he taken another, he wou'd always have excell'd. As we say of a Court-Favourite, that whatsoever his Office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your Imigination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know before-hand, that I wou'd prefer the Verse of Ten Syllables, which we call the *English* Heroique, to that of Eight. This is truly my Opinion: For this sort of Number is more roomy: The Thought can turn it self with greater ease in a larger compass. When the Rhyme comes too thick upon us; it straitens the Expression; we are thinking of the Close, when we shou'd be employ'd in adorning the Thought. It makes a Poet giddy with turning in a Space too narrow for his Imagination; he looses many Beauties without gaining one Advantage. For a Burlesque Rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, 'tis more easily purchas'd in Ten Syllables than in Eight: In both occasions 'tis as in a Tennis Court, when the Stroaks of greater force are given, when we strike out, and play at length. *Tassone* and *Boileau* have left us the best Examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*, and the *Lutrin*. And next them *Merlin Coccajus* in his *Baldus*. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin Verse. The *Secchia Rapita*, is an *Italian* Poem, a Satire of the *Varronian* kind. 'Tis written in the Stanza of Eight, which is their Measure for Heroique Verse. The Words are stately, the Numbers smooth, the Turn both of Thoughts and Words are happy. The first six Lines of the Stanza seem Majestical and Severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant Ridicule. *Boileau*, if I am not much deceiv'd, has model'd from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the Burlesque Poetry of *Scarron*, with some kind of Indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in *France* that was worthy of his Imitation.

But

But he Copy'd the *Italian* so well, that his own may pass for an Original. He writes it in the *French* Heroique Verse, and calls it an Heroique Poem: His Subject is Trivial, but his Verse is Noble. I doubt not but he had *Virgil* in his Eye, for we find many admirable Imitations of him, and some *Parodies*; as particularly this Passage in the Fourth of the *Æneids*.

Nec tibi Diva Parens; generis nec Dardanus Auctor,
Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus; Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera Tigres.

Which he thus Translates, keeping to the Words, but altering the Sence:

Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horloger:
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche;
Caucase dans ses flancs, te forma d'une Roch:
Une Tigresse affruse, en quelque Antre écarté
Te fit, avec son laict, succer sa Cruauté.

And, as *Virgil* in his Fourth *Georgique* of the Bees, perpetually raises the Lowness of his Subject, by the Loftiness of his Words; and ennobles it by Comparisons drawn from Empires, and from Monarchs.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque Duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores & studia, & populas, & prælia dicam.

And again:

Sit genus immortale manet; multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum.

We see *Boileau* pursuing him in the same flights, and scarcely yielding to his Master. This, I think, my Lord,

to be the moſt Beautiful, and moſt Noble kind of Satire. Here is the Majeſty of the Heroique, finely mix'd with the Venom of the other; and raiſing the Delight which otherwiſe wou'd be flat and vulgar, by the Sublimity of the Expreſſion. I cou'd ſay ſomewhat more of the Delicacy of this and ſome other of his Satires; but it might turn to his Prejudice, if 'twere carry'd back to *France*.

I have given your Lordſhip but this bare hint, in what Verſe, and in what manner, this ſort of Satire may beſt be manag'd. Had I time, I cou'd enlarge on the beautiful Turns of Words and Thoughts; which are as requiſite in this, as in Heroique Poetry it ſelf; of which the Satire is undoubtedly a Species. With theſe beautiful Turns I confeſs my ſelf to have been unacquainted, till about twenty Years ago, in a Converſation which I had with that Noble Wit of *Scotland*, Sir *George Mackenzy*: He ask'd me why I did not imitate in my Verſes the Turns of Mr. *Waller* and Sir *John Denham*; of which, he repeated many to me: I had often read with pleaſure, and with ſome profit, thoſe two Fathers of our *Engliſh* Poetry; but had not ſeriouſly enough conſider'd thoſe Beauties which give the laſt Perfection to their Works. Some ſprinklings of this kind I had alſo formerly in my Plays; but they were caſual, and not deſign'd. But this hint, thus ſeaſonably given me, firſt made me ſenſible of my own Wants, and brought me afterwards to ſeek for the ſupply of them in other *Engliſh* Authors. I look'd over the Darling of my Youth, the famous *Cowley*; there I found inſtead of them, the Points of Wit, and Quirks of Epigram, even in the *Davideis*, a Heroick Poem, which is of an oppoſite nature to thoſe *Puerilities*; but no elegant Turns, either on the Word, or on the Thought. Then I conſulted a greater Genius (without offence to the *Manes* of that noble Author) I mean *Milton*; but as he endeavours every where to expreſs *Homer*, whoſe Age had not arriv'd to that fineneſs, I found in him a true Sublimity, lofty Thoughts, which were clothed with admirable *Greciſms*, and ancient Words, which he had been dig-

digging from the Mines of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, and which with all their Ruſticity, had ſomewhat of Venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I look'd. At laſt I had recourſe to his Maſter, *Spencer*, the Author of that immortal Poem call'd the *Fairy Queen*; and there I met with that which I had been looking for ſo long in vain. *Spencer* had ſtudy'd *Virgil* to as much advantage as *Milton* had done *Homer*; and amongſt the reſt of his Excellencies had Copy'd that. Looking farther into the *Italian*, I found *Taſſo* had done the ſame; nay more, that all the Sonnets in that Language, are on the turn of the firſt thought; which Mr. *Walſh*, in his late ingenious Preface to his Poems has obſerv'd. In ſhort, *Virgil* and *Ovid* are the two Principal Fountains of them in Latin Poetry. And the *French* at this Day are ſo fond of them, that they judge them to be firſt Beauties. *Delicate, & bien tourné*, are the higheſt Commendations, which they beſtow, on ſomewhat which they think a Maſter-Piece.

An Example of the turn on Words, amongſt a thouſand others, is that, in the laſt Book of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*:

Hoc quantum ſcelus eſt, in viſcera, viſcera condi!
Congeſtoque avidum pingueſcere corpore corpus;
Alteriuſque Animantem, Animantis vivere leto.

An Example on the turn both of Thoughts and Words, is to be found in *Catullus*; in the Complaint of *Ariadne*, when ſhe was left by *Theſeus*:

Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
Nulla viri ſperet Sermones eſſe fideles:
Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægeſtit apiſci,
Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parcunt.
Sed ſimul ac cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,
Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant.

An extraordinary turn upon the Words, is that in *Ovid*'s *Epiſtolæ Heroidum*, of *Sappho* to *Phaon*:

Si niſi quæ forma poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt, nulla futura tua eſt.

Laſtly, A turn which I cannot ſay is abſolutely on Words, for the Thought turns with them, is in the Fourth *Georgique* of *Virgil*; where *Orpheus* is to receive his Wife from Hell, on expreſs Condition not to look on her, till ſhe was come on Earth:

Cum ſubita incautum dementia cepit Amantem;
Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere Manes.

I will not burthen your Lordſhip with more of them; for I write to a Maſter, who underſtands them better than my ſelf. But I may ſafely conclude them to be great Beauties: I might deſcend alſo to the Mechanick Beauties of Heroick Verſe; but we have yet no Engliſh *Proſodia*, not ſo much as a tolerable Dictionary, or a Grammar; ſo that our Language is in a manner Barbarous; and what Government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: But nothing under a Publick Expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the Language, than hope an advancement of it in the preſent Age.

I am ſtill ſpeaking to you, my Lord: tho' in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing which my Meanneſs can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the laſt Petition of *Abraham*; If there be Ten Righteous Lines, in this vaſt Preface, ſpare it for their Sake; and alſo ſpare the next City, becauſe it is but a little one.

I wou'd excuſe the Performance of this Tranſlation, if it were all my own; but the better, tho' not the greater part, being the Work of ſome Gentlemen, who have ſucceeded very happily in their Undertaking; let their Excellencies alone for my Imperfections, and thoſe of my Sons. I have perus'd ſome of the Satires, which are done by other Hands;

Hands; and they ſeem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have ſeen in Engliſh Verſe. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal Tranſlation, but a kind of Paraphraſe, or ſomewhat which is more looſe, betwixt a Paraphraſe and Imitation. It was not poſſible for us, or any Men, to have made it pleaſant any other way. If rendring the exact Senſe of theſe Authors, almoſt Line for Line, had been our Buſineſs, *Barten Holiday* had done it already to our Hands: And, by the help of his Learned Notes and Illuſtrations, not only of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, but what yet is more obſcure, his own Verſes might be underſtood.

But he wrote for Fame, and wrote to Scholars: We write only for the Pleaſure and Entertainment of thoſe Gentlemen and Ladies, who tho' they are not Scholars, are not Ignorant: Perſons of Underſtanding and good Senſe; who not having been converſant in the Original, or at leaſt not having made *Latin* Verſe ſo much their Buſineſs, as to be Critiques in it, wou'd be glad to find, if the Wit of our Two great Authors be anſwerable to their Fame and Reputation in the World. We have therefore endeavour'd to give the Publick all the Satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether ſo faithful to our Author, as our Predeceſſors *Holiday* and *Stapylton*; yet we may challenge to our ſelves this Praiſe, That we ſhall be far more pleaſing to our Readers. We have follow'd out Authors at greater diſtance, tho' not Step by Step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone ſo cloſe, that they have trod on the Heels of *Juvenal* and and *Perſius*, and hurt them by their too near approach. A Noble Author wou'd not be purſu'd too cloſe by a Tranſlator. We loſe his Spirit, when we think to take his Body. The groſſer Part remains with us, but the Soul is flown away, in ſome Noble Expreſſion, or ſome delicate Turn of Words, or Thought. Thus *Holiday*, who made this way his Choice, ſeiz'd the meaning of *Juvenal*; but the Poetry has always 'ſcap'd him.

They

They who will not grant me, that Pleasure is one of the Ends of Poetry, but that it is only a means of compassing the only end, which is Instruction; must yet allow, that without the means of Pleasure, the Instruction is but a bare and dry Philosophy. A crude Preparation of Morals, which we may have from *Aristotle* and *Epictetus*, with more Profit than from any Poet. Neither *Holiday* nor *Stapylton* have imitated *Juvenal*, in the Poetical Part of him, his Diction and his Elocution. Nor had they been Poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the Poetique Part.

The *English* Verse, which we call Heroique, consists of no more than Ten Syllables; the *Latin* Hexameter sometimes rises to Seventeen; as for example, this Verse in *Virgil.*

Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula Campum.

Here is the difference of no less than Seven Syllables in a Line, betwixt the *English* and the *Latin*. Now the Medium of these, is about Fourteen Syllables; because the Dactyle is a more frequent Foot in Hexameters than the Spondee.

But *Holiday*, without considering that he writ with the disadvantage of Four Syllables less in every Verse, endeavours to make one of his Lines to comprehend the Sence of one of *Juvenal*'s. According to the Falsity of the Proposition, was the Success. He was forc'd to crowd his Verse with ill-sounding Monosyllables, of which our Barbarous Language affords him a wild plenty: And by that means he arriv'd at his pedantick End, which was to make a literal Translation: His Verses have nothing of Verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the Rhyme; and that, into the Bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intollerable, by cramming his ill-chosen, and worse-sounding Monosyllables so close together; the very Sence which he endea-

endeavour to explain, is become more obſcure than that of his Author. So that *Holiday* himſelf cannnot be underſtoood, without as large a Commentary, as that which he makes on his Two Authors. For my own part, I can make a ſhift to find the meaning of *Juvenal* without his Notes: But his Tranſlation is more difficult than his Author. And I find Beauties in the *Latin* to recompence my Pains; but in *Holiday* and *Stapylton*, my Ears, in the firſt Place, are mortally offended; and then their Senſe is ſo perplex'd, that I return to the Original, as the more pleaſing task, as well as the more eaſy.

This muſt be ſaid for our Tranſlation, that if we give not the whole Senſe of *Juvenal*, yet we give the moſt conſiderable Part of it: We give it, in General, ſo clearly, that few Notes are ſufficient to make us Intelligible: We make our Author at leaſt appear in a Poetique Dreſs. We have actually made him more Sounding, and more Elegant, than he was before in *Engliſh*: And have endeavour'd to make him ſpeak that kind of *Engliſh*, which he wou'd have ſpoken had he liv'd in *England*, and had written to this Age. If ſometmes any of us (and 'tis but ſeldom) make him expreſs the Cuſtoms and Manners of our Native Country, rather than of *Rome*; 'tis, either when there was ſome kind of Analogy, betwixt their Cuſtoms and ours; or when, to make him more eaſy to Vulgar Underſtandings, we gave him thoſe Manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this Innovation, 'tis enough if I can excuſe it. For to ſpeak ſincerely, the Manners of Nations and Ages, are not to be confounded: We ſhou'd either make them *Engliſh*, or leave them *Roman*. If this can neither be defended, nor excus'd, let it be pardon'd, at leaſt, becauſe it is acknowledg'd; and ſo much the more eaſily, as being a fault which is never committed without ſome Pleaſure to the Reader.

Thus,

Thus, my Lord, having troubl'd you with a tedious Viſit, the beſt Manners will be ſhewn in the leaſt Ceremony. I will ſlip away while Your Back is turn'd, and while You are otherwiſe employ'd: with great Confuſion, for having entertain'd You ſo long with this Diſcourſe; and for having no other Recompence to make You, than the Worthy Labours of my Fellow-Undertakers in this Work, and the Thankful Acknowledgments, Prayers, and perpetual good Wiſhes of,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obliged, Moſt Humble, and

Aug. 18. 1692.

Moſt Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

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THE

THE FIRST SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet gives us first a kind of humorous Reason for his Writing: That being provok'd by hearing so many ill Poets rehearse their Works, he does himself Justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no Man will rank himself with all Writers, 'tis easie to conclude, that if such Wretches cou'd draw an Audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater Esteem with the Publick. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himself to Satyr, than any other kind of Poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his Indignation to ill Poets, as to ill Men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the Vices and Follies reigning in his time. So that this first Satyr is the natural Ground-work of all the rest. Wherein he confines himself to no one Subject, but strikes indifferently at all Men in his way: In every following

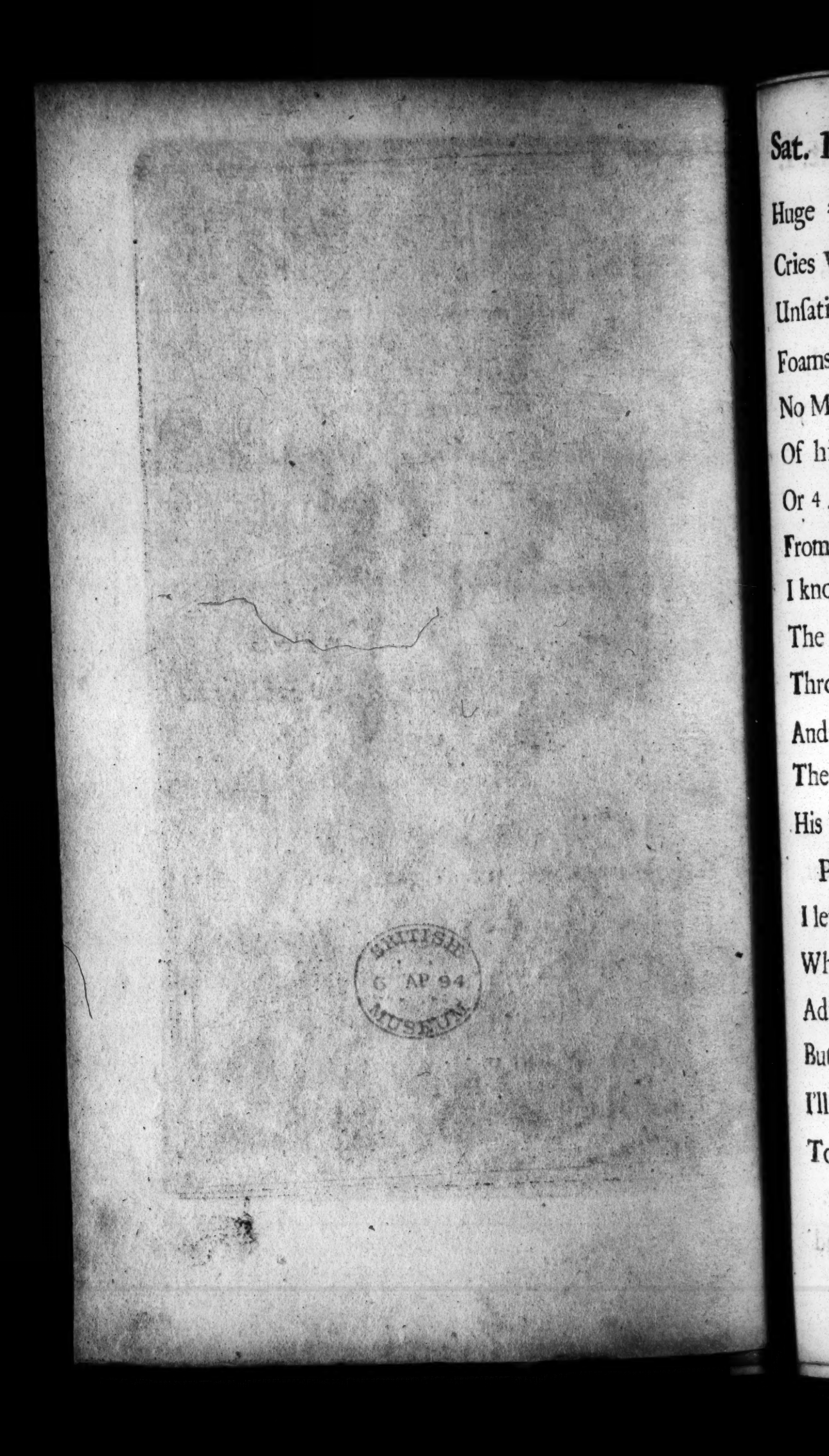
lowing Satyr he has choſen ſome particular Moral which he wou'd inculcate; and laſhes ſome particular Vice or Folly, (An Art with which our Lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our Poet being deſirous to reform his own Age, and not daring to attempt it by an Overt act of naming living Perſons, inveighs only againſt thoſe who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to Great Men, that their Memory lies at the mercy of future Poets and Hiſtorians, but alſo with a finer ſtroke of his Pen, brands ev'n the living, and perſonates them under dead Mens Names.

I have avoided as much as I cou'd poſſibly the borrow'd Learning of Marginal Notes and Illuſtrations, and for that Reaſon have Tranſlated this Satyr ſomewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewiſe omitted moſt of the Proper Names, becauſe I thought they wou'd not much edifie the Reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deſerted all the Commentators, 'tis becauſe I thought they firſt deſerted my Author, or at leaſt have left him in ſo much Obſcurity, that too much room is left for gueſſing.

STill ſhall I hear, and never quit the Score,
Stunn'd with hoarſe [1] *Codrus Theſeid*, o'er and o'er?
Shall this Man's Elegies and t'others Play
Unpuniſh'd Murther a long Summer's Day?

Huge




BRITISH
6 AP 94
MUSEUM

Huge [2] *Telephus*, a formidable Page,
Cries Vengeance; and [3] *Oreſte*'s bulky Rage
Unſatisfy'd with Margins cloſely writ,
Foams o're the Covers, and not finiſh'd yet.
No Man can take a more familiar note
Of his own Home, than I of *Vulcan*'s Grott,
Or [4] *Mars his Grove*, or hollow Winds that blow
From *Etna*'s Top, or tortur'd Ghoſts below.
I know by rote the fam'd Exploits of *Greece*;
The Centaurs fury, and the Golden Fleece;
Through the thick Shades th' Eternal Scribler bauls,
And ſhakes the Statues on their Pedeſtals.
The [5] beſt and worſt on the ſame Theme employs
His Muſe, and plagues us with an equal noiſe.
Provok'd by theſe Incorrigible Fools,
I left declaiming in Pedantick Schools;
Where, with Men Boys, I ſtrove to get Renown,
Adviſing [6] *Sylla* to a private Gown.
But, ſince the World with Writing is poſſeſt,
I'll verſify in ſpite; and do my beſt.
To make as much Waſte-Paper as the reſt.

But why I lift aloft the Satyrs [7] Rod,
And tread the Path which fam'd *Lucilius* trod,
Attend the Cauſes which my Muſe have led:
When Sapleſs Eunuchs mount the Marriage-Bed,
When [8] Manniſh *Mevia* that two handed Whore,
Aſtride on Horſe back hunts the *Tuſcan* Boar,
When all our Lords are by his Wealth outvy'd,
Whoſe [9] Razour on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the Spawn of conquer'd *Nile*
Criſpinus [10], both in Birth and Manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with Cloak of *Tyrian* dye
Chang'd oft a Day for needleſs Luxury;
And finding oft occaſion to be fan'd,
Ambitious to produce his Lady-hand;
Charg'd [11] with light Summer-rings his Fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a Gem of weight:
Such fulſom Objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view ſo lewd a Town, and to reſrain,
What Hoops of Iron cou'd my Spleen contain!
When [12] pleading *Matho*, born abroad for Air,
With his Fat Paunch fills his new faſhion'd Chair.

And

And after him the Wretch in Pomp convey'd,
Whoſe Evidence his Lord and Friend betray'd,
And but the wiſh'd Occaſion does attend
From the poor Nobles the laſt Spoils to rend,
Whom ev'n Spies dread as their Superiour Fiend,
And bribe with Preſents, or, when Preſents fail,
They ſend their proſtituted Wives for bail:
When Night-performance holds the Place of Merit,
And Brawn and Back the next of Kin diſherit;
For ſuch good Parts are in Preferment's way,
The Rich Old Madam never fails to pay,
Her Legacies by Nature's Standard giv'n,
One gains an Ounce, another gains Eleven:
A dear-bought Bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted Blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the Brake
At unawares has trod upon a Snake.
Or play'd 13 at *Lions* a declaiming Prize,
For which the vanquiſh'd *Rhetorician* Dye.

What

What Indignation boils within my Veins,
When perjur'd Guardians, proud with Impious Gains,
Choak up the Streets, too narrow for their Trains!
Whoſe Wards by Want betray'd, to Crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulſom to be read!
When he who pill'd his Province ſcapes the Laws,
And keeps his Money though he loſt his Cauſe:
His Fine begg'd off, contemns his Infamy,
Can riſe at twelve, and get him Drunk e're three:
Enjoys his Exile, and, Condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, [14] prevailing Province, to complain?
Such Villanies rous'd [15] *Horace* into Wrath?
And 'tis more noble to purſue his Path,
Than an old Tale of *Diomede* to repeat,
Or lab'ring after *Hercules* to ſweat,
Or wandring in the winding Maze of *Creet*.
Or with the winged Smith aloft to fly,
Or flutt'ring Periſh with his fooliſh Boy.
With what Impatience muſt the Muſe behold
The Wife by her procuring Husband ſold?

For

For tho' the Law makes Null th' Adulterer's Deed
Of Lands to her, the Cuckold may ſucceed.
Who his taught Eyes up to the Cieling throws,
And ſleeps all over but his wakeful Noſe.
When he dares hope a Colonel's Command,
Whoſe Courſes kept, ran out his Father's Land;
Who yet a Stripling *Nero*'s Chariot drove,
Whirl'd o're the Streets, while his vain Maſter ſtrove
With boaſted Art to pleaſe his [16] Eunuch-Love.
Wou'd it not make a modeſt Author dare
To draw his Table-Book within the Square,
And fill with Notes, when lolling at his eaſe,
Mecenas-like [17], the happy Rogue he ſees;
Born by Six weary'd Slaves in open View,
Who caneelld an Old Will, and forg'd a New:
Made wealthy at the ſmall expence of Signing
With a wet Seal, and a freſh Interlining.
The Lady, next, requires a laſhing Line,
Who ſqueez'd a Toad into her Husband's Wine:
So well the faſhionable Med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis Practis'd ev'n by Country Wives:

Poys'ning without regard of Fame or Fear:
And ſpotted Corps are frequent on the Bier:
Wou'dſt thou to Honours and Preferments climb,
Be bold in Miſchief, dare ſome mighty Crime,
Which Dungeons, Death, or Baniſhment deſerves:
For Virtue is but dryly Prais'd, and Sterves.
Great Men, to great Crimes, owe their Plate emboſt,
Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Coſt;
And high Commands: A Sneaking Sin is loſt.
Who can behold that rank Old Letcher keep
His Son's Corrupted Wife, [18] and hope to ſleep?
Or that male-Harlot, or that unfledg'd Boy,
Eager to Sin, before he can enjoy?
If Nature cou'd not, Anger would indite
Such woeful ſtuff as I or *S-----ll* write.
Count from the time, ſince old [19] *Deucalion*'s Boat
Rais'd by the Flood, did on *Parnaſſus* Float;
And ſcarcely Mooring on the Cliff, implor'd
An Oracle how Man might be reſtor'd;
When ſoften'd Stones and Vital Breath enſu'd,
And Virgins naked were by Lovers View'd;

What

What ever ſince that Golden Age was done,
What Humane Kind deſires, and what they ſhun,
Rage, Paſſions, Pleaſures, Impotence of Will,
Shall this Satyrical Collection fill.

What Age ſo large a Crop of Vices bore,
Or when was Avarice extended more?
When were the Dice with more Profuſion thrown?
The well fill'd Fob, not empty'd now alone,
But Gameſters for whole Patrimonies play;
The Steward brings the Deeds which muſt convey
The loſt Eſtate: What more than Madneſs reigns,
When one ſhort Sitting many Hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-Wages, or a Footman's Livery?

What Age, ſo many Summer-Seats did ſee?
Or which, of our Forefathers far'd ſo well
As on ſeven Diſhes at a private Meal?
Clients of Old were Feaſted; now a poor
Divided Dole is dealt at th' outward Door;
Which by the Hungry Rout is ſoon diſpatch'd:
The Paltry Largeſs, too, ſeverely watch'd:

E're

E're given; and every Face obſerv'd with Care,
That no intruding Gueſt uſurp a Share.
Known, you Receive: The Cryer calls aloud
Our Old Nobility of *Trojan* Blood,
Who gape among the Croud for their precarious Food.
The Prætors, and the Tribunes Voice is heard;
The Freedman juſtles and will be prefer'd;
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd, he Cries; and I, in ſpight
Of your Great Lordſhips, will Maintain my Right.
Tho' born a Slave, tho' [20] my torn Ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the Birth, 'tis Money makes the Lord.
The Rents of Five fair Houſes I receive;
What greater Honours can the Purple give?
The [21] Poor *Patrician* is reduc'd to keep
In Melancholly Walks a Grazier's Sheep:
Not [22] *Pallus* nor *Licinius* had my Treaſure;
Then let the ſacred Tribunes wait my Leiſure.
Once a Poor Rogue, 'tis true, I trod the Street,
And trudg'd to *Rome* upon my naked Feet:
Gold is the greateſt God; though yet we ſee
No Temples rais'd to Mony's Majeſty,

No

No Altars fuming to her Pow'r Divine,
Such as to Valour, Peace, and Virtue Shine,
And Faith, and Concord: [23] where the Stork on high
Seems to Salute her Infant Progeny:
Preſaging Pious Love with her Auſpicious Cry.
But ſince our Knights and Senators account
To what their ſordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched ſhare the Poor attends,
Whoſe whole Subſiſtence on thoſe Alms depends!
Their Houſhold-Fire, their Rayment, and their Food,
Prevented [24] by thoſe Harpies; when a Wood
Of Litters thick beſiege the Donor's Gate,
And begging Lords, and teeming Ladies wait
The promis'd Dole: Nay ſome have learn'd the trick
To beg for abſent Perſons; feign them ſick,
Cloſe mew'd in their Sedans, for fear of Air:
And for their Wives produce an empty Chair.
This is my ſpouſe: Diſpatcch her with her ſhare.
'Tis [25] *Galla*: Let her Ladyſhip but peep:
No, Sir, 'tis pity to diſturb her ſleep.

Such fine Employments our whole days divide:
The Salutations of the Morning tide
Call up the Sun; thoſe ended, to the Hall
We wait the Patron, hear the Lawyers baul,
Then [26] to the Statues; where amidſt the Race
Of Conqu'ring *Rome*, ſome *Arab* ſhews his Face,
Inſcrib'd with Titles, and profanes the Place.
Fit to be piſs'd againſt, and ſomewhat more.
The Great Man, home conducted, ſhuts his Door;
Old Clients, weary'd out with fruitleſs Care,
Diſmiſs their hopes of eating, and deſpair.
Though much againſt the Grain, forc'd to retire,
Buy Roots for Supper, and provide a Fire.
Mean time his Lordſhip lolls within at Eaſe,
Pamp'ring his Paunch with Foreign Rarities:
Both Sea and Land are ranſack'd for the Feaſt,
And his own Gut the ſole invited Gueſt.
Such Plate, ſuch Tables, Diſhes dreſs'd ſo well,
That whole Eſtates are ſwallow'd at a Meal.
Ev'n Paraſites are baniſh'd from his Board:
(At once a ſordid and luxurious Lord:)

Pro-

Prodigious Throat, for which whole Boars are dreſt;
(A Creature form'd to furniſh out a Feaſt.)
But preſent Puniſhment purſues his Maw,
When ſurfeited and ſwell'd, the Peacock raw
He bears into the Bath; whence want of Breath,
Repletions, Apoplex, inteſtate Death.
His Fate makes Table-talk, divulg'd with ſcorn,
And he, a Jeſt, into his Grave is born.
No Age can go beyond us: Future Times
Can add no farther to the preſent Crimes.
Our Sons but the ſame things can wiſh and do;
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt flow.
Then Satyr ſpread thy Sails; take all the Winds can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muſe can yield
Sufficient ſtrength for ſuch a ſpacious Field?
From whence can be deriv'd ſo large a Vein,
Bold Truths to ſpeak, and ſpoken to maintain;
When God-like Freedom is ſo far bereft
The Noble Mind, that ſcarce the Name is left?
E're *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the Great forgave or not:

But

But if that honeſt licence now you take,
If, into Rogues Omnipotent, you rake,
Death is your Doom, impail'd upon a Stake:
Smear'd o're with Wax, and ſet on fire, to light
The Streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.

Shall They who drench'd three Uncles in a draught
Of poys'nous Juice be then in Triumph brought,
Make Lanes among the People where they go,
And, mounted high on downy Chariots, throw
Diſdainful glances on the Crowd below?
Be ſilent, and beware if ſuch you ſee;
'Tis Defamation but to ſay, That's He!
Againſt [27] bold *Turnus* the Great *Trojan* Arm,
Amidſt their ſtrokes the Poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in Epique Verſe be ſlain,
And none of all his Myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his Pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himſelf for company:
But when *Lucilius* brandiſhes his Pen,
And flaſhes in the face of Guilty Men,
A cold Sweat ſtands in drops on ev'ry part;
And Rage ſucceeds to Tears, Revenge to Smart:

Muſe

Muſe be adviſ'd; 'tis paſt conſid'ring time,
When enter'd once the dangerous Liſts of Rhime:
Since none the Living-Villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the Perſons of the Dead.

Explanatory Notes on the Firſt Satyr.

1 *Codrus*, or it may be *Cordus*, a bad Poet, who wrote the Life and Actions of *Theſeus*.

2 *Telephus*, the Name of a Tragedy.

3 *Oreſtes*, another Tragedy.

4 *Mars his Grove.* Some Commentators take this Grove to be a Place where Poets were us'd to repeat their Works to the People; but more probably, both this and *Vulcan*'s Grott, or Cave, and the reſt of the Places and Names here mention'd, are only meant for the Common Places of *Homer*, in his *Iliads* and *Odyſſes*.

5 *The beſt and worſt*; that is, the beſt and the worſt Poets.

6 *Adviſing Sylla*, &c. This was one of the Themes given in the Schools of Rhetoricians, in the deliberative kind; Whether *Sylla* ſhould lay down the Supreme Power of Dictatorſhip, or ſtill keep it.

7 *Lucilius*, the firſt Satyriſt of the *Romans*, who wrote long before *Horace*.

8 *Mevia*, a Name put for any impudent or Manniſh Woman.

9 *Whoſe Razour*, &c. *Juvenal*'s Barber now grown Wealthy.

10 *Criſpinus*, an *Egyptian* Slave; now by his Riches transform'd into a Nobleman.

11 *Charg'd with light Summer Rings*, &c. The *Romans* were grown ſo Effeminate in *Juvenal*'s time, that they wore light Rings in the Summer, and heavier in the Winter.

12 *Matho*, a Famous Lawyer, mentioned in other places by *Juvenal* and *Martial*.

13 *At Lyons*; a City in *France*, where Annual Sacrifices and Games were made in Honour of *Auguſtus Cæſar*.

14 *Prevailing Province*, &c. Here the Poet complains, that the Governours of Provinces being accus'd for their unjuſt Exactions, though they were condemned at their Tryals, yet got off by Bribery.

15 *Horace*, who wrote Satyrs: 'Tis more Noble, ſays our Author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the Labours of *Hercules*, the Sufferings of *Diomedes* and his Followers, or the Flight of *Dedalus* who made the Labyrinth, and the Death of his Son *Icarus*.

16 *His Eunuch-Love.* *Nero* Marry'd *Sporus* an *Eunuch*; though it may be the Poet meant *Nero*'s Miſtreſs in Man's Apparel.

17 *Mecenas-like:* *Mecenas* is often tax'd by *Seneca* and others, for his Effeminacy.

18 *And hope to ſleep:* The meaning is, that the very conſideration of ſuch a Crime will hinder a Virtuous Man from taking his Repoſe.

19 *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, when the World was drown'd eſcap'd to the top of Mount *Parnaſſus*; and were commanded to reſtore Mankind by throwing Stones over their Heads: The Stones he threw became Men, and thoſe ſhe threw became Women.

20 *Though my torn Ears are bor'd:* The Ears of all Slaves were bor'd as a Mark of their Servitude; which Cuſtom is ſtill uſual in the *Eaſt-Indies*, and in other Parts, even for whole Nations; who bore prodigious Holes in their Ears, and wear vaſt Weights at them.

21 *The poor Patrician*; the poor Nobleman.

22 *Pallus*, or *Licinius*. *Pallus*, a Slave freed by *Claudius Cæſar*, and rais'd by his Favour to great Riches. *Licinius* was another Wealthy Freedman, belonging to *Auguſtus*.

23 *Where the Stork on high*, &c. Perhaps the Storks were us'd to build on the top of the Temple dedicated to *Concord*.

24 *Prevented by thoſe Harpies*: He calls the *Roman* Knights, *&c.* Harpies, or Devourers: In thoſe Days the Rich made Doles intended for the Poor: But the Great were either ſo Covetous, or ſo Needy, that they came in their Litters to demand their ſhares of the Largeſs; and thereby prevented, and conſequently ſtarv'd the Poor.

25 *'Tis Galla*, &c. The meaning is, that Noblemen would cauſe empty Litters to be carried to the Giver's Door, pretending their Wives were within them: *'Tis Galla*, that is, my Wife: the next Words, *Let her Ladyſhip but peep*, are of the Servant who diſtributes the Dole; Let me ſee her, that I may be ſure ſhe is within the Litter. The Husband anſwers, ſhe is aſleep, and to open the Litter would diſturb her Reſt.

26 *Next to the Statues*, &c. The Poet here tells you how the Idle paſs'd their time; in going firſt to the Levees of the Great, then to the Hall, that is, to the Temple of *Apollo*, to hear the Lawyers Plead, then to the Market-Place of *Auguſtus*, where the Statues of the Famous *Romans* were ſet in Ranks on Pedeſtals: Amongſt which Statues were ſeen thoſe of Forreigners, ſuch as *Arabs*, &c. who, for no deſert, but only on the Account of their Wealth, or Favour, were plac'd amongſt the Nobleſt.

27 *Againſt bold* Turnus *&c.* A Poet may ſafely write an Heroick Poem, ſuch as that of *Virgil*, who deſcribes the Duel of *Turnus* and *Æneas*; or of *Homer*, who writes of *Achilles* and *Hector*; or the Death of *Hylas* the Catamite of *Hercules*; who ſtooping for Water, dropt his Pitcher, and fell into the Well after it. But 'tis dangerous to write Satire like *Lucilius*.

THE


BRITISH
MUSEUM


2
MS.

THE SECOND SATYR.

By Mr. TATE.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in this Satyr, inveighs againſt the Hypocriſie of the Philoſophers, and Prieſts of his Time; the Effiminacy of Military Officers, and Magiſtrates. Which Corruption of Manners in General, and more particularly of unnatural Vices, he imputes to the Atheiſtical Principle, that then prevail'd.

I'M ſick of *Rome*, and wiſh my ſelf convey'd
Where freezing Seas obſtruct the Merchants Trade,
When Hypocrites read Lectures, and a Sot,
Becauſe into a Gown and Pulpit got,
Tho' ſurfeit-gorg'd, and reeking from the Stews,
Nothing but Abſtinence for's Theme will chuſe.

The Rakehells too pretend to Learning--- Why?
Chryſippus Statue decks their Library.
Who makes his Cloſet fineſt is moſt Read;
The Dolt that with an *Ariſtotle*'s Head,
Carv'd to the Life, has once adorn'd his Shelf,
Streight ſets up for a *Stagyrite* himſelf.
Preciſe their Look, but to the Brothel come,
You'll know the Price of Philoſophick Bum.
You'd ſwear, if you their Briſtled Hides ſurvey'd,
That for a Bear's Careſſes they are made;
Yet of their Obſcene Part they take ſuch care,
That (like Baboons) they ſtill keep *Podex* bare;
To ſee't ſo ſleek and trimm'd the Surgeon ſmiles,
And ſcarcely can for laughing launce the Piles.
Since Silence ſeems to carry Wiſdom's Pow'r,
Th' affected Rogues, like Clocks, ſpeak once an Hour.
Thoſe grizled Locks which Nature did provide,
In plenteous growth, their Aſſes Ears to hide,
The formal Slaves reduce to a degree
Short of their-Eye-brows----Now I honour Thee,

Thee

Thee *Peribonius*, thou profeſt He-Whore,
And all thy Crimes impute to Nature's Score:
Thou, as in Harlots Dreſs thou art attir'd,
For ought I know, with Harlots Itch art fir'd,
Thy Form ſeems for the *Pathick* Trade deſign'd,
And generouſly thou doſt own thy Kind.
But what of thoſe lewd Miſcreants muſt become,
Who Preach Morality and Shake the Bum?
Varillus cries, ſhall I fear *Sextus* Doom,
Whoſe Haunches are the common Sink of *Rome*?
Let him cry Blackmoor-Devil, whoſe Skin is white;
And Bandy-Legs, who treads himſelf upright;
Let him reprove that's Innocent -- In vain
The *Gracchi* of Sedition muſt complain.
'Twou'd make you ſwear the Planets from their Spheres,
Shou'd *Verres* peach Thieves, *Milo* Murderers,
Clodius tax Bawds, *Cethegus Catiline*,
Or [1] *Scylla*'s Pupils *Scylla*'s Rules decline.
Yet we have ſeen a Modern Magiſtrate
Reſtore thoſe rigid [2] Laws that did create

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In *Mars* and *Venus* dread; himſelf the while,
With impious Drugs and Potions, did beguile
The teeming *Julia*'s Womb, and thence did wreſt
Crude 3 Births, that yet th' Inceſtuous Sire confeſt.
How ſhall ſuch Hypocrites Reform the State,
On whom the Brothels can Recriminate?
Of this we have an Inſtance great and new
In a Cock-Zealot of this Preaching Crew,
Whoſe late Harangue the gaping Rabble drew.
His Theme, as Fate wou'd have't, was Fornication,
And as i'th' fury of his Declamation,
He cry'd, Why ſleeps the *Julian* Law, that aw'd
This Vice?---- *Larotia*, an induſtrious Bawd,
(As Bawds will run to Lectures) nettled much
To have her Copy-hold ſo nearly toucht,
With a diſdainful Smile, reply'd, Bleſt Times,
That made thee Cenſor of the Age's Crimes!
Rome now muſt needs Reform, and Vice be ſtopt,
Since a Third *Cato* from the Clouds is dropt.
But tell me, Sir, what Perfume ſtrikes the Air
From your moſt Rev'rend Neck o'regrown with
Hair?

For

For modeſtly we may preſume, I trow,
'Tis not your Nat'ral Grain— The Price I'd know,
And where 'tis ſold; direct me to the Street,
And Shop, for I with no ſuch Eſſence meet.
Let me entreat you, Sir, for your own ſake,
Uſe Caution, and permit the Laws to take
A harmleſs Nap, leſt the 4 *Scantinian* wake.
Our wiſe Forefathers took their Meaſures right,
Nor wreak'd on Fornicators all their ſpight,
But left a *Limbo* for the *Sodomite*.
If you Commiſſion-Courts muſt needs erect
For Manners, put the Teſt to your own Sect.
But you by Number think your ſelves ſecure,
While our thin Squadron muſt the Brunt endure.
With grief I muſt confeſs our Muſter's few,
And much with Civil Broils impair'd, while you
Are to the Dev'l and to each other true.
Your Penal Laws againſt Us are enlarged,
On whom no Crimes, like what you act, are charg'd.
Flavia may now and then turn up for Bread,
But chaſtly with *Catulla* lies a Bed.

Your *Hiſpo* acts both Sexes parts, before
A Fornicator; and behind, a Whore:
We ne'er invade your Walks; the Clients Cauſe
We leave to your confounding and the Laws.
If now and then an *Amazonian* Dame
Dares fight a publick Prize, 'tis ſure leſs ſhame,
Than to behold your unnerv'd Sex ſet in
To Needle-Work, and like a Damſel Spin.
How *Hiſter*'s Bondman his ſole Heir became,
And his conniving Spouſe ſo rich a Dame,
Is known; that Wife with Wealth muſt needs be ſped,
Who is content to make a Third in Bed.
You Nymphs that would to Coach and Six arrive,
Marry, keep Counſel, and y' are ſure to thrive!
Yet theſe Obnoxious Men, without Remorſe,
Againſt our Tribe will put the Laws in force,
Clip the Dove's Wing, and give the Vulture courſe.
Thus ſpoke the Matron—The convicted Crew
From ſo direct a Charge like Lightning flew.
It muſt be ſo---- Nor, vain *Metellus*, ſhall
From *Rome*'s Tribunal, thy Harangues prevail

'Gainſt

'Gainſt Harlotry, while thou art clad ſo thin,
That through thy Cobweb-Robe we ſee thy Skin
As thou Declaim'ſt--*Fabulla* is, you ſay,
A Whore---- I own it; ſo's *Carfinia*;
Rank Proſtitutes, therefore without remorſe
Puniſh the Strumpets, give the Law its courſe:
But when y'ave ſentenc'd them, *Metellus*, know
They'd bluſh t'appear ſo looſly Dreſt as you.
You ſay the Dog Star regins, whoſe ſultry Fire
Melts you to death ev'n in that light Attire;
Go naked then, 'twere better to be mad,
(Which has a priv'ledge) than ſo lewdly clad!
How wou'd our Mountain Sires, return'd from Plow
Or Battel, ſuch a Silken Judge allow?
Canſt thou reſtore old Manners, or retrench
Rome's Pride, who com'ſt tranſparent to the Bench?
This Mode in which thou ſingly do'ſt appear,
By thy Example ſhall get footing here,
Till it has quite deprav'd the *Roman* Stock,
As one infected Sheep confounds the Flock,
Nor will this Crime, *Metellus*, be thy worſt,
No man e're reach'd the heights of Vice at firſt:

For Vice like Virtue by Degrees muſt grow;
Thus, from this wanton Dreſs, *Metellus*, thou
With thoſe [5] polluted Prieſts at laſt ſhall join,
Who female Chaplets round their Temples twine,
And with [6] perverted Rites profane the Goddeſs Shrine.

Where ſuch vile Practices 'twixt Males are paſt,
As makes our Matrons lewd Nocturnals chaſt.
Cotyttus [7] Orgies ſcarce are more obſcene,
For thus th' Effeminate Prieſts themſelves demean.
With Jet-black Pencils one his Eye-brows dyes,
And adds new Fire to his laſcivious Eyes:
Another in a Glaſs-*Priapus* ſwills,
While twiſted Gold his platted Treſſes fills;
A Female Robe, and to compleat the Farce,
His [8] Servant not by *Jove* but *Juno* ſwears.
One holds a Mirrour, pathick *Otho*'s Shield,
In which he view'd before he march'd to Field,
Nor *Ajax* with more Pride his ſeven-fold Targe did wield.

Oh Noble Subject for new Annals fit,
In muſty Fame's Records unmention'd yet!

A Looking-Glaſs muſt load th' Imperial Car,
The moſt important Carriage of the War!
Galba to kill he thought a Gen'ral's Part,
But, as a Courtier, us'd the niceſt Art
To keep his Skin from Tan: before the Fight
Wou'd paint, and ſet his ſoil'd Complexion right.
A Softneſs which *Semiramis* ne're knew,
When once ſhe had the Field and Foe in view,
Nor *Eggpt*'s Queen, when ſhe from *Actium* flew.
No chaſt Diſcourſe their Feſtivals afford,
Obſceneneſs is the Language of their Board:
Soft liſping Tones, taught by ſome blald-pate Prieſt,
For skilful Palate, Maſter of the Feaſt.
A Pack of Proſtitutes; unnerv'd, and rife
For th' operation of a *Phrygian* Knife
For from ſuch Pathicks 'twere but juſt to take
Thoſe Manly Parts, of which no uſe they make.
Gracchus, 'tis ſaid, gave to his Trumpeter
Four Hundred *Seſterces*---For what?---in Dow'r.
The Motion's lik'd, the Parties are agreed;
And for Performance ſeal a formal Deed:

Gueſts

Guests are bespoke, a Wedding-Supper made,
The wonted Joy is wisht, that done-----
The He-Bride in his Bridegroom's Arms is laid!
O Peers of *Rome!* need these stupendious Times
A [10] *Censor* or *Aruspex* for such Crimes?
The Prodigy less Monstrous wou'd appear,
If Women Calves, or Heifers Lambs shou'd bear!
In Bridal Robe and Veil the Pathick's drest,
Who [11] bore the pondrous Shield at *Mars* his Feast.
[12] Father of *Rome*, say what detested Clime
Taught *Latian* Shephards so abhor'd a Crime?
Say, thundring *Mars*, from whence the Nettle sprung
Whose Venom first thy Noble Offspring stung?
Behold! a Man by Birth and Fortune Great
Weds with a Man; yet from th' Etherial Seat
No ratling of thy Barzen Wheels we hear,
Nor is Earth pierc'd with thy avenging Spear!
Oh! if thy Jurisdiction (*Mars*) falls short
To punish Mischiefs of so vast import,
Complain to *Jove*, and move the higher Court.
For shame redress this Scandal, or resign
Thy Province to some Pow'r that's more Divine.

To

To Morrow early in *Quirinus* Vale
I muſt attend---Why?--Thereby hangs a Tale,
A Male Friend's to be marry'd to a Male.
'Tis true, the Wedding's carry'd privately,
The Parties being at preſent ſomewhat ſhy;
But that they own the Match, e're long you'll hear,
And ſee it in the Publick Regeſter.

But one ſore Grief does theſe He-Brides perplex;
Though they debaſe, they cannot change their Sex;
Nor yet, by help of all their wicked Art,
Bring Offſprings to ſecure their Husband's Heart,
Nature to much i'th' dire Embrace is forc'd,
But ne're joins Influence with Deſires ſo curs'd:
Inceſtuous Births, and Monſters may appear,
But teeming Males not Earth nor Hell can bear.

Yet *Gracchus*, thou degen'rate Son of Fame,
Thy Pranks are ſtigmatiz'd with greater blame:
Theirs was a private, thine an open Shame.
Who like a Fencer on a Publick Stage,
Haſt made thy ſelf the Scandal of the Age.
Nor can *Rome*'s Nobleſt Blood with thine compare,
While thou mak'ſt Paſtime for the Theatre.

To

To what dire Cauſe can we aſſign theſe Crimes,
But to that reigning Atheiſm of the Times?
Ghoſts, Stygian Lakes, and Frogs with creaking note,
And *Charon* wafting Souls in leaky Boat,
Are now thought Fables, to fright Fools conceiv'd,
Or Children, and by Children ſcarce believ'd.
Yet give thou Credit. What can we ſuppoſe
The Temperate *Curii*, and the *Scipio's*;
What will *Fabricius* or *Camillus* think,
When they behold, from their *Eliſium*'s brink,
An Atheiſt's Soul to laſt perdition ſink?
How will they from th' aſſaulted Banks rebound,
And wiſh for Sacred Rites to purge th' unhallow'd Ground.
In vain, O *Rome*! thou doſt thy Conqueſt boaſt
Beyond the *Orcades* ſhort-nighted Coaſt,
Since free the conquer'd Provinces remain
From Crimes that thy Imperial City ſtain:
Yet Rumour ſpeaks, if we may credit Fame,
Of one *Armenian* Youth, who ſince he came
Has learn'd the impious Trade; and does exceed
The lewdeſt Pathicks of our *Roman* Breed.

Bleſſings

Bleſſings of Commerce! he was ſent, 'tis ſaid,
For Breeding hither: And he's fairly bred.
Fly Foreign Youths from our polluted Streets,
And, e're unman'd, regain your Native Seats,
Leſt, while for Traffick, here too long you ſtay,
You learn at laſt to trade th' *Italian* way;
And, with curs'd Merchandiſe returning home,
Stock all your Country with the [13] Figs of *Rome*.

Explanatory Notes on the Second Satyr.

1 Suppos'd by ſome, to be *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, and *Craſſus*; but by others (more probably) *Auguſtus*, *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*.

2 The *Lex Julia* againſt Adultery.

3 *Viz.* Deform'd, and ſo reſembling *Domitian*.

4 The Law ſo called, from *Scantinius*, againſt whom it was put in Execution.

5 Suppos'd to be the Colledge of Prieſts, appointed by *Domitian* to Celebrate the *Quinquatria* to *Minerva*.

6 *Perverted Rites*. Becauſe here Women are excluded from the Myſteries, as Men were elſewhere from *Ceres*'s Worſhip.

7 *Cotyttus Orgies*. The Goddeſs of Impudence worſhip'd at *Athens*. A Strumpet in her Life time, that us'd to Dance naked with moſt Obſcene Geſtures.

8 An Inſtance of Extraordinary Effeminacy, it being the Cuſtom for only Women to ſwear by Goddeſſes; the Men by *Jove*, *Hercules*, &c.

9 Alluding to the Prieſts of the *Phrygian* Goddeſſes, who were caſtrated.

10 *Viz.* The One to puniſh, the Other to Expiate ſuch Unnatural Crimes.

11 He means one of the *Salii*, or Prieſts of *Mars*, who carry'd his Shield and Implements, and was brawny enough to Dance under them at his Feſtival. *Cæleſtia Martis Arma ferunt Salii.* Ov. Faſt. 3.

12 *Mars*, Father of *Romulus*, who Founded *Rome*.

13 Emrods; call'd in *Latin*, *Ficus*.

THE

THE THIRD SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Story of this Satyr ſpeaks it ſelf. Umbritius, *the ſuppos'd Friend of* Juvenal, *and himſelf a Poet, is leaving* Rome, *and retiring to* Cumæ. *Our Author accompanies him out of Town. Before they take leave of each other,* Umbritius *tells his Friend the Reaſons which oblige him to lead a private Life, in an obſcure Place. He complains that an honeſt Man cannot get his bread at* Rome. *That none but Flatterers make their Fortunes there: That* Grecians *and other Foreigners, raiſe themſelves by thoſe ſordid Arts which he deſcribes, and againſt which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the ſeveral Inconveniencies which ariſe from a City life; and the many Dangers which attend it. Upbraids the Noblemen with Covetouſneſs, for not Rewarding good Poets; and arraigns the Government for ſtarving them. The great Art of this Satyr is particularly ſhown, in common Places; and drawing in as many Vices, as cou'd naturally fall into the compaſs of it.*

BRITISH
6 AP 94
MUSEUM



M. Vander Gucht Scul:

3

GRiev'd tho' I am an ancient Friend to loſe,
I like the ſolitary Seat he choſe:
In quiet [2] *Cumæ* fixing his Repoſe:
Where, far from noiſie *Rome* ſecure he lives,
And one more Citizen to *Sybil* gives.
The Road to [2] *Bajæ*, and that ſoft Receſs
Which all the Gods with all their Bounty bleſs.
Tho' I in [3] *Prochyta* with greater eaſe
Cou'd live, than in a Street of Palaces.
What Scene ſo Deſart, or ſo full of Fright,
As tow'ring Houſes tumbling in the Night,
And *Rome* on fire beheld by its own blazing Light?
But worſe than all the clatt'ring Tiles: and worſe
Than thouſand Padders, is the Poet's Curſe.
Rogues that [4] in Dog-days cannot Rhime forbear:
But without Mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my Friend, juſt ready to depart,
Was packing all his Goods in one poor Cart;
He ſtopp'd a little at the Conduit-Gate,
Where *Numa* modell'd once the *Roman* State,

In

In mighty Councils with his [6] Nymphs retir'd:
Tho' now the ſacred Shades and Founts are hir'd
By baniſh'd *Jews*, who their whole Wealth can lay
In a ſmall Basket, on a Wiſp of Hay;
Yet ſuch our Av'rice is, that ev'ry Tree
Pays for his Head; not Sleep is ſelf is free:
Nor Place, nor Perſons, now are Sacred held,
From their own Grove the Muſes are expell'd.
Into this lonely Vale our Steps we bend,
I and my ſullen diſcontented Friend:
The Marble Caves, and Aquæducts we view;
But how adult'rate now, and different from the true!
How much more Beauteous had the Fountain been
Embelliſh'd with her firſt created Green,
Where Cryſtal Streams thro' living Turf had run,
Contented with an Urn of Native Stone!
Then thus *Umbricius*, (with an angry Frown,
And looking back on this degen'rate Town,)
Since Noble Arts in *Rome* have no ſupport,
And ragged Virtue not a Friend at Court,
No Profit riſes from th' ungrateful Stage,
My Poverty encreaſing with my Age,

'Tis

'Tis time to give my juſt Diſdain a vent,
And, Curſing, leave ſo baſe a Government.
Where [7] *Dedalus* his borrow'd Wings laid by,
To that obſcure Retreat I chuſe to fly:
While yet few Furrows on my Face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, and old Age is green,
And [8] *Lacheſis* has ſomewhat left to ſpin.
Now, now 'tis time to quit this curſed Place;
And hide from Villains my too honeſt Face:
Here let [9] *Arturius* live, and ſuch as he;
Such Manners will with ſuch a Town agree.
Knaves who in full Aſſemblies have the knack
Of turning Truth to Lyes, and White to Black:
Can hire large Houſes, and oppreſs the Poor
By farm'd Exciſe; can cleanſe the Common-ſhoar;
And rent the Fiſhery; can bear the Dead;
And teach their Eyes diſſembled Tears to ſhed.
All this for Gain; for Gain they ſell their very Head.
Theſe Fellows (ſee what Fortune's Pow'r can do)
Were once the Minſtrels of a Country Show:

Follow'd the Prizes thro' each paltry Town,
By Trumpet-Cheeks and Bloated Faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken Holy-days,
At their own Coſts exhibit Publick Plays:
Where influenc'd by the Rabble's bloody Will,
With [10] Thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their ſordid Avarice rakes
In Excrements again, and hires the Jakes.
Why hire they not the Town, not ev'ry thing,
Since ſuch as they have Fortune in a String?
Who, for her Pleaſure, can her Fools advance;
And toſs 'em topmoſt on the Wheel of Chance.
What's *Rome* to me, what Buſ'neſs have I there,
I who can neither Lye nor falſly Swear?
Nor praiſe my Patron's undeſerving Rhimes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his Times;
Unskill'd in Schemes by Planets to foreſhow,
Like Canting Raſcals, how the Wars will go:
I neither will, nor can Prognoſticate
To the young gaping Heir, his Father's Fate:
Nor in the Intrails of a Toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd Bawdy Preſents to a Bride:

For

For want of theſe Town Virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none:
Like a dead Member from the Body rent;
Maim'd, and unuſeful to the Government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the Times,
Conſcious of cloſe Intrigues, and dipt in Crimes:
Lab'ring with Secrets which his Boſom burn,
Yet never muſt to publick light return;
They get Reward alone who dan betray:
For keeping honeſt Counſels none will pay.
He who can [11] *Verres* when he will, accuſe,
The Purſe of *Verres* may at pleaſure uſe:
But let not all the Gold which [12] *Tagus* hides,
And pays the Sea in Tributary Tides,
Be Bribe ſufficient to corrupt thy Breaſt;
Or violate with Dreams thy peaceful reſt.
Great Men with jealous Eyes the Friend behold,
Whoſe Secreſie they purchaſe with their Gold.
I haſte to tell thee, nor ſhall ſhame oppoſe
What Confidents our Wealthy *Romans* choſe:
And whom I moſt abhor: To ſpeak my Mind,
I hate, in *Rome*, a *Grecian* Town to find:

To ſee the Scum of *Greece* tranſplanted here,
Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor *Greeks* alone, but *Syrians* here abound,
Obſcene [13] *Orontes* diving under ground,
Conveys his [14] Wealth to *Tyber*'s hungry Shores,
And fattens *Italy* with foreign Whores:
Hither their crooked Harps and Cuſtoms come;
All find receipt in Hoſpitable *Rome*.
The barbarous Harlots crowd the Publick Place:
Go, Fools, and purchaſe an unclean Embrace;
The painted Mitre court, and the more painted Face.
Old [15] *Romulus*, and Father *Mars* look down,
Your Herdſman primitive, your homely Clown
Is turn'd a *Beau* in a looſe tawdry Gown.
His once unkem'd, and horrid Locks, behold
Stilling ſweet Oil; his Neck inchain'd with Gold:
Aping the Foreigners in ev'ry Dreſs;
Which, bought at greater coſt, becomes him leſs.
Mean time they wiſely leave their Native Land,
From *Sycion*, *Samos*, and from *Alabaud*,
And *Amydon*, to *Rome* they ſwarm in Shoals:
So ſweet and eaſie is the Gain from Fools.

Poor

Poor Refugies at firſt, they purchaſe here:
And, ſoon as Denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the Great, a flatt'ring ſervile Rout:
Work themſelves inward, and their Patrons out.
Quick-Witted, Brazen-fac'd, with fluent Tongues,
Patient of Labours, and diſſembling Wrongs.
Riddle me this, and gueſs him if you can,
Who bears a Nation in a ſingle Man?
A Cook, a Conjurer, a Rhetorician,
A Painter, Pedant, a Geometrician,
A Dancer on the Ropes, and a Phyſician.
All things the hungry *Greek* exactly knows:
And bid him go to Heav'n, to Heav'n he goes.
In ſhort, no *Scythian*, *Moor*, or *Thracian* born,
But [16] in that Town which Arms and Arts adorn.
Shall he be plac'd above me at the Board,
In Purple Cloath'd, and lolling like a Lord?
Shall he before me ſign, whom t'other Day
A ſmall-craft Veſſel hither did convey;
Where, ſtow'd with Prunes, and rotten Figs, he lay?

How little is the Privliedge become
Of being born a Citizen of *Rome*!
The *Greeks* get all by fulſom Flatteries;
A moſt peculiar Stroke they have at Lyes.
They make a Wit of their inſipid Friend;
His blobber-Lips and beetle-Brows commend:
His long Crane-Neck, and narrow Shoulders praiſe;
You'd think they were deſcribing *Hercules*.
A creaking Voice for a clear Trebble goes;
Tho' harſher than a Cock that Treads and Crows.
We can as groſly Praiſe; but, to our Grief,
No Flatt'ry but from *Grecians* gains Belief.
Beſides theſe Qualities, we muſt agree
They Mimick better on the Stage than we:
The Wife, the Whore, the Shepherdeſs they Play,
In ſuch a Free, and ſuch a Graceful way,
That we believe a very Woman ſhown;
And fancy ſomething underneath the Gown.
But not [17] *Antiochus*, nor *Stratocles*,
Our Ears and raviſh'd Eyes can only pleaſe:
The Nation is compos'd of ſuch as theſe.
All *Greece* is one Comedian: Laugh, and they

Return

Return it louder than an Aſs can bray:
Grieve, and they Grieve; if you Weep ſilently,
There ſeems a ſilent Eccho in their Eye:
They cannot *Mourn* like you, but they can Cry.
Call for a Fire, their Winter Cloths they take:
Begin but you to ſhiver, and they ſhake:
In Froſt and Snow, if you complain of Heat,
They rub th' unſweating Brow, and ſwear they ſweat.
We live not on the Square with ſuch as theſe.
Such are our Betters who can better pleaſe:
Who Day and Night are like a Looking-Glaſs;
Still ready to reflect their Patron's Face.
The Panegyrick Hand, and lifted Eye,
Prepar'd for ſome new Piece of Flattery.
Ev'n Naſtineſs, Occaſions will afford;
They praiſe a belching, or well-piſſing Lord.
Beſides, there's nothing Sacred, nothing free
From bold Attempts of their rank Letchery.
Thro' the whole Family their Labours run;
The Duaghter is debauch'd, the Wife is won;
Nor 'ſcapes the Bridegroom, or the blooming Son.

If none they find for their lewd Purpoſe fit,
They with the Walls and very Floors commit.
They ſearch the Secrets of the Houſe, and ſo
Are worſhipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.

And, now we talk of *Grecians*, caſt a view
On what, in Schools, their Men of Morals do;
A rigid [18] Stoick his own Pupil ſlew:
A Friend, againſt a Friend of his own Cloth,
Turn'd Evidence, and murther'd on his Oath.
What room is left for *Romans*, in a Town
Where *Grecians* Rule, and Cloaks control th' Gown?
Some [19] *Diphilus*, or ſome *Protogenes*,
Look ſharply out, our Senators to ſeize:
Engroſs 'em wholly, by their native Art,
And fear'd no Rivals in their Bubbles Heart:
One Drop of Poiſon in my Patron's Ear,
One ſlight Suggeſtion of a ſenſeleſs Fear,
Infus'd with Cunning, ſerves to ruin me;
Diſgrac'd, and baniſh'd from the Family.
In vain forgotten Services I boaſt;
My long Dependance in an hour is loſt:

Look

Look round the World, what Country will appear,
Where Friends are left with greater Eaſe than here?
At *Rome* (nor think me partial to the Poor)
All Offices of ours are out of Door:
In vain we riſe, and to the Levees run;
My Lord himſelf is up, before, and gone:
The Prætor bids his Lictors mend their pace,
Leſt his Colleague out-ſtrip him in the Race:
The childleſs Matrons are, long ſince, awake;
And, for Affronts, the tardy Viſits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to ſee a free-born Son
On the left-hand of a rich Hireling run:
Becauſe the wealthy Rogue can throw away,
For half a Brace of Bouts, a Tribunes Pay:
But you, poor Sinner, tho' you love the Vice,
And, like the Whore, demurr upon the Price:
And, frighted with the wicked Sum, forbear
To lend a Hand, and help her from the Chair.
Produce a Witneſs of unblemiſh'd Life,
Holy as *Numa*, or as *Numa*'s Wife,
Or 20 him who bid th' unhallow'd Flames retire,
And ſnatch'd the trembling Goddeſs from the Fire:

The

The Queſtion is not put how far extends
His Piety, but what he yearly ſpends:
Quick, to the Buſ'neſs; how he lives and eats;
How largely gives; how ſplendidly he treats:
How many thouſand Acres feed his Sheep,
What are his Rents, what Servants does he keep?
Th' Account is ſoon caſt up; the Judges rate
Our Credit in the Court by our Eſtate.
Swear by our Gods, or thoſe the *Greeks* adore,
Thou art as ſure forſworn, as thou art poor:
The Poor muſt gain their Bread by Perjury;
An e'en the Gods that other Means deny,
In Conſcience muſt abſolve 'em, when they lye.
Add, that the Rich have ſtill a Gibe in ſtore;
And will be monſtrous witty on the Poor:
For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Veſt,
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jeſt:
The greaſie Gown, ſully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to ſay, The Man's in Mourning:
Or if the Shooe be ript, or Patches put,
He's wounded! ſee the Plaiſter on his Foot.

Want

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool;
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the Cover'd Benches riſe,
(The Maſter of the Ceremonies cries)
This is no place for you, whoſe ſmall Eſtate
Is not the Value of the ſettled Rate:
The Sons of happy Punks, the Pandar's Heir,
Are priviledg'd to ſit in triumph there.
To clap the firſt, and rule the Theatre.
Up to the Galleries, for ſhame retreat;
For, by the [21] *Roſcian* Law, the Poor can claim no Seat.
Who ever brought to his rich Daughter's Bed,
The Man that poll'd but Twelve-pence for his Head?
Who ever nam'd a poor Man for his Heir,
Or call'd him to aſſiſt the Judging Chair?
The Poor were wiſe, who by the Rich oppreſs'd,
Withdrew, and ſought a ſacred Place of Reſt.
Once they did well, to free themſelves from Scorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they Riſe by Virtues Aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs Poverty.

At *Rome* 'tis worſe; where Houſe-Rent by the Year,
And Servant's Bellies coſt ſo devilliſh dear;
And Tavern-Bills run high for hungry Chear.
To drink or eat in Earthen-ware we ſcorn,
Which cheaply Country-Cupboards does adorn:
And coarſe blew Hoods on Holy-days are worn.
Some diſtant Parts of *Italy* are known,
Where [22] none but only dead Men wear a Gown:
On Theaters of Turf, in homely State,
Old Plays they act, old Feaſts they Celebrate:
The ſame rude Song returns upon the Crowd,
And, by Tradition, is for Wit allow'd.
The Mimick yearly gives the ſame Delights;
And in the Mother's Arms the Clowniſh Infant frights.
Their Habits (undiſtinguiſh'd by Degree)
Are plain, alike; the ſame Simplicity,
Both on the Stage, and in the Pit, you ſee.
In his white Cloak the Magiſtrate appears;
The Country Bumkin the ſame Liv'ry wears.

But here, Attir'd beyond our Purſe we go,
For uſeleſs Ornament and flaunting Show:
We take on truſt, in Purple Robes to ſhine;
And Poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common Vice; tho' all things here
Are ſold, and ſold unconſcionably dear.
What will you give that [23] *Coſſus* may but view
Your Face, and in the Crowd diſtingiſh you;
May take your Incenſe like a Gracious God,
And anſwer only with a civil Nod?
To pleaſe our Patrons, in this vicious Age,
We make our Entrance by the Fav'rite Page:
Shave his firſt Doun, and when he Polls his Hair,
The Conſecrated Locks to Temples bear:
Pay Tributary Cracknels, which he ſells,
And, with our Off'rings, help to raiſe his Vails.
Who fears in Country-Towns a Houſe's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven Wall?
But we Inhabit a weak City, here;
Which Buttreſſes and Props but ſcarcely bear:
And 'tis the Village-Maſon's daily Calling,
To keep the World's Metropolis from falling,

To cleanſe the Gutters, and the Chinks to cloſe;
And, for one Night, ſecure his Lord's Repoſe.
At *Cumæ* we can ſleep quite round the Year;
Nor Falls, nor Fires, nor Nightly Dangers fear,
While rolling Flames from *Roman* Turrets fly,
And the pale Citizens for Buckets cry.
Thy Neighbour has remov'd his wretched Store
(Few Hands will rid the Lumber of the Poor)
Thy own third Story ſmoaks, while thou, ſupine,
Are drench'd in Fumes of undigeſted Wine.
For if the loweſt Floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and Garrets ſoon will take the Turn.
Where [24] thy tame Pidgeons next the Tiles were bred,
Which in their Neſts unſafe, are timely fled.
[25] *Codrus* had but one Bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort Wife's ſhort Legs hung dangling out;
His Cupboard's Head, ſix Earthen Pitchers grac'd,
Beneath 'em was his truſty Tankard plac'd:
And, to ſupport this Noble Plate, there lay
A bending Chiron caſt from honeſt Clay;
His few Greek Books a rotten Cheſt contain'd;
Whoſe Covers much of mouldineſs complain'd:

Where Mice and Rats devour'd Poetick Bread;
And with Heroick Verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true, poor *Codrus* nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor *Codrus* all that nothing loſt.
Begg'd naked through the Streets of wealthy *Rome*;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the Palace of *Arturius* burn,
The Nobles change their Cloaths, the Matrons mourn;
The City-Prætor will no Pleadings hear;
The very Name of Fire we hate and fear:
And look agaſt, as if the *Gauls* were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious Nation flies,
Some to condole, and ſome to bring Supplies:
One ſends him Marble to rebuild, and one
With naked Statues of the *Parian* Stone:
The Work of *Polyclete*, that ſeem to live,
While others Images for Altars give;
One Books and Skreens, and *Pallas* to the Breſt;
Another Bags of Gold, and he gives beſt.
Childleſs *Arturius*, vaſtly rich before,
Thus by his Loſſes multiplies his Store:

Suſpected

Suſpected for Accomplice to the Fire,
That burnt his Palace but to build it higher.
But, cou'd you be content to bid adieu
To the dear Play-Houſe, and the Players too.
Sweet Country Seats are purchas'd ev'ry where,
With Lands and Gardens, at leſs Price than here
You hire a darkſom Dog-hole by the Year.
A ſmall Convenience decently prepar'd,
A ſhallow Well that riſes in your Yard,
That ſpreads his eaſie Cryſtal Streams around,
And waters all the pretty Spot of Ground.
There, love the Fork, thy Garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal Friends [26] a *Pythagorean* Treat.
'Tis ſomewhat to the Lord of ſome ſmall Ground
In which a Lizard may, at leaſt, turn round.
'Tis frequent, here, for want of ſleep to die;
Which Fumes of undigeſted Feaſts deny;
And, with imperfect Heat, in languid Stomachs fry.
What Houſe ſecure from noiſe the Poor can keep,
When ev'n the Rich can ſcarce afford to ſleep?
So dear it coſts to purchaſe Reſt in *Rome*;
And hence the Sources of Diſeaſes come.

The Drover who his Fellow-Drover meets
In narrow Paſſages of winding Streets;
The Waggoners that curſe their ſtanding Teams,
Wou'd wake ev'n drouſie *Druſus* from his Dreams.
And yet the Wealthy will not brook delay,
But ſweep above our Heads, and make their way;
In lofty Litters born, and read, and write,
Or ſleep at eaſe: The Shutters make it Night.
Yet ſtill he reaches, firſt, the Publick Place:
The Preaſe before him ſtops the Client's pace.
The Crowd that follows cruſh his panting ſides:
And trip his Heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one juſtles in the Shole:
A Rafter breaks his Head, or Chairman's Pole:
Stockin'd with loads of fat Town-Dirt he goes;
And ſome Rogue-Souldier, with his Hob-nail'd Shooes,
Indents his Legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what Smoke our Doles we celebrate:
A hundred Gueſts, invited, walk in ſtate:
A hundred hungry Slaves, with their *Dutch* Kitchins wait.

Huge Pans the Wretches on their Heads muſt bear,
Which ſcarce [27] Gygantick *Corbulo* cou'd rear:
Yet they muſt walk upright beneath the Load;
Nay, run, and running blow the ſparkling Flames abroad.
Their Coats, form botching newly brought, are torn,
Unweildy Timber-trees in Waggons born,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their Carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For, ſhou'd their Axel break, its overthrow
Wou'd cruſh, and pound to duſt, the crowd below:
Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their Sons cou'd know:
Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcaſs woul'd remain:
But a maſh'd heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain.
One vaſt deſtruction; not the Soul alone,
But Bodies, like the Soul, inviſibly are flown.
Mean time, unknowing of their Fellows Fate,
The Servants waſh the Platter, ſcour the Plate,

Then

Then blow the Fire, with puffing Cheeks, and lay
The Rubbers, and the Bathing-ſheets diſplay;
And oyl them firſt; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this buſie care they take,
Poor Ghoſt, is wandring by the Stygian Lake:
Affrighted with the Ferryman's grim Face;
New to the Horrours of that uncouth place:
His paſſage begs with unregarded Pray'r:
And wants two Farthings to diſcharge his Fare.

Return we to the Dangers of the Night;
And, firſt, behold our Houſes dreadful height:
From whence come broken Potſherds tumbling down;
And leaky Ware, from Garret Windows thrown:
Well may they break our Heads, that mark the flinty Stone.

'Tis want of Sence to ſup abroad too late;
Unleſs thou firſt haſt ſettled thy Eſtate.
As many Fates attend thy Steps to meet,
As there are waking Windows in the Street.
Bleſs the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a Piſs-pot only for thy ſhare.

The ſcouring Drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his Bed-time, takes no reſt that Night.
Paſſing the tedious Hours in greater pain
Than [29] ſtern *Achilles*, when his Friend was ſlain:
'Tis ſo ridic'lous, but ſo true withal,
A Bully cannot ſleep without a Braul:
Yet tho' his youthful Blood be fir'd with Wine,
He wants not Wit the Danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the Coach and Six,
And on the Lacquies will no Quarrel fix.
His Train of Flambeaus, and Embroider'd Coat,
May priviledge my Lord to walk ſecure on Foot.
But me, who muſt by Moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a Candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be Fighting, where
He only Cudgels, and I only bear.
He ſtands, and bids me ſtand: I muſt abide;
For he's the ſtronger, and is Druuk beſide.
Where did you whet your Knife to night, he cries
And ſhred the Leeks that in your Stomach riſe?
Whoſe windy Beans have ſtuft your Guts, and whe
Have your black Thumbs been dipt in Vinegar?

Whith what Companion-Cobler have you fed,
On old Ox-cheeks, or He-Goats tougher Head?
What, are you dum? Quick, with your Anſwer, quick,
Before my Foot ſalutes you with a Kick.
Say, in what naſty Cellar, under ground,
Or what Church-Porch your Rogueſhip may be found?
Anſwer, or anſwer not, 'tis all the ſame:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the Bar, for beating him, you come;
This is a poor Man's Liberty in *Rome*.
You beg his Pardon; happy to retreat
With ſome remaining Teeth, to chew your Meat.
Nor is this all; for, when retir'd, you think
To ſleep ſecurely, when the Candles wink;
When ev'ry Door with Iron Chains is barr'd,
And roaring Taverns are no longer heard;
The Ruffian Robbers by no Juſtice aw'd,
And unpaid Cut-throat Soldiers are abroad.
Thoſe venal Souls, who hardned in each ill,
To ſave Complaints and Proſecution, kill.

Chas'd from their Woods and Bogs the Padders come.
To this vaſt City, as their Native Home;
To live at eaſe, and ſafely ſculk in *Rome*.
The Forge in Fetters only is employ'd;
Our Iron Mines exhauſted and deſtroy'd
In Shackles; for theſe Villains ſcarce allow
Goads for the Teams, and Plough-ſhares for the Plough.
Oh happy Ages of our Anceſtors,
Beneath [30] the Kings and Tribunitial Pow'rs!
One Jayl did all their Criminals reſtrain;
Which now the Walls of *Rome* can ſcarce contain.
More I cou'd ſay, more cauſes I cou'd ſhow
For my departure; but the Sun is low:
The Waggoner grows weary of my ſtay;
And whips his Horſes forwards on their way.
Farewel; and when like me o'er whelm'd with care
You to your own [31] *Aquinum* ſhall repair,
To take a mouthful of ſweet Country Air,

Be mindful of your Friend; and send me word,
What Joys your Fountains and cool Shades afford:
Then, to assist your Satyrs, I will come;
And add new Venom when you write of *Rome*.

Explanatory Notes on the Third Satyr.

1 *Cumæ*, a small City in *Campania*, near *Puteoli*, or *Puzzolo*, as it is call'd. The Habitation of the *Cumæan Sybil*.

2 *Bajæ*; Another little Town in *Campania*, near the Sea: A pleasant Place.

3 *Prochyta*: A small Barren Island belonging to the Kingdom of *Naples*.

4 *In Dog-days*. The Poets in *Juvenal*'s time, us'd to rehearse their Poetry in *August*.

5 *Numa*. The second King of *Rome*; who made their Laws, and instituted their Religion.

6 *Nymph*. *Ægeria*, a Nymph, or Goddess, with whom *Numa* feign'd to converse by Night; and to be instructed by her in modelling his Superstitions.

7 *Where* Dedalus, *&c.* Meaning at *Cumæ*.

8 *Lachesis*, one of the three Destinies, whose Office was to spin the Life of every Man; as it was of *Clotho* to hold the Distaff, and *Atropos* to cut the Thread.

9 *Arturius*. Any debauch'd wicked Fellow who gains by the times.

10 *With Thumbs bent backward*. In a Prize of Sword-Players, when one of the Fencers had the other at his Mercy, the Vanquish'd Party implor'd the Clemency of the Spectators. If they thought he deserv'd it not, they held up their Thumbs and bent them backwards, in sign of Death.

11 *Verres*, Prætor in *Sicily*, Contemporary with *Cicero*; by whom accus'd of oppressing the Province, he was condemn'd. His Name is us'd here for any Rich vicious Man.

12 *Tagus*, a famous River in *Spain*, which discharges it self into the Ocean near *Lisbone* in *Portugal*. It was held of old, to be full of Golden Sands.

13 *Orontes*, the greatest River of *Syria*: The Poet here puts the River for the Inhabitants of *Syria*.

14 *Tyber*; the River which runs by *Rome*.

15 *Romulus*; First King of *Rome*; Son of *Mars*, as the Poets feign; the first *Romans* were originally Herdsmen.

16 *But in that Town*, &c. He means *Athens*; of which, *Pallas* the Goddess of Arms and Arts was Patroness.

17 *Antiochus and Stratocles*, two famous *Grecian* Mimicks, or Actors, in the Poet's time.

18 *A Rigid Stoick*, &c. *Publius Ignatius*, a Stoick, falsly accus'd *Bareas Sorenus*, as *Tacitus* tells us.

19 *Diphilus*, and *Protogenes*, &c. were *Grecians* living in *Rome*.

20 *Or him who had*, &c. *Lucius Metellus* the High Priest; who when the Temple of *Vesta* was on Fire, sav'd the *Palladium*.

21 *For by the* Roscian *Law*, &c. *Roscius* a Tribune, who order'd the distinction of Places in Publick Shows, betwixt the Noble-men of *Rome* and the *Plebeians*.

22 *Where none but only dead Men*, &c. The meaning is, that Men in some parts of *Italy* never wore a Gown (the usual Habit of the *Romans*) till they were bury'd in one.

23 *Cossus* is here taken for any great Man.

24 *Where the tame Pidgeons*, &c. The *Romans* us'd to breed their tame Pidgeons in their Garrets.

25 *Codrus*, a Learned Man, very poor: by his Books suppos'd to be a Poet. For, in all probability, the Heroick Verses here mention'd which Rats and Mice devour'd, were *Homer*'s Works.

26 *A Pythagorean Treat*: He means Herbs, Roots, Fruits, and Sallads.

27 *Gygantick Corbulo*. *Corbulo* was a famous General in *Nero*'s time, who conquer'd *Armenia*, and was afterwards put to Death by that Tyrant, when he was in *Greece*, in reward of his great Services. His Stature was not only tall, above the ordinary Size; but he was also proportionably strong.

28 *The Ferry-man's*, &c. *Charon* the Ferry-man of Hell, whose Fare was a Half-penny for every Soul.

29 *Stern Achilles*. The Friend of *Achilles*, was *Patroclus*, who was slain by *Hector*.

30 *Beneath the Kings*, &c. *Rome* was originally rul'd by Kings; till for the Rape of *Lucretia*, *Tarquin* the proud was expell'd. After which it was govern'd by two Consuls, yearly chosen: but they oppressing the People, the Commoners mutiny'd, and procur'd Tribunes to be created, who defended their Priviledges, and often oppos'd the Consular Authority, and the Senate.

31 *Aquinum*, was the Birth-place of *Juvenal*.

THE

THE FOURTH SATYR.

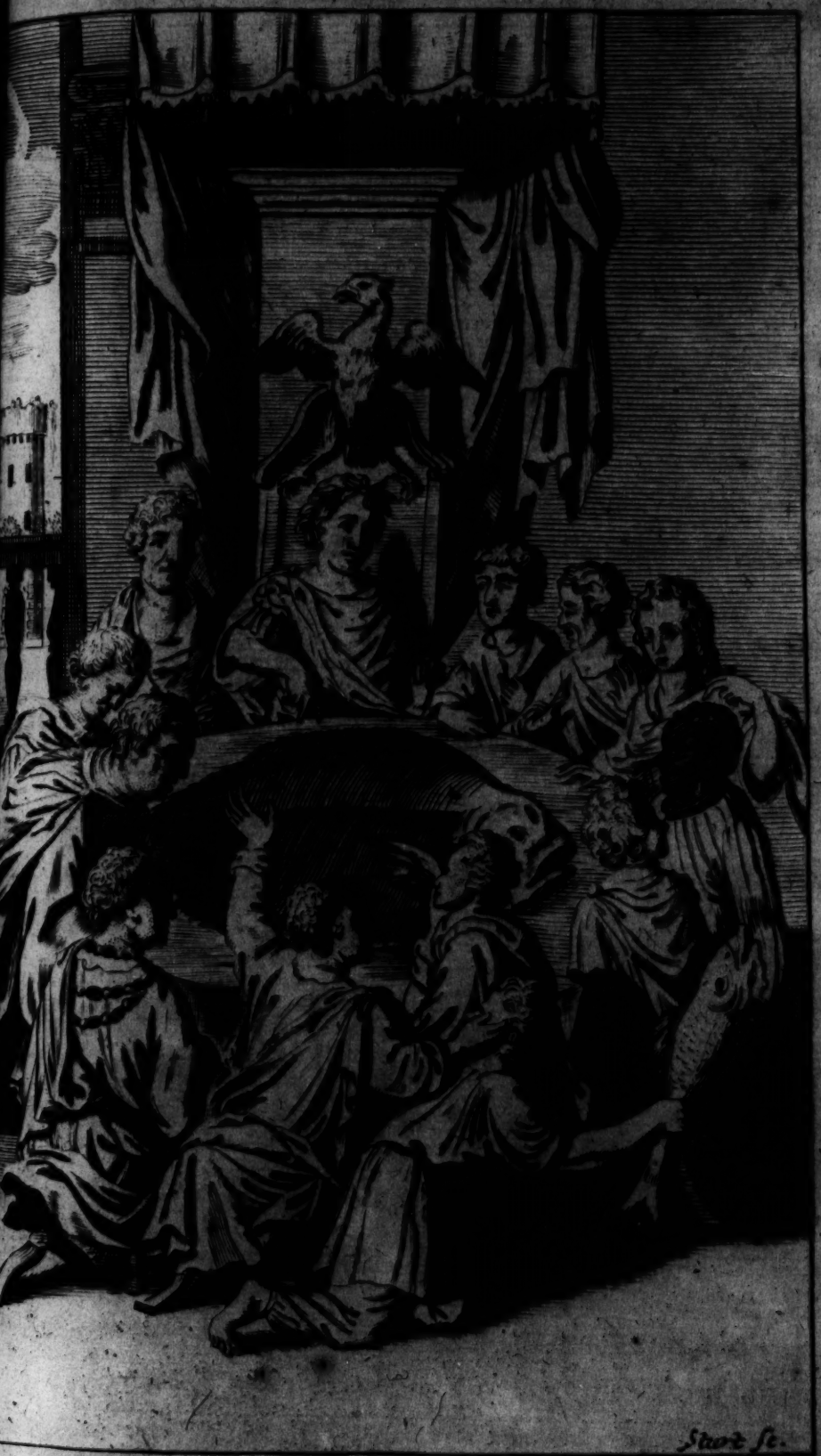
The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this Satyr first brings in Crispinus, *whom he had a Lash at in his first Satyr, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous Prodigality and Luxury in giving the Price of an Estate for a Barbel; and from thence takes occasion to introduce the principal Subject, and true Design of this Satyr, which is grounded upon a ridiculous Story of a Turbut presented to* Domitian, *of so vast a bigness, that all the Emperor's Scullery had not a Dish large enough to hold it: Upon which the Senate in all haste is summon'd, to consult in this Exigency, what is fittest to be done. The Poet gives us a Particular of the Senators Names, their distinct Characters, and Speeches, and Advice; and after much and wise Consultation, an Expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the Senate, and concludes the Satyr.*

Once

ONce more *Criſpinus* call'd upon the Stage,
(Nor ſhall once more ſuffice) provokes my Rage:
A Monſter, to whom ev'ry Vice lays claim,
Without one Virtue to redeem his Fame,
Feeble and ſick, yet ſtrong in Luſt alone,
The rank Adult'rer preys on all the Town,
All but the Widows nauſeous Charms go down.
What matter then how ſtately is the Arch
Where his tir'd Mules ſlow with their Burden march?
What matter then how thick and long the Shade
Through which, by ſweating Slaves, he is convey'd?
How many Acres near the City Walls,
Or new-built Palaces, his own he calls?
No ill Man's happy; leaſt of all is he
Whoſe ſtudy 'tis to corrupt Chaſtity.
The inceſtuous Brute, who the veil'd Veſtal Maid
But lately to his impious Bed betray'd,
Who for her Crime, if Laws their Courſe might have,
Ought to deſcend alive into the Grave.

But



4

Stuvt sc.



But now of ſlighter Faults; and yet the ſame
By others done, the Cenſors Juſtice claim.
For what good Men ignoble count and baſe,
Is Virtue here, and does *Criſpinus* grace:
In this he's ſafe, whate'er we write of him,
The Perſon is more odious than the Crime.
And ſo all Satyr's loſt. The laviſh Slave
Six [2] thouſand Pieces for a Barbel gave:
A Seſterce for each Pound it weigh'd, as they,
Give out, that hear great things, but greater ſay.
If by this Bribe well plac'd, he would enſnare
Some ſapleſs Uſurer that wants an Heir,
Or if this Preſent the ſly Courtier meant,
Should to ſome Punk of Quality be ſent,
That in her eaſie Chair in State does ride,
The Glaſſes all drawn up on ev'ry ſide,
I'd praiſe his Cunning; but expect not this,
For his own Gut he bought the ſtately Fiſh.
Now ev'n [3] *Apicius* Frugal ſeems, and Poor,
Outvy'd in Luxury unknown before.

Gave you, *Criſpinus*, you this mighty Sum?
You, that, for want of other Rags, did come
In your own Country Paper wrapp'd, to *Rome*,
Do Scales and Fins bear Price to this Exceſs?
You might have bought the Fiſherman for leſs.
For leſs ſome Provinces whole Acres ſell,
Nay, 4 in *Apulia*, if you bargain well,
A Mannor wou'd coſt leſs than ſuch a Meal.
What think we then of his 5 luxurious Lord?
What Banquets loaded that Imperial Board?
When in one Diſh, that taken from the reſt
His conſtant Table wou'd have hardly miſt,
So many Seſterces were ſwallow'd down,
To ſtuff one Scarlet-coated Court Buffoon,
Whom *Rome* of all her Knights now Chiefeſt greets,
From crying ſtinking Fiſh about her Streets.
Begin, *Calliope*, but not to ſing:
Plain, honeſt Truth we for our Subject bring.
Help then, ye young *Pierian* Maids to tell
A downright Narrative of what befel.

Afford

Afford me willingly your ſacred Aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have ſtil'd
you Maids.
When he, with whom [6] the *Flavian* Race de-
cay'd,
The groaning World with Iron Scepter ſway'd,
When [7] a bald *Nero* Reign'd, and ſervile *Rome*
obey'd.
Where *Venus* Shrine does fair *Ancona* grace,
A Turbut taken of prodigious Space,
Fill'd the extended Net, not leſs than thoſe
That dull *Mæotis* does with Ice encloſe,
Till conquer'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,
It opens to the *Pontick* Sea their way;
And throws them out unweildy with their Growth
Fat with long eaſe, and a whole Winter's ſloth:
The wiſe Commander of the Boat and Lines,
For [8] our High Prieſt the ſtately Prey deſigns;
For who that Lordly Fiſh durſt ſell or buy,
So many Spies and Court-Informers nigh?
No Shoar but of this Vermin Swarms does bear,
Searchers of Mud and Sea-weed! that would ſwear

The

The Fish had long in *Cæsar*'s Ponds been fed,
And from its Lord undutifully fled;
So, justly ought to be again restor'd:
Nay, if you credit Sage [9] *Pulphurius* word,
Or dare relie on *Armillatus* Skill,
Whatever Fish the vulgar Fry excel
Belong to *Cæsar*, whereso'er they swim,
By their own worth confiscated to him.

The Boatman then shall a wise Present make,
And give the Fish before the Seizers take.

Now sickly Autumn to dry Frosts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and fresh preserv'd the Prey;
Yet with such haste the busie Fishes flew,
As if a hot South-Wind Corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the Lake, [10] were what remains
Of *Alba*, still her ancient Rites retains,
Still Worships *Vesta*, [11] tho' an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd *Trojan* Fire decay.
The wondring Croud that to strange Sights resort,
And choak'd a while his Passage to the Court,

At

At length gives way; ope flies the Palace-Gate,
The Turbut enters in, without the Fathers wait;
The Boatman straight does to *Astride* press,
And thus presents his Fish, and his Address:
Accept, Dread Sir, this Tribute from the Main,
Too great for private Kitchins to contain.
To your glad Genius sacrifice this Day,
Let common Meats respectfully give way.
Haste to unload your Stomachs to receive
This Turbut, that for you did only live.
So long preserv'd to be Imperial Food,
Glad of the Net, and to be taken proud.
How fulsom this! how gross! yet this takes well,
And the vain Prince with empty Pride does swell.
Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,
But with Belief and Joy is entertain'd;
When to his Face the worthless Wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile Court-Flattery to a God has rais'd.
But oh hard Fate! the Palace Stores no Dish
Afford, capacious of the mighty Fish.
To sage Debate are summon'd all the Peers,
His trusty and much-hated Counsellors,

In

In whose pale Looks that ghastly Terror sat,
That haunts the dangerous Friendships of the Great.
[13] The loud *Liburnian* that the Senate call'd,
Run, run; he's set, he's set, no sooner baul'd,
But with his Robe snatch't up in haste, does come
Pegasus, [14] Bailiff of affrighted *Rome.*
What more were Præfects then? The Best he was,
And faithfullest Expounder of the Laws.
Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd best,
When Justice exercis'd her Sword the least.
[15] Old *Crispus* next, Pleasant tho' Old appears,
His Wit nor Humour yielding to his years.
His Temper mild, good Nature join'd with Sence,
And Manners charming as his Eloquence.
Who fitter for a useful Friend than he,
To the great Ruler of the Earth and Sea,
If as his Thoughts were just, his Tongue were free?
If it were safe to vent his Gen'rous Mind
To *Rome*'s dire Plague, and Terror of Mankind,
If cruel Pow'r could softning Counsel bear,
But what's so tender as a Tyrant's Ear?

With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite ſpake,
At ev'ry Sentence ſet his Life at ſtake,
Tho' the Diſcourſe were of no weightier things,
Than ſultry Summers, or unhealthful Springs.
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
With his weak Arms to ſtem the ſtronger Tyde.
Nor did all *Rome*, grown Spiritleſs, ſupply
A Man that for bold Truth durſt bravely die.
So ſafe by wiſe complying Silence, he
Ev'n in that Court did fourſcore Summers ſee.
Next him *Acilius*, tho' his Age the ſame,
With eager haſte to the Grand Council came:
With him a Youth, unworthy of the Fate
That did too near his growing Virtues wait,
Urg'd by the Tyrant's Envy, Fear, or Hate.
(But 'tis long ſince Old Age began to be
In Noble Blood no leſs than Prodigy,
VVhence 'tis I'd rather be of [16] Giants Birth,
A Pigmy-Brother to thoſe Sons of Earth.)
Unhappy Youth! whom from his deſtin'd End,
No well-diſſembled Madneſs could defend;

When naked in the *Alban* Theater,
In *Lybian* Bears he fixt his hunting Spear.
Who ſees not now thro' the Lord's thin diſguiſe,
That long ſeem'd Fools to prove at laſt more wiſe?
That State-Court Trick is now too open laid,
Who now admires the [17] Part old *Brutus* play'd?
Thoſe honeſt Times might ſwallow this Pretence,
When [18] the King's Beard was deeper than his Sence.
Next *Rubrius* came, [19] tho' not of Noble Race,
With equal Marks of Terrour in his Face.
Pale with the gnawing Guilt and inward Shame
Of an old Crime that is not fit to name.
Worſe, yet in Scandal taking more delight,
Than [20] the vile *Pathick* that durſt Satyr write.
Montanus Belly next, advancing ſlow
Before the ſweating Senator did go.
Criſpinus after, but much ſweeter comes,
Scented with coſtly Oils and Eaſtern Gums,
More than would ſerve two Fun'rals for Perfumes.
Then *Pompey*, none more skill'd in the Court-Game.
Of cutting Throats with a ſoft Whiſper, came.

Next

Next *Fuscus*, he who many a peaceful Day
For [21] *Dacian* Vultures was reserv'd a Prey,
Till having study'd War enough at home,
He led abroad the unhappy Arms of *Rome*.
Cunning *Vejento* next, and by his side
Bloody *Catullus* leaning on his Guide,
Decrepit, yet a furious Lover he,
And deeply smit with Charms he could not see.
A Monster, that even this worst Age out-vies,
Conspicuous and above the common size.
A blind base Flatt'rer, [27] from some Bridge or Gate,
Rais'd to murd'ring Minister of State.
Deserving still to beg upon the Road,
And bless each passing Waggon and its Load.
None more admir'd the Fish; he in its Praise
With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raise,
But to the left all his fine things did say,
Whilst on his right the unseen Turbut lay.
So he the fam'd *Cilician* Fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with Wonder seem'd amaz'd.
So did the Scenes and Stage Machines admire,
And Boys that flew thro' Canvas Clouds in Wyre.

Nor came *Vejento* ſhort; but as inſpir'd
By thee, *Bellona*, by thy Fury fir'd,
Turns Prophet: See, the mighty Omen, ſee,
He cries, of ſome Illuſtrious Victory!
Some Captive King, thee his new Lord ſhall own:
Or from his *Britiſh* Chariot headlong thrown
The [23] proud *Arviragus* came tumbling down!
The Monſter's foreign. [24] Mark the pointed Spears
That from thy Hand on his pierc'd Back he wears!
Who Nobler could, or plainer things preſage?
Yet one thing 'ſcap'd him, the Prophetick Rage
Shew'd not the Turbut's Country, nor its Age.

At length by *Cæſar* the grand Queſtion's put:
My Lords, your Judgment; Shall the Fiſh be cut?
Far be it, far from us! *Montanus* cries;
Let's not diſhonour thus the Noble Prize!
A Pot of fineſt Earth, thin, deep, and wide
Some [25] skilful quick *Prometheus* muſt porvide.
Clay and the forming Wheel prepare with ſpeed.
But, *Cæſar*, be it from henceforth decreed,
That Potters on the Royal Progreſs wait,
T'aſſiſt in theſe Emergencies of State.

This

This Council pleas'd; nor cou'd it fail to take,
So fit, so worthy of the Man that spake.
The old Court Riots he remember'd well,
Could Tales of *Nero*'s Midnight Suppers tell,
When Falern Wines the lab'ring Lungs did fire,
And to new Dainties kindled false Desire.
In Arts of Eating none more early Train'd,
None in my time had equal Skill attain'd.
He whither [26] *Circe*'s Rock his Oysters bore,
Or [27] *Lucrine* Lake, or [28] the *Rutupian* Shoar,
Knew at first taste, nay at first sight cou'd tell
A Crab or Lobster's Country by its Shell.
They rise, and straight all with respectful Awe,
At the word giv'n, obsequiously withdraw;
Whom full of eager haste, surprise, and fear,
Our mighty Prince had summon'd to appear;
As if some News he'd of the *Catti* tell,
Or that the fierce *Sicambrians* did rebel:
As if Expresses from all Parts had come
With fresh Alarms threatning the Fate of *Rome*.
What Folly this! but oh! that all the rest
Of his dire Reign had thus been spent in Jest!

And all that Time ſuch Trifles had employ'd
In which ſo many Nobles he deſtroy'd!
He ſafe, they unreveng'd, to the Diſgrace
Of the ſurviving, tame, *Patrician* Race!
But when he dreadful to the Rabble grew,
Him, whom ſo many Lords had ſlain, they ſlew.

Explanatory Notes on the Fourth Satyr.

1 IF *Laws their Courſe*, &c. *Ought to deſcend*, &c. *Criſpinus* had deflour'd a Veſtal Virgin, but by his Favour with *Domitian*, ſhe eſcap'd the Puniſhment due to her Offence, which was to be bury'd alive by *Numa*'s Law; as may be ſeen in *Livy*, *l.* 1. and is more particularly deſcrib'd in *Plutarch*'s Life of *Numa*.

2 *Six thouſand Pieces.* Six thouſand of the *Roman Seſtertii*, which makes ſix *Seſtertia*, according to our Account, 46 *l.* 17 *s.* 6 *d.*

3 *Now even* Apicius. A Man for Gluttony and Prodigality famous even to a Proverb, who having ſpent moſt of his vaſt Eſtate upon his Gut, for fear of Want poyſon'd himſelf, *Senec.*

4 *Nay in* Apulia. Part of *Italy*, near the *Adriatick* Gulf, where Land it ſeems, was very cheap, either for the barrenneſs and cragged height of the Mountains, or for the unwholſomneſs of the Air, and the Wind *Atabulus*. *Horat. Lib.* 1. *Sat.* 5. *Montes Apulia notos*---- *quos torret Atabulus & quos nunquam erepſemus*, &c.

5 *His luxurious Lord.* The Emperor *Domitian.*

6 *The* Flavian *Race decay'd.* *Domitian* was the laſt and worſt of the *Flavian* Family, which tho' at firſt obſcure, yet had produc'd great and good Men. *Reipublica nequaquam pœnitenda*, ſays *Sueton.* 9. For of this Family were *Veſpaſian* and *Titus.*

7 *A bald Nero.* *Domitian*, who could not ſo much as bear with Patience the mention of baldneſs, tho' in Jeſt only, and objected to another, as *Suetonius* in his Life tells us. And who, for his Cruelty, is here call'd a ſecond *Nero.*

8 *Our High Prieſt.* The Emperor *Domitian* call'd ſo, either from his Inſtituting the College of the *Alban* Prieſts, of whom he was as it were Chief; or for taking upon him the Office of *Pontifex Maximus* in the Condemnation of the Veſtal Virgin *Cornetia*; or, more generally, be-

cauſe

cauſe often the Emperors aſſum'd both the Title and Office of High Prieſt.

9 *Palphurius* and *Armillatus.* Both Men of Conſular Degree: Lawyers, and Spies, and Informers, and ſo Favourers of *Domitian.*

10 *What remains of* Alba, *&c. Alba Longa* built by *Aſcanius*, about fifteen Miles from *Rome*, was deſtroy'd after by *Tullus Hoſtilius*, the Temples only excepted, (*Liv. l.* 1.) The *Albans* upon this their Misfortunes neglecting their Worſhip, were by ſundry Prodigies commanded to reſtore their Ancient Rites, the chief of which was the keeping perpetually burning the Veſtal Fire, which was brought thither by *Æneas* and his *Trojans* as a fatal Pledge of the perpetuity of the Roman Empire.

11 *Tho an humbler way.* There was a more ſtately Temple erected to *Veſta* at *Rome* by *Numa*, than this at *Alba*, where the ſame Ceremonies were us'd.

12 *The Fathers.* The Senate always ſo call'd. *Patres Conſcripti.*

13 *The lowd Liburnian.* Some ſay that of the People of this Country, which is part of *Illyricum*, the *Romans* made their Cryers, becauſe of their lowd Voices. Others take *Liburnus* for the proper Name of one Man---- Liburnus *that the Senate call'd.*

14 *Pegaſus, Bailiff.* A Citizen of *Alba*, a very Learned Lawyer, and Præfect or Chief Magiſtrate of *Rome.* He calls him here Bayliff: As if *Rome*, by *Domitian*'s Cruelty, had ſo far loſt its Liberty and Priviledges, that it now was no better than a Country Village, and fit to be Govern'd by no better than a Bailiff.

15 *Old Criſpus*, (*Vibius Criſpus.*) This was he that made the known Jeſt upon *Domitian*'s killing Flies. When one Day *Domitian* being alone in his Cloſet, and being ask'd, Whether there was any one left within with the Emperor? He anſwer'd, No, not ſo much as a Fly. The Names and Characters of moſt of theſe Senators here mention'd may be found in *Suetonius*'s Life of *Domitian*, and in *Tacitus.*

16 *Of Giants Birth.* Of an obſcure and unknown Family.

17 *The part old* Brutus *play'd.* 'Tis a known Story, how *Brutus* finding that his own Brother, and ſome of the moſt conſiderable Men of *Rome* had been put to Death by *Tarquinius Superbus*, counterfeited himſelf a Madman or Fool, and ſo avoided the Tyrant's Cruelty, till he had gain'd a fit time to deſtroy him, revenge his Brother's and Countrymens Deaths, and free *Rome.*

18 *When the King's Beard.* In thoſe ancient and more ſimple times, when it was the Cuſtom never to ſhave their Beards: For 400 Years there was no ſuch thing as a Barber heard of in *Rome.*

19 *Tho not of Noble Race, with equal Marks of Terror.* For *Domitian*'s Cruelty reach'd even to the Common People, and thoſe of lower Birth, which (in the End of this Satyr) the Poet tells us, caus'd his Deſtruction.

20 *The vile Pathick.* *Nero*, who wrote a Satyr upon *Quintianus*, whom he charges with his own profligate Lewdneſs and Debauchery. *Tacit. Annal.* 15.

21 *For Dacian Vultures.* *Cornelius Fuſcus*, a Noble-man of no manner of Experience, or more knowledge in War-Affairs, than what he had ſtudy'd in his own Country Retirement, was yet by *Domitian* twice ſent with an Army againſt the *Dacians*, in the laſt of which his Army was defeated, and himſelf ſlain.

22 *From Bridge or Gate.* The common Stands for Beggars.

23 *The proud* Arviragus. One of the ancient *Britiſh* Kings.

24 *Mark the pointed Spears.* He makes the Flatterer call the ſharp Fins riſing on the Fiſhes back, Spears; and to ſignifie and portend that *Domitian* ſhall ſtick the like in ſome Foreign Enemy.

25 *Some skilful quick Prometheus.* Some skilful Potter. Alluding to the old Fable of *Prometheus*, whoſe skill in this Art was ſuch, that he made a Man of Clay.

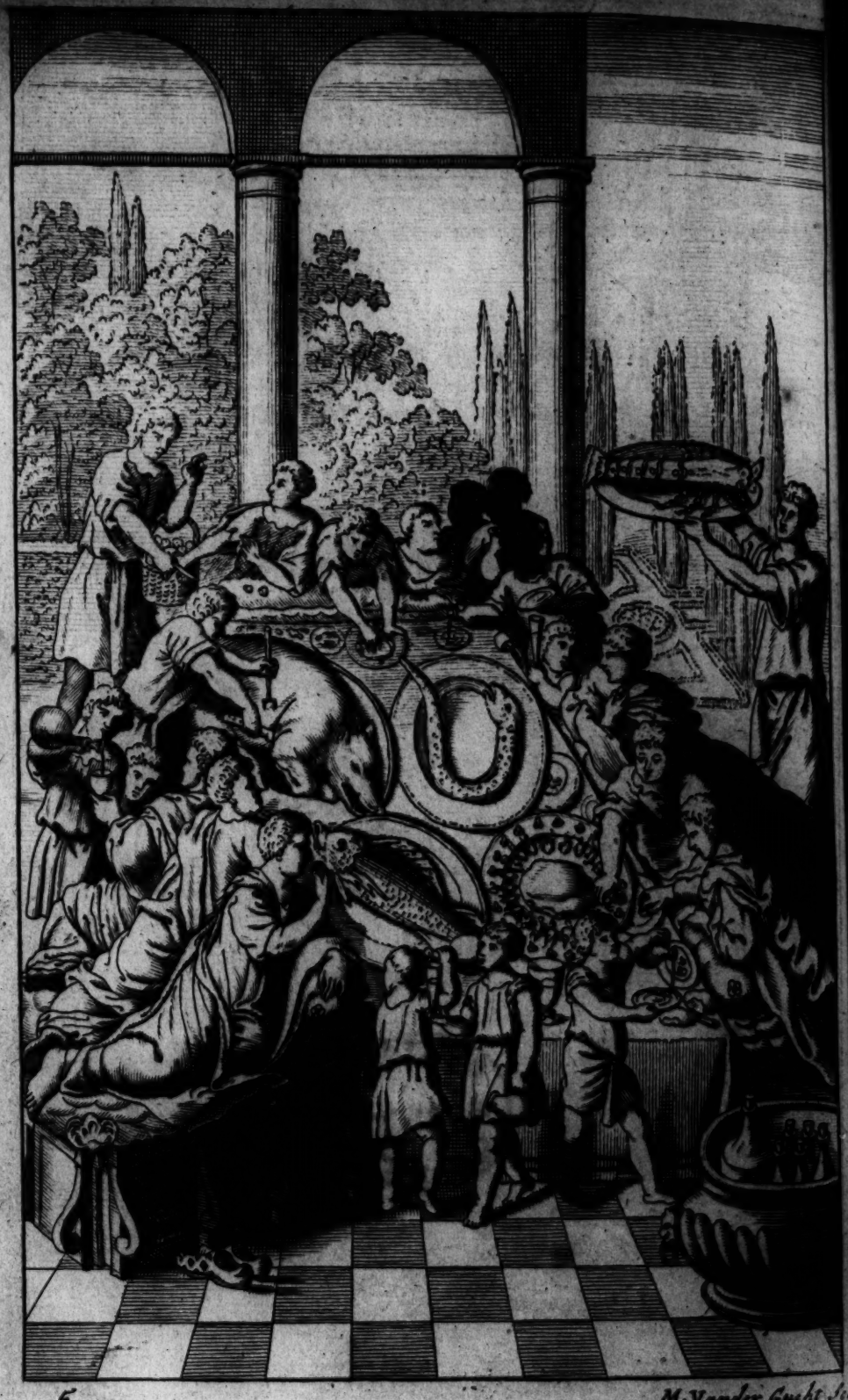
26 *Circe's Rock.* The *Circean* Promontory, nam'd from *Circe* that liv'd there, on the Shore of *Campania*.

27 *The Lucrine Lake.* Between *Baiæ* and *Puteoli*.

28 *The Rutupian Shore.* *Rutupæ* or *Rutupi*, an Ancient Town's Name on the *Kentiſh* Shore, ſuppos'd to be our *Richborough*. Theſe were all famous in thoſe Times for Oyſters.

THE

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5

M. Vander Gucht Sculp.

THE FIFTH SATYR.

By Mr. BOWLES.

The ARGUMENT.

THE *Poet dissuades a Parasite from frequenting the Tables of great Men, where he is certain to be treated with the highest Scorn and Contempt: And, at the same time, Inveighs against the Luxury and Insolence of the* Roman *Nobility.*

IF harden'd by Affronts, and still the same
Lost to all Sense of Honour, and of Shame,
Thou yet canst love to haunt the Great's Man's Board,
And think no Supper good but with a Lord:
If yet thou canst hold out, and suffer more
Than lewd *Sarmentus*, or vile *Galba* bore,

Thy



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IF harden'd by Affronts, and ſtill the ſame
Loſt to all Senſe of Honour, and of Shame,
Thou yet canſt love to haunt the Great's Man's Board,
And think no Supper good but with a Lord:
If yet thou canſt hold out, and ſuffer more
Than lewd [1] *Sarmentus*, or vile *Galba* bore,

Thy

Thy ſolemn Oath ought to be ſet aſide:
But ſure the Belly's eaſily ſupply'd.
Suppoſe, what frugal Nature wou'd ſuffice,
Suppoſe that wanting, Hunger is not nice.
Is no [2] Bridge vacant, no convenient Seat,
Where thou may'ſt cringe, and gnaw thy broken Meat,
And with a Matt, and Crutch, and ty'd up Leg,
More honeſtly and honourably Beg?

Firſt, if he pleaſe to ſay, Sit down, and ſmile,
Behold the full Reward of all thy Toil!
All thy old Services are largely paid,
And thou a proud and happy Man art made.
See! of thy boaſted Friendſhip ſee the Fruits!
And theſe too he upbraids, and theſe imputes.
If after two cold Months thy Lord think fit
His poor, neglected Cliens to admit,
And ſay, Sup with me, thou haſt thy deſire,
Be thankful, mortal, and no more require.
Thus Bleſt, muſt [3] *Trebius* to his *Levees* run,
When the Stars languiſh near the riſing Sun;

Break

Break off ſweet Slumbers, drowſie, and undreſt,
To ſhew his Zeal, and to prevent the reſt;
Run to prevent the fawning humble Train,
While ſlow [7] *Bootes* drives his frozen Wain.
Perhaps the gen'rous Entertainment may
For all the Stare and dear Attendance pay.
For him is kept a Liquor more Divine,
You Spunges moſt be drunk with Lees of Wine,
Drunk for your Patron's Pleaſure and his Jeſt;
Then raving like a [5] *Corybas* poſſeſt,
Thou and the Freed-men firſt begin to jarr;
From mutual Jeers the Prelude to the War,
Thou and thy Fellow-Paraſites engage,
And Battel with a Troop of Servants wage;
Then Glaſſes and *Saguntine* Pitchers fly,
And broken Pates diſcolour'd Napkins dye.
While happy he, ſtretch'd on his Couch, ſupine
Looks on with Scorn, and drinks old gen'rous Wine,
Preſt from the Grape, when Warlike *Rome* was free,
But kindly, never ſends one Glaſs to thee.
Perhaps to morrow he may change his Wine,
And drink old ſparkling *Alban*, or *Setine*,

Whoſe

Whoſe Title, and whoſe Age, with Mould o'ergrown;
The good old Cask for ever keeps unknown:
Such [7] bold *Helvidius* drank, and *Thraſca* crown'd
With Garlands, when the flowing Bowl went round
On *Brutus* Birth-day: And to raiſe Delight,
To pleaſe at once the Taſte, and charm the Sight,
He in bright Amber drinks, or brighter Gold,
And Cups with ſhining Berils ſet does hold.
Thou art not ſuffer'd or to Touch or Taſte;
And if thou dar'ſt, a Guard on thee is plac'd
To watch the Gems. This may perhaps ſurprize,
But, Sir, you'll pardon, they are Stones of Price.
For *Virro* does, as many do of late,
Gems from his Fingers to his Cups tranſlate,
Which the bold [8] Youth to *Dido*'s Love preferr'd,
VVore on the Scabbard of his ſhining Sword.
Thou may'ſt at diſtance gaze, and ſigh in vain,
A crack'd black Pot's reſerv'd for thee to drain.

If his Blood boil, and th' adventitious Fire
Rais'd by high Meats, and higher VVines, require
To temper and allay the burning Heat,
VVaters are brought, which by Decoction get

New

New coolneſs, ſuch plain Nature does not know,
Not Ice ſo cool, nor *Hyperborean* Snow.
Did I complain but now, and juſtly too,
That the ſame Wine is not allow'd to you?
Another Water's reach'd you, when you call,
From Hands of *Mooriſh* Footmen, lean and tall;
The grim Attendance he aſſigns t' affright
Rather than wait; Rogues who wou'd ſcare by Night,
If met among the Tombs; the ghaſtly Slaves
Look as if newly ſtarted from their Graves.
Before himſelf the Flower of *Aſia* ſtands,
To watch his Looks, and to receive Commands.
A Boy of ſuch a Price as had undone.
Old *Roman* Kings, and drain'd the Treaſure of a Crown:
If thou or any of thy Tribe want VVine,
Look back, and give thy *Ganymedes* th' ſign,
The lovely Boy, and bought at ſuch a rate,
Is much too handſom, and too proud to wait
On the deſpis'd and poor: VVill he deſcend
To give a Glaſs to a declining Friend?

No

No, his good Mien, his Youth, and blooming Face
Tempt him to think, that with a better Grace
Himſelf might ſit, and thou ſupply his Place.
Behold there yet remains, which muſt be born,
Proud Servants more inſufferable Scorn.

With what Diſdain another gave thee Bread!
The meaneſt Wretches are with better fed:
Th' impenetrable Cruſt thy Teeth defies,
And petrify'd with Age ſecurely lies:
Hard, mouldy, black, if thou preſume t'invade,
With ſacrilegious Hands, thy Patron's Bread,
There ſtands a Servant ready to chaſtiſe
Your Inſolence, and teach you to be wiſe.
Will you a bold Intruder, ever learn
To know your Basket, and your Bread diſcern?
'Tis juſt, ye Gods! And what I well deſerve;
Why did not I more honourably ſtarve?
Did I for this abandon Wife and Bed?
For this, alas! by vain Ambition led,
Thro' cold [10] *Eſquiliæ* run ſo oft, and bear
The Storms and Fury of the Vernal Air,
And then with Cloak wet thro' attend, and dropping Hair?

See!

See! by the talleſt Servant born on high,
A Sturgeon fills the largeſt Diſh and Eye!
With how much Pomp he's plac'd upon the Board!
With what a Tail and Breaſt ſalutes his Lord!
With what Expence and Art, how richly dreſt!
Garniſh'd with 'Sparagus, himſelf a Feaſt!
Thou art to one ſmall diſmal Diſh confin'd,
A Crab ill dreſt, and of the vileſt kind.
He on his own Fiſh pours the nobleſt Oil,
The product of [12] *Venatrum*'s happy Soil.
That to your marcid dying Herbs aſſign'd,
By the rank Smell and Taſt betrays its Kind,
By *Moors* imported, and for Lamps alone deſign'd.
Well rubb'd with this, when [13] *Boccar* comes to Town,
He makes the Theatres and Baths his own,
All round from him, as from th' infected run,
The poiſ'nous Stink ev'n their own Serpents ſhun.
Behold a Mullet ev'n from *Corfu* brought!
Or near the Rocks of [14] *Taurominium* caught.
Since our own Seas no longer can ſupply,
Exhauſted by our boundleſs Luxury:

The

The ſecret Deep can no Protection give,
No *Tyrrhene* Fiſh is ſuffer'd now to live
To his juſt growth. The Provinces from far
Furniſh our Kitchins, and revenge our VVar.
Baits for the Rich, and Childleſs they ſupply;
Aurelia thence muſt ſell, and [15] *Lenas* buy.
The largeſt Lamprey which their Seas afford,
Is made a Sacrifice to *Virro*'s Board.
VVhen *Auſter* to the *Æolian* Caves retires
VVith dropping Wings, and murmuring there reſpires,
Raſh daring Nets, in hope of ſuch a Prize,
Caribdis, and the treacherous Deep deſpiſe.
An Eel for you remains, in [16] *Tiber* bred,
With fouleſt Mud, and the rank Ordure fed,
Diſcharg'd by Common-Shoars from all the Town;
No ſecret Paſſage was to him unknown;
In every noiſom Sink the Serpent ſlept,
And thro' dark Vaults oft to *Suburra* crept.
One word to *Virro* now, if he can bear,
And 'tis a Truth, which he's not us'd to hear;

No Man expects, (for who ſo much a Sot,
Who has the Times he lives in ſo forgot?)
What *Seneca*, what *Piſo* us'd to ſend,
To raiſe, or to ſupport a ſinking Friend.
Thoſe Godlike Men, to wanting Virtue kind,
Bounty well plac'd preferr'd, and well deſign'd,
To all their Titles, all that height of Pow'r,
Which turns the Brains of Fools, and Fools alone adore
When your poor Client is condemn'd t'attend,
'Tis all we ask, receive him like a Friend,
At leaſt, let him be eaſie if you can,
Let him be treated like a Free-born Man.
Deſcend to this, and then we ask no more,
Rich to your ſelf, to all beſide be poor.
Near him is plac'd the Liver of a Gooſe,
That part alone which Luxury wou'd chuſe,
A Boar entire, and worthy of the Sword
Of [17] *Meleager*, ſmoaks upon the Board.
Next Muſhroms, larger when the Clouds deſcend
In fruitful Showers, and deſir'd [18] Thunders rend
The vernal Air. No more plough up the Ground,
O [19] *Lybia*, where ſuch Muſhroms can be found,

Aledius [20] cries, but furniſh us with ſtore
Of Muſhroms, and import thy Corn no more!
Mean while thy Indignation yet to raiſe,
The Carver dancing round each Diſh, ſurveys
With flying Knife; and as his Art directs,
With proper Geſtures ev'ry Fowl diſſects,
A thing of ſo great moment to their Taſte,
That one falſe ſlip had ſurely marr'd the Feaſt.
If thou dare murmur, if thou dare complain
With Freedom, like a *Roman* Gentleman,
Thou'rt ſeiz'd immediately by his Commands,
And dragg'd like [21] *Cacus* by *Herculean* Hands
Out from his Preſence. When does haughty he
Deſcend to take a Glaſs once touch'd by thee?
That Wretch were loſt, who ſhou'd preſume to think
He might be free, who durſt ſay, Come, Sir, drink,
Will any Freedom here from you be born
Whoſe Clothes are thred-bare, and whoſe Cloaks are torn.
Wou'd any God, or Godlike Man below,
Four hundred thouſand Seſterces beſtow!

How

How mightily wou'd *Trebius* be improv'd,
How much a Friend to *Virro*, how belov'd!
Will *Trebius* eat of this? What Sot attends
My Brother? Who carves to my beſt of Friends?
O Seſterces, this Honour's done to you!
You are his Friends, and you his Brethren too.
Wouldſt thou become his Patron and his Lord;
Wouldſt thou be in thy turn by him ador'd?
No young [23] *Æneas* in thy Hall muſt play,
Nor ſweeter Daughter lead thy Heart aſtray.
O how a Barren VVife does recommend!
How dear, how pleaſant is a Childleſs Friend?
But if thy *Mycale*, thy Teeming VVife
Pour out three Boys, the Comfort of thy Life;
He [24] too will in the pratling Neſt rejoice,
Farthings and Nuts provide, and various Toys,
For the young ſmiling Paraſites, the wanton Boys.
He viler Friends with doubtful Muſhroms treats,
Secure for you, himſelf Champignons eats:
Such *Claudius* lov'd, of the ſame ſort and taſte,
Till [25] *Agrippina* kindly gave the laſt,

To him are order'd, and thoſe happy few
Whom Fate has rais'd above contempt and you,
Moſt fragrant Fruits, ſuch in [26] *Pheacian* Gardens grew;
Where a perpetual Autumn ever ſmil'd,
And Golden Apples loaded Branches fill'd.
By ſuch ſwift *Atalanta* was betray'd,
The vegetable Gold ſoon ſtopt the flying Maid.
To you ſuch ſcabb'd harſh Fruit is giv'n, as raw
Young Souldiers at their Exerciſings gnaw,
Who trembling learn to throw the fatal Dart,
And under Rods of rough Centurions ſmart.
Thou tak'ſt all this as done to ſave Expence;
No! 'tis on purpoſe done to give offence:
What Comedy, what Farce can more delight,
Than grinning Hunger, and the pleaſing ſight
Of your bilk'd Hopes? No! He's reſolv'd t'extort
Tears from your Eyes: 'Tis barb'rous jeſt and ſport.
Thou think'ſt thy ſelf Companion of the Great,
Art free and happy in thy own Conceit.
He thinks thou'rt tempted by th' attractive ſmell
Of his warm Kitchen, and he judges well.

For

For [27] whoſo naked, in whoſe empty Veins
One ſingle Drop of Noble Blood remains;
What Freeborn Man, who, tho' of Mungrel ſtrain,
Wou'd twice ſupport the Scorn, and proud Diſdain
With which thoſe Idols you adore, the Great,
Their wretched Vaſſals and Dependants treat?
O Slaves muſt abject! you ſtill gaping ſit,
Devouring with your Eyes each pleaſing Bit;
Now ſure we Paraſites at laſt ſhall ſhare
That Boar, and now that Wild-fowl, or that Hare;
Thus you expecting gaze, with your Teeth ſet;
With your Bread ready, and your Knives well whet;
Demure and ſilent; but, alas! in vain;
He mocks your Hunger, and derides your Pain.
If you can bear all this, and think him kind,
You well deſerve the Treatment which you find.
At laſt thou wilt beneath the [28] Burthen bow;
And, glad, receive the [29] manumitting Blow
On thy ſhav'd ſlaviſh Head; mean while attend,
Worthy of ſuch a Treat, and ſuch a Friend.

Explanatory Notes on the Fifth Satyr.

1 *Sarmentus.* A Buffoon and Paraſite of *Auguſtus Cæſar.* The ſame perhaps with that *Sarmentus* in *Horace, Sat.* 3. *l.* 1.

2 Where common Beggars us'd to place themſelves.

3 It was the Cuſtom in *Rome* for the Clients to attend their Patrons, to ſalute them in the Morning, *Virgil, Martial,* &c.

4 That Conſtellation, otherwiſe call'd the *Bear,* which appearing always above the Horizon, is ſaid by the Poets never to deſcend into the Sea. The meaning is, that *Trebius* was forc'd to run early in the Morning, by the Light of thoſe Stars.

5 A Prieſt of *Cybele.*

6 From *Setia* a Town of *Campania,* renowned for the beſt Wines.

7 *Thraſea* and *Helvidius* his Sons-in-Law, Men of great Virtue, Conſtancy, and Zeal for the Liberty of their Country; they were both oppreſs'd by *Nero, Thraſea* put to Death, and *Helvidius* baniſh'd: *Tacitus* has related at large the Charge and Accuſation of *Thraſea,* with what Bravery he received the Order by which he was commanded to die, and being allow'd his Choice, open'd his Veins with theſe words: *Libemus Jovi Liberatori, Annal. Lib.* 16. They are ſaid here to have ſolemnly obſerv'd the Birth-days of *Brutus* and *Caſſius,* the Deliverers of their Country; which may perhaps be true, tho' it be not objected among many things of this kind in *Tacitus.*

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9 The *Romans* mightily affected to be ſerv'd by beautiful Boys, whom they bought at vaſt rates. *Martial,* &c.

10 One of the ſeven Hills on which *Rome* was built.

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12 A Town in *Campania,* famous for the beſt Oil.

13 The Name of a King of *Mauritania*; but here muſt be underſtood as the Name of any Noble *Moor.*

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15 One of thoſe whom the *Romans* call'd *Hæredipetæ,* who courted and preſented the Rich and Childleſs, in hope to become their Heirs.

16 The Fiſh of *Tyber* were for this Reaſon thought the worſt in *Italy.*

17 The Story of the *Caledonian* Boar, ſlain by *Meleager,* is to be found, *Metamor. Lib.* 8.

18 Rainy and thundring Springs produce abundance of Muſhroms, and were therefore deſired. *Pliny, Lib.* 19.

19 *Rome* was ſupply'd with great Quantities of Corn from *Africa,* and of Muſhroms too it ſeems.

20 The Name of a Glutton or Paraſite.

21 The

21 The Name of a famous Thief, who ſtole the Oxen of *Hercules*, and drew them into his Den backwards; but was ſlain by *Hercules*, and dragg'd out by the Heels. *Æneid.* 8.

22 The *Cenſus Equeſtris*, about 3125 *l.* Engliſh. *Roſcius Otho* made a Law, that whereas before Roman Gentlemen and Commons ſat promiſcuouſly in the Theatres, there ſhou'd be fourteen Seats or Benches apart, for thoſe who were worth that Sum.

23 An Alluſion to that of *Dido*, *Si quis mihi parvulus aula Luderet Æneas.* The meaning is, thou muſt have no Child to defeat his hopes of becoming thy Heir.

24 Ironically.

25 His Wife *Agrippina* gave him a poiſon'd one, of which he died. See that ingenious Satyr of *Seneca*, *Claudii Apocolocyntoſis.*

26 The Gardens of *Alcinous*, King of the *Phæacians*, are renown'd in *Homer* and all Antiquity.

27 In the following Lines, there is in the Original Reference to the Cuſtom of Roman Children, wearing for diſtinction of their Quality, the *Bulla aurea*, or *Corſacca.* I have tranſlated them according to the intent and ſence of the Poet, without alluſion to thoſe Cuſtoms; which being unknown to meer Engliſh Readers, wou'd have only made the Tranſlation as obſcure as the Original.

28 Of ſo many Indignities.

29 I know the Commentators give another Sence of theſe laſt Lines; but I take them to allude to the manner of the Manumiſſion of Slaves, which was done by giving them a touch or blow on the Head, by their Lord, or the Prætor, with the Wand call'd *Vindicta*; and thus the meaning will be, that *Trebius*, weary'd at laſt, will be glad to be diſcharg'd from the Slavery of attending, where he finds ſuch uſage.

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16 The Fiſh of *Tyber* were for this Reaſon thought the worſt in *Italy.*

17 The Story of the *Caledonian* Boar, ſlain by *Meleager,* is to be found, *Metamor. Lib.* 8.

18 Rainy and thundring Springs produce abundance of Muſhroms, and were therefore deſired. *Pliny, Lib.* 19.

19 *Rome* was ſupply'd with great Quantities of Corn from *Africa,* and of Muſhroms too it ſeems.

20 The Name of a Glutton or Paraſite.

21 The

21 The Name of a famous Thief, who ſtole the Oxen of *Hercules*, and drew them into his Den backwards; but was ſlain by *Hercules*, and dragg'd out by the Heels. *Æneid.* 8.

22 The *Cenſus Equeſtris*, about 3125 *l.* Engliſh. *Roſcius Otho* made a Law, that whereas before Roman Gentlemen and Commons ſat promiſcuouſly in the Theatres, there ſhou'd be fourteen Seats or Benches apart, for thoſe who were worth that Sum.

23 An Alluſion to that of *Dido*, *Si quis mihi parvulus aula Luderet Æneas.* The meaning is, thou muſt have no Child to defeat his hopes of becoming thy Heir.

24 Ironically.

25 His Wife *Agrippina* gave him a poiſon'd one, of which he died. See that ingenious Satyr of *Seneca*, *Claudii Apocolocyntoſis.*

26 The Gardens of *Alcinous*, King of the *Phæacians*, are renown'd in *Homer* and all Antiquity.

27 In the following Lines, there is in the Original Reference to the Cuſtom of Roman Children, wearing for diſtinction of their Quality, the *Bulla aurea*, or *Corſacca.* I have tranſlated them according to the intent and ſence of the Poet, without alluſion to thoſe Cuſtoms; which being unknown to meer Engliſh Readers, wou'd have only made the Tranſlation as obſcure as the Original.

28 Of ſo many Indignities.

29 I know the Commentators give another Sence of theſe laſt Lines; but I take them to allude to the manner of the Manumiſſion of Slaves, which was done by giving them a touch or blow on the Head, by their Lord, or the Prætor, with the Wand call'd *Vindicta*; and thus the meaning will be, that *Trebius*, weary'd at laſt, will be glad to be diſcharg'd from the Slavery of attending, where he finds ſuch uſage.

THE SIXTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

This Satyr, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter Invective against the fair Sex. 'Tis, indeed, a Common-place, from whence all the Moderns have notoriously stollen their sharpest Raileries. In his other Satyrs, the Poet has only glanc'd on some particular Women, and generally scourg'd the Men. But this he reserv'd wholly for the Ladies. How they had offended him I know not: But upon the whole matter he is not to be excus'd for imputing to all, the Vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the Creation: Neither do I know what Moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole Sex, if all had been true which he alledges against them: for that had been to put an end to Humane Kind. And to bid us beware of their Artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more Wit than Men: which turns

turns the Satyr upon us, and particularly upon the Poet; who thereby makes a Complement, where he meant a Libel. If he intended only to exerciſe his Wit, he has forfeited his Judgment, by making the one half of his Readers his mortal Enemies: And amongſt the Men, all the happy Lovers, by their own Experience, will diſprove his Accuſations. The whole World muſt allow this to be the Wittieſt of his Satyrs; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with ſo much Violence, ſo unjuſt a Charge. I am ſatisfied he will bring but few over to his Opinion: And on that Conſideration chiefly I ventur'd to tranſlate him. Tho there wanted not another Reaſon, which was, that no one elſe would undertake it: At leaſt, Sir C. S. who cou'd have done more right to the Author, after a long delay, at length abſolutely refus'd ſo ungrateful an Employment: And every one will grant, that the Work muſt have been imperfect and lame, if it had appear'd without one of the Principal Members belonging to it. Let the Poet therefore bare the blame of his own Invention; and let me ſatisfie the World, that I am not of his Opinion. Whatever his Roman Ladies were, the Engliſh are free from all his Imputations. They will read with Wonder and Abhorrence, the Vices of an Age, which was the moſt Infamous of any on Record. They will bleſs themſelves when they behold thoſe Examples related of Domitian's time: They will give back to Antiquity thoſe Monſters it produc'd: And believe with reaſon, that the Species of thoſe Women is extinguiſh'd; or at leaſt, that they were never here propagated. I may ſafely therefore proceed to the Argument of a Satyr, which is no way relating to them: And firſt obſerve, that my Author makes their Luſt

the most Heroick of their Vices: The rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this; when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: 'Tis one Branch of it in Hippia, *another in* Messalina, *but Lust is the main Body of the Tree. He begins with this Text in the first Line, and takes it up with Intermissions to the end of the Chapter. Every Vice is a Loader, but that's a Ten. The Fillers, or intermediate Parts, are their Revenge; their Contrivances of secret Crimes; their Arts to hide them; their Wit to excuse them; and their Impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the Persons to whom they are most addicted; and on whom they commonly bestow the last Favours: As Stage-Players, Fidlers, Singing-Boys, and Fencers. Those who past for Chast amongst them, are not really so; but only for their vast Dowries, are rather suffer'd, than lov'd by their own Husbands. That they are Imperious, Domineering, Scolding Wives: Set up for Learning and Criticism in Poetry; but are false Judges. Love to speak* Greek *(which was then the Fashionable Tongue, as* French *is now with us.) That they plead Causes at the Bar, and play Prizes at the Bear-Garden. That they are Gossips and News-Mongers: Wrangle with their Neighbours abroad, and beat their Servants at home. That they Lie-in for new Faces once a Month, are sluttish with their Husbands in private; and Paint and Dress in Publick for their Lovers. That they deal with Jews, Diviners, and Fortune-tellers: Learn the Arts of Miscarrying, and Barrenness. Buy Children, and produce them for their own. Murther*

their

BRITISH
C. M. S.
HELSINKI



their Husbands Sons, if they ſtand in their way to his Eſtate; and make their Adulterers his Heirs. From hence the Poet proceeds to ſhew the Occaſions of all theſe Vices, their Original, and how they were introduc'd in Rome, *by Peace, Wealth, and Luxury. In concluſion, if we will take the word of our malicious Author; Bad Women are the general ſtanding Rule; and the Good, but ſome few Exceptions to it.*

IN *Saturn*'s Reign, at Nature's early Birth,
There was that thing call'd Chaſtity on Earth;
When in a narrow Cave, their common Shade,
The Sheep, the Shepherds, and their Gods were laid:
When Reeds and Leaves, and Hides of Beaſts were ſpread
By Mountain-Huſwives, for their homely Bed,
And moſſie Pillows rais'd, for the rude Husband's Head.
Unlike the Niceneſs of our modern Dames,
(Affected Nymphs with new-affected Names:)
The *Cynthia's* and the *Lesbia's* of our Years,
Who for a Sparrow's Death diſſolve in Tears.
Thoſe firſt unpoliſh'd Matrons, big and bold,
Gave ſuck to Infants of Gygantick Mold;

Rough

Rough as their ſavage Lords who rang'd the Wood,
And [2] fat with Acorns belch'd their windy Food.
For when the World was buckſom, freſh, and young,
Her Sons were undebauch'd, and therefore ſtrong;
And whether Born in kindly Beds of Earth,
Or ſtrugling from the Teeming Oaks to Birth,
Or from what other Atoms they begun,
No Sires they had, or if a Sire the Sun.
Some thin Remains of Chaſtity appear'd
Ev'n [3] under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a Beard;
Before the ſervile *Greeks* had learnt to ſwear
By Heads of Kings; while yet the Bounteous Year
Her common Fruits in open Plains expos'd,
E're Thieves were fear'd, or Gardens were enclos'd,
At length [4] uneaſie Juſtice upwards flew,
And both the Siſters to the Stars withdrew;
From that old *Æra* Whoring did begin,
So venerably Ancient is the Sin.
Adult'rers next invade the Nuptial State,
And Marriage-Beds creak'd with a foreign Weight;
All other Ills did Iron Times adorn;
But Whores and Silver in one Age were born.

Yet

Yet thou, they ſay, for Marriage do'ſt provide:
Is this an Age to Buckle with a Bride?
They ſay thy Hair the Curling Art is taught,
The Wedding-Ring perhaps already bought:
A ſober Man like thee to change his Life!
What Fury wou'd poſſeſs thee with a Wife?
Art thou of every other Death bereft,
No Knife, no Ratsbane, no kind Halter left?
(For ev'ry Nooſe compar'd to hers is cheap)
Is there no City Bridge from whence to leap?
Whould'ſt thou become her Drudge who doſt enjoy
A better ſort of Bedfellow, thy Boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly Brawls,
Nor with a begg'd Reward thy Pleaſure palls;
Nor with inſatiate Heavings calls for more,
When all thy Spirits were drain'd out before.
But ſtill *Urſidius* courts the Marriage Bait,
Longs for a Son to ſettle his Eſtate,
And takes no Gifts, tho' ev'ry gaping Heir
Would gladly greaſe the rich old Batchelor.
What Revolution can appear ſo ſtrange,
As ſuch a Leacher, ſuch a Life to change?

A rank, notorious Whoremaſter, to chooſe
To thruſt his Neck into the Marriage Nooſe!
He who ſo often in a dreadful fright
Had in a Coffer 'ſcap'd the jealous Cuckold's ſight,
That he to Wedlock, dotingly betray'd,
Should hope, in this lewd Town, to find a Maid!
The Man's grown mad: To eaſe his frantick Pain,
Run for the Surgeon; breathe the middle Vein:
But let a Heifer with gilt Horns be led
To *Juno*, Regent of the Marriage-Bed,
And let him ev'ry Deity adore,
If his new Bride prove not an arrant Whore,
In Head and Tail, and ev'ry other Pore.
On *Ceres* feaſt, reſtrain'd from their Delight,
Few Matrons there, but curſe the tedious Night:
Few whom their Fathers dare ſalute, ſuch Luſt
Their Kiſſes have, and come with ſuch a Guſt.
VVith Ivy now adorn thy Doors, and Wed;
Such is thy Bride, and ſuch thy genial Bed.
Thinkſt thou one Man is for one VVoman meant?
She, ſooner, with one Eye wou'd be content.

And

And yet, 'tis nois'd, a Maid did once appear
In ſome ſmall Village, tho' Fame ſays not where:
'Tis poſſible; but ſure no Man ſhe found;
'Twas deſart, all, about her Father's Ground:
And yet ſome luſtful God might there make bold;
Are *Jove* and *Mars* grown impotent and old?
Many a fair Nymph has in a Cave been ſpread,
And much good Love, without a Feather Bed.
Whither wou'dſt thou to chuſe a Wife reſort,
The Park, the Mall, the Play-houſe, or the Court?
Which way ſoever thy Adventures fall
Secure a like of Chaſtity in all.

One ſees a Dancing-Maſter cap'ring high,
And Raves, and Piſſes, with pure Extaſie:
Another does, with all his Motions, move,
And gapes, and grins, as in the Feat of Love:
A third is Charm'd with the new Opera Notes,
Admires the Song, but on the Singer dotes:
The Country Lady in the Box appears,
Softly ſhe warbles over all ſhe hears;
And ſucks in Paſſion, both at Eyes and Ears.

The

The reſt, (when now the long Vacation's come,
The noiſie Hall and Theatres grown dumb)
Their Mem'ries to refreſh, and chear their Hearts,
In borrow'd Breeches act the Players Parts.
The poor, that ſcarce have where withal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the Singing-Boy a Treat.
The Rich to Buy him, will refuſe no Price;
And ſtretch his Quail-pipe till they crack his Voice.
Tragedians, acting Love, for Luſt are ſought:
(Tho' but the Parrots of a Poet's Thought.)
The Pleading Lawyer, tho' for Counſel us'd,
In Chamber-Practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a Wife, and father Heirs;
(The product of concurring Theatres.)
Perhaps a Fencer did thy Brows adorn,
And a young Sword-man to thy Lands is born.
Thus *Hippia* loath'd her old Patrician Lord,
And left him for a Brother of the Sword:
To wondring [7] *Pharos* with her Love ſhe fled,
To ſhew one Monſter more than *Africk* bred:

Forgetting

Forgetting Houſe and Husband, left behind,
Ev'n Children too; ſhe ſails before the Wind;
False to 'em all, but conſtant to her Kind.
But, ſtranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She cou'd the Play-houſe and the Players leave.
Born of rich Parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on Down, and in a Damask Bed;
Yet daring now the Dangers of the Deep,
On a hard Mattreſs is content to ſleep.
E're this, 'tis true, ſhe did her Fame expoſe:
But that, great Ladies with great eaſe can loſe.
The tender Nymph cou'd the rude Ocean bear:
So much her Luſt was ſtronger than her Fear.
But had ſome honeſt Cauſe her Paſſage preſt,
The ſmalleſt Hardſhip had diſturb'd her Breaſt:
Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold:
But Womankind, in Ills, is ever bold.
Were ſhe to follow her own Lord to Sea,
What Doubts and Scruples wou'd ſhe raiſe to ſtay?
Her Stomach ſick, and her Head giddy grows;
The Tar and Pitch are nauſeous to her Noſe.

But in Love's Voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never Sea-ſick with a Friend.
Amidſt the Crew, ſhe walks upon the boord;
She eats, ſhe drinks, ſhe handles every Cord:
And, if ſhe ſpews, 'tis thinking of her Lord.
Now ask, for whom her Friends and Fame ſhe loſt?
What Youth, what Beauty cou'd th' Adult'rer boaſt?
What was the Face, for which ſhe cou'd ſuſtain
To be call'd Miſtreſs to ſo baſe a Man?
The Gallant, of his Days had known the beſt:
Deep Scars were ſeen indented on his Breaſt;
And all his batter'd Limbs requir'd their needful reſt
A Promontory Wen, with grieſly Grace,
Stood high, upon the Handle of his Face:
His blear Eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin:
His Beard was Stubble, and his Cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his Fencing did her Fancy move;
'Tis Arms and Blood and Cruelty they love.
But ſhou'd he quit his Trade, and ſheath his Sword,
Her Lover wou'd begin to be her Lord.

This

This was a private Crime; but you ſhall hear
What Fruits the Sacred Brows of Monarchs bear:
The good old Sluggard but began to ſnore,
When from his ſide up roſe th' Imperial Whore:
She who preferr'd the Pleaſures of the Night
To Pomps, that are but impotent Delight,
Strode from the Palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more maſculine Embrace:
Muffled ſhe march'd, like *Juno* in a Cloud,
Of all her Train but one poor Wench allow'd,
One whom in ſecret Service ſhe cou'd truſt;
The Rival and Companion of her Luſt.
To the known Brothel-houſe ſhe takes her way;
And for a naſty Room gives double pay;
That Room in which the rankeſt Harlot lay.
Prepar'd for Fight; expectingly ſhe lies,
With heaving Breaſts, and with deſiring Eyes:
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled ſtill ſucceeds to like diſgrace.
At length when friendly Darkneſs is expir'd,
And ev'ry Strumpet from her Cell retir'd.

She lags behind, and lingring at the Gate,
With a repining Sigh ſubmits to Fate:
All Filth without, and all a Fire within,
Tir'd with the Toil, unſated with the Sin.
Old *Cæſar*'s Bed the modeſt Matron ſeeks;
The ſteam of Lamps ſtill hanging on her Cheeks
In ropy Smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the Product of the Night.

Now ſhould I ſing what Poiſons they provide;
With all their Trumpery of Charms beſide:
And all their Arts of Death, it would be known
Luſt is the ſmalleſt Sin the Sex can own.
Cæſinia ſtill, they ſay, is guiltleſs found
Of ev'ry Vice, by her own Lord Renown'd:
And well ſhe may, ſhe brought ten thouſand Pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaſte;
His Tongue is ty'd in golden Fetters faſt:
He ſighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry Hour;
Who wou'd not do as much for ſuch a Dower?
She writes Love Letters to the Youth in Grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the Cuckold's Face;

And

And might do more: Her Portion makes it good:
Wealth [9] has the priviledge of Widowhood.
These Truths with his Example you disprove,
Who with his Wife is monstrously in Love:
But know him better; for I heard him swear,
'Tis not that she's his Wife, but that she's fair.
Let her but have three Wrinkles in her Face,
Let her Eyes lessen, and her Skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the saucy Steward say,
Pack up with all you Trinkets, and away;
You grow offensive both at Bed and Board,
Your Betters must he had to please my Lord.
Mean time she's absolute upon the Throne:
And knowing time is precious, loses none:
She must have Flocks of Sheep, with Wool more fine
Than Silk, and Vineyards of the Noblest Wine:
Whole Droves of Pages for her Train she craves:
And sweeps the Prisons for attending Slaves.
In short, whatever in her Eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When Winter shuts the Seas, and fleecy Snows
Make Houses white, she to the Merchant goes;

Rich Cryſtals of the Rock ſhe takes up there,
Huge *Agat* Vaſes, and old *China* Ware:
Then [10] *Berenice*'s Ring her Finger proves,
More precious made by her inceſtuous Loves:
And infamouſly dear: A Brother's Bribe,
Ev'n Gods Anointed, and of *Judah*'s Tribe:
Where barefoot they approch the ſacred Shrine,
And think it only Sin to feed on Swine.

But is none worthy to be made a Wife
In all this Town? Suppoſe her free from ſtrife,
Rich, Fair, and Fruitful, of Unblemiſh'd Life;
Chaſte as the *Sabines*, whoſe prevailing Charms
Diſmiſs'd their Husbands, and their Brothers Arms:
Grant her, beſides, of Noble Blood that ran
In ancient Veins, e're Heraldry began:
Suppoſe all theſe, and take a Poet's Word,
A Black Swan is not half ſo rare a Bird.
A Wife, ſo hung with Virtues, ſuch a Freight,
What mortal Shoulders cou'd ſupport the Weight!
Some Country-Girl, ſcarce to a Curt'ſey bred,
Wou'd I much rather than [11] *Cornelia* wed:

If

If Supercilious, Haughty, Proud, and Vain,
She brought her Father's Triumphs in her Train.
Away with all your *Carthaginian* State,
Let vanquiſh'd *Hannibal* without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow Gate.
O [12] *Pæan*, cries *Amphion*, bend thy Bow
Againſt my Wife, and let my Chlidren go:
But ſullen *Pæan* ſhoots at Sons and Mothers too.
His *Niobe* and all his Boys he loſt;
Ev'n her, who did her num'rous Offspring boaſt,
As fair and fruitful as the Sow that carry'd
The [13] thirty Pigs at one large Litter farrow'd.
What Beauty or what Chaſtity can bear
So great a Price, if ſtately and ſevere
She ſtill inſults, and you muſt ſtill adore;
Grant that the Honey's much, the Gall is more.
Upbraided with the Virtues ſhe diſplays,
Sev'n hours in twelve, you loath the Wife you praiſe:
Some Faults, tho' ſmall, intolerable grow;
For what ſo nauſeous and affected too,
As thoſe that think they due Perfection want,
Who have not learnt to Liſp the [14] *Grecian* Cant?

In *Greece*, their whole Accompliſhments they ſeek:
Their Faſhion, Breeding, Language, muſt be *Greek*:
But raw, in all that does to *Rome* belong,
They ſcorn to cultivate their Mother-Tongue.
In *Greek* they flatter, all their Fears they ſpeak,
Tell all their Secrets; nay, they ſcold in *Greek*:
Ev'n in the Feat of Love, they uſe that Tongue.
Such Affectations may become the Young;
But thou, Old Hag of Threeſcore Years and Three,
Is ſhewing of thy Parts in *Greek* for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ! All thoſe tender words
The momentary trembling Bliſs affords,
The kind ſoft Murmurs of the private Sheets,
Are Bawdy, while thou ſpeak'ſt in publick Streets.
Thoſe words have Fingers; and their force is ſuch,
They raiſe the Dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all Provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandiſhment the ſlacken'd Nerve can ſtrain.

If then thy Lawful Spouſe thou canſt not Love,
What reaſon ſhou'd thy Mind to Marriage move?
Why all the Charges of the Nuptial Feaſt,
Wine and Deſerts, and Sweet-meats to digeſt?

Th'

Th' endowing Gold that buys the dear Delight,
Giv'n for thy firſt and only happy Night?
If thou art thus uxoriouſly inclin'd,
To bear thy Bondage with a willing Mind,
Prepare thy Neck, and put it in the Yoke:
But for no Mercy from thy Woman look.
For tho', perhaps, ſhe loves with equal Fires,
To abſolute Dominion ſhe aſpires;
Joys in the Spoils, and triumphs o'er thy Purſe;
The better Husband makes the Wife the worſe.
Nothing is thine to give, or ſell, or buy,
All Offices of ancient Friendſhip die;
Nor haſt thou leave to make a Legacy.
By [15] thy imperious Wife thou art bereft
A Priviledge, to Pimps and Panders left;
Thy Teſtament's her Will; where ſhe prefers
Her Ruffians, Drudges, and Adulterers,
Adopting all thy Rivals for thy Heirs.
Go [16] drag that Slave to Death: [17] Your Reaſon, why
Shou'd the poor Innocent be doom'd to die?

What

What Proofs? For, when Man's Life is in debate,
The Judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'ſt [18] thou that Slave a Man? the Wife replies:
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the Crime, the Villain dies.
I have the Soveraign Pow'r to ſave or kill;
And give no other Reaſon but my Will.
Thus the She Tyrant Reigns, till pleas'd with change,
Her wild Affections to new Empires range:
Another Subject-Husband ſhe deſires;
Divorc'd from him, ſhe to the firſt retires,
While the laſt Wedding Feaſt is ſcarcely o'er,
And Garlands hang yet green upon the Door.
So ſtill the Reck'ning riſes; and appears
In total Sum, Eight Husbands in Five Years.
The Title for a Tomb-ſtone might be fit;
But that it wou'd too commonly be writ.
Her Mother living, hope no quiet Day;
She ſharpens her, inſtructs her how to Flea
Her Husband bare, and then divides the Prey.
She takes Love-Letters, with a crafty Smile,
And, in her Daughter's Anſwer, mends the Stile.

In

In vain the Husband ſets his watchful Spies;
She cheats their Cunning, or ſhe bribes their Eyes.
The Doctor's call'd; the Daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full Health is ſick.
The Panting Stallion, at the Cloſet-door,
Hears the Conſult, and wiſhes it were o'er.
Can'ſt thou, in Reaſon, hope, a Bawd ſo known,
Shou'd teach her other Manners than her own?
Her Int'reſt is in all th' Advice ſhe gives:
'Tis on the Daughter's Rents the Mother lives.
No Cauſe is try'd at the litigious Bar,
But Women Plaintiffs or Defendants are.
They form the Proceſs, all the Briefs they write;
The Topicks furniſh, and the Pleas indite;
And teach the toothleſs Lawyer how to bite.
They turn Virago's too; the Wreſtler's toil
They try, and ſmear their naked Limbs with Oil:
Againſt the Poſt their wicker Shields they cruſh,
Flouriſh the Sword, and at the Plaſtron puſh.
Of ev'ry Exerciſe the Manniſh Crew
Fulfils the Parts, and oft excels us too:

Prepar'd

Prepar'd not only in feign'd Fights t'engage,
But rout the Gladiators on the Stage.
What ſence of ſhame in ſuch a Breaſt can lie,
Inur'd to Arms, and her own Sex to fly?
Yet to be wholly Man ſhe wou'd diſclaim;
To quit her tenfold Pleaſure at the Game,
For frothy Praiſes, and an empty Name.
Oh what a decent ſight 'tis to behold
All thy Wife's Magazine by Auction ſold!
The Belt, the creſted Plume, the ſeveral Suits
Of Armour, and the *Spaniſh* Leather Boots!
Yet theſe are they, that cannot bear the Heat
Of figur'd Silks, and under Sarcenet ſweat.
Behold the ſtrutting *Amazonian* Whore,
She ſtands in Guard with her right Foot before:
Her Coats tuck'd up; and all her Motions juſt,
She ſtamps, and then cries, Hah! at ev'ry thruſt:
But laugh to ſee her tir'd with many a Bout,
Call for the Pot, and like a Man Piſs out.
The Ghoſts of ancient *Romans*, ſhoul'd they riſe,
Wou'd grin to ſee their Daughters play a Prize.

Beſides,

Beſides, what endleſs Brawls by Wives are bred:
The Curtain-Lecture makes a mournful Bed.
Then, when ſhe has thee ſure within the Sheets,
Her Cry begins, and the whole Day repeats.
Conſcious of Crimes her ſelf, ſhe teizes firſt;
Thy Servants are accus'd; thy Whore is curſt;
She acts the Jealous, and at Will ſhe cries:
For Womens Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes.
Poor Cuckold-Fool, thou think'ſt that Love ſincere,
And ſuck'ſt between her Lips the falling Tear:
But ſearch her Cabinet, and thou ſhalt find
Each Tiller there with Love-Epiſtles lin'd.
Suppoſe her taken in a cloſe Embrace,
This you wou'd think ſo manifeſt a caſe,
No Rhetorick cou'd defend, no Impudence outface:
And yet ev'n then ſhe cries the Marriage Vow;
A mental Reſervation muſt allow;
And there's a ſilent Bargain ſtill imply'd,
The Parties ſhou'd be pleas'd on either ſide:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Tho' Men your ſelves, and Women us you call,
Yet *Homo* is a common Name for all.

There's

There's nothing bolder than a Woman caught;
Guilt gives 'em Courage to maintain their Fault.
You ask from whence proceed these monstrous Crimes;
Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
Our Matrons were: No Luxury found room
In low-rooft Houses, and bare Walls of Lome;
Their Hands with Labour hardned while 'twas light,
And frugal Sleep supply'd the quiet Night,
While pinch'd with Want, their Hunger held 'em straight;
When [19] *Hannibal* was hov'ring at the Gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our ease,
We suffer all th' invet'rate Ills of Peace;
And wastful Riot, whose destructive Charms
Revenge the vanquish'd World, of our victorious Arms.
No Crime, no lustful Postures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our Guardian-God, is gone:
Pride, Laziness, and all luxurious Arts,
Pour like a Deluge in, from foreign Parts:

Since

Since Gold obſcene, and Silver found the way,
Strange Faſhions with ſtrange Bullion to convey,
And our plain ſimple Manners to betray.
What care our drunken Dames to whom they ſpread?
Wine, no diſtinction makes of Tail or Head.
Who lewdly dancing at a Midnight-Ball,
For hot Eringoes, and fat Oyſters call:
Full Brimmers to their fuddled Noſes thruſt;
Brimmers the laſt Provocatives of Luſt.
When Vapours to their ſwimming Brains advance,
And double Tapers on the Tables dance.
Now think what bawdy Dialogues they have,
What *Tullia* talks to her confiding Slave,
At Modeſty's old Statue; when by night,
They make a ſtand, and from their Litters light;
The good Man early to the Levee goes,
And treads the naſty Paddle of his Spouſe.
The Secrets of the [20] Goddeſs nam'd the Good,
Are ev'n by Boys and Barbers underſtood:
Where the rank Matrons, dancing to the Pipe,
Gig with their Bums, and are for Action ripe;

With

With Muſick rais'd, they ſpread abroad their Hair;
And toſs their Heads like an enamour'd Mare:
Laufella lays her Garland by, and proves
The Mimick Leachery of Manly loves,
Rank'd with the Lady the cheap Sinner lies;
For here not Blood, but Virtue gives the Prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal Strife;
'Tis downright Luſt, and acted to the Life.
So full, to fierce, ſo vig'rous, and ſo ſtrong,
That, looking on, wou'd make old [21] *Neſtor* young.
Impatient of delay, a gen'ral Sound,
An univerſal Groan of Luſt goes round;
For then, and only then, the Sex ſincere is found.
Now is the time of Action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the luſty Lovers in.
The Whoreſons are aſleep; then bring the Slaves,
And Watermen, a Race of ſtrong back'd Knaves.
I wiſh, at leaſt, our ſacred Rights were free,
From thoſe Pollutions of Obſcenity:
But 'tis well known [22] what Singer, how diſguis'd,
A lewd audacious Action enterpriz'd;

Into

Into the Fair with Women mixt, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed Inſtrument;
A grateful Preſent to thoſe holy Choirs,
Where the Mouſe guilty of his Sex retires;
And ev'n Male-Pictures modeſtly are vail'd;
Yet no Profaneneſs on that Age prevail'd;
No Scoffers at Religious Rites were found;
Tho' now, at ev'ry Altar they abound.

I hear your cautious Counſel, you wou'd ſay,
Keep cloſe your Women, under Lock and Key:
But, who ſhall keep thoſe Keepers? Women, nurſt
In Craft, begin with thoſe, and Bribe 'em firſt.
The Sex is turn'd all Whore; they love the Game;
And Miſtreſſes, and Maids, are both the ſame.

The poor *Ogulnia*, on the Poet's Day,
Will borrow Clothes, and Chair, to ſee the Play:
She, who before, had mortgag'd her Eſtate;
And pawn'd the laſt remaining piece of Plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmoſt ſhifts to try:
But Women have no ſhame of Poverty.
They live beyond their ſtint; as if their ſtore
The more exhauſted, wou'd encreaſe the more:

Some Men, inſtructed by the Lab'ring Ant,
Provide againſt the Extremities of Want;
But Womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the Dregs their ſinking Fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear;
And think no Pleaſure can be bought too dear.

There are who in ſoft Eunuchs place their Bliſs:
To ſhun the ſcrubbing of a bearded Kiſs:
And 'ſcape Abortion; but their ſolid Joy
Is [23] when the Page, already paſt a Boy,
Is Capon'd late; and to the Guelder ſhown,
With his two Pounders, to Perfection grown.
When all the Navel-ſtring cou'd give, appears;
All but the Beard; and that's the Barber's loſs, not theirs.

Seen from afar, and famous for his Ware,
He ſtruts into the Bath, among the Fair:
Th' admiting Crew to their Devotions fall:
And, kneeling, on their [24] New *Priapus* call.
Kerv'd for his Lady's uſe, with her he lies;
And let him drudge for her, if thou art wiſe,

Rather

Rather than truſt him with thy Fav'rite Boy;
He proffers Death, in proffering to enjoy.
If Songs they love, the Singer's Voice they force
Beyond his Compaſs, 'till his Quail-Pipe's hoarſe;
His Lute and Lyre, with their embrace is worn;
With Knots they trim it, and with Gems adorn:
Run over all the Strings, and Kiſs the Caſe;
And make Love to it, in the Maſter's place.
A certain Lady once, of high Degree,
To *Janus* Vow'd, and *Veſta*'s Deity,
That [25] *Pollio* might, in Singing, win the Prize;
Pollio the Dear, the Darling of her Eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what cou'd ſhe more have done
For a ſick Husband, or an only Son?
With her Face veil'd, and heaving up her Hands,
The ſhameleſs Suppliant at th' Altar ſtands;
The Forms of Pray'r ſhe ſolemnly purſues;
And, pale with Fear, the offer'd Intrails views.
Anſwer, ye Pow'rs: For, if you heard her Vow,
Your Godſhips, ſure, had little elſe to do.
This is not all; for [26] Actors, they implore:
An Impudence not known to Heav'n before

Th' 27 *Aruſpex*, tir'd with this Religious Rout,
Is forc'd to ſtand ſo long, he gets the Gout.
But ſuffer not thy Wife abroad to roam:
If ſhe loves Singing, let her ſing at home;
Not ſtrut in Streets, with *Amazonian* pace;
For that's to Cuckold thee before thy Face.
Their endleſs Itch of News comes next in play;
They vent their own; and hear what others ſay.
Know what in *Thrace*, or what in *France* is done;
Th' Intrigues betwixt the Stepdam, and the Son.
Tell who loves who, what Favours ſome partake:
And who is Jilted for another's ſake.
What pregnant Widow, in what Month was made;
How oft ſhe did, and doing, what ſhe ſaid.
She, firſt, beholds the raging Comet riſe:
Knows whom it threatens, and what Lands deſtroys.
Still for the neweſt News ſhe lies in wait;
And takes Reports, juſt ent'ring at the Gate.
Wrecks, Floods, and Fires; whatever ſhe can meet,
She ſpreads; and is the *Fame* of ev'ry Street.
This is a Grievance; but the next is worſe;
A very Judgment, and her Neighbours Curſe:

For

For, if their Barking Dog diſturb her eaſe,
No Pray'r can bend her, no Excuſe appeaſe.
Th' unmanner'd Malefactor is arraign'd;
But firſt the Maſter, who the Curr maintain'd,
Muſt feel the Scourge: By Night ſhe leaves her Bed,
By Night her Bathing Equipage is led.
That marching Armies a leſs noiſe create;
She moves in Tumult, and ſhe ſweats in State.
Mean while, her Gueſts their Appetites muſt keep;
Some gape for Hunger, and ſome gaſp for ſleep.
At length ſhe comes, all fluſh'd; but e're ſhe ſup,
Swallows a ſwinging Preparation-Cup;
And then to clear her Stomach, ſpews it up.
The Deluge-Vomit all the Foor o'erflows,
And the ſour Savour nauſeates ev'ry Noſe.
She drinks again; again ſhe ſpews a Lake;
Her wretched Husband ſees, and dares not ſpeak:
But mutters many a Curſe againſt his Wife;
And damns himſelf for chuſing ſuch a Life.
But of all Plagues, the greateſt is untold;
The Book-learn'd Wife in *Greek* and *Latin* bold.

The Critick-Dame, who at her Table ſits:
Homer and *Virgil* quotes, and weighs their Wits;
And pities *Dido*'s Agonizing Fits.
She has ſo far th' Aſcendant of the Board,
The prating Pedant puts not in one Word:
The Man of Law is Non-pluſt, in his Sute,
Nay, ev'ry other Female Tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating Anvils, you wou'd ſwear,
And [28] *Vulcan* with his whole Militia there.
Tabors [29] and Trumpets ceaſe; for ſhe alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
Ev'n Wit's a Burthen, when it talks too long:
But ſhe who has no Continence of Tongue,
Should walk in Breeches, and ſhou'd wear a Beard;
And mix among the Philoſophick Herd.
O what a midnight Curſe has he, whoſe ſide
Is peſter'd with a [30] Mood and Figure-Bride!
Let mine, ye Gods! (if ſuch muſt be my Fate)
No Logick learn, nor Hiſtory tranſlate;
But rather be a quiet, humble Fool:
I hate a Wife to whom I go to School.

Who

Who climbs the Grammar-Tree, distinctly knows
Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle grows;
Corrects her Country-Neighbour; and, a Bed,
For breaking 31 *Priscian's*, breaks her Husband's Head.

The gawdy Gossip, when she's set agog,
In Jewels drest, and at each Ear a Bob,
Goes flaunting out, and in her trim of Pride,
Thinks all she says or does, is justify'd.
When poor, she's scarce a tolerable Evil;
But rich, and fine, a Wife's a very Devil.

She duely, once a Month, renews her Face;
Mean time, it lies in Dawb, and hid in Grease;
Those are the Husband's Nights; she craves her due,
He takes fat Kisses, and is stuck in Glue.
But to the Lov'd Adult'rer when she steers,
Fresh from the Bath, in Brightness she appears:
For him the rich *Arabia* sweats her Gum;
And precious Oils from distant *Indies* come:
How Haggardly soe'er she looks at home.
Th' Eclipse then vanishes; and all her Face
Is open'd, and restor'd to ev'ry Grace,

The Cruſt remov'd, her Cheeks as ſmooth as Silk,
Are poliſh'd with a Waſh of Aſſes Milk;
And ſhou'd ſhe to the fartheſt *North* be ſent,
A Train [32] of theſe attend her Baniſhment.
But hadſt thou ſeen her plaiſter'd up before,
'Twas ſo unlike a Face, it ſeem'd a Sore.
'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they paſs their time away.
For, if o'er night the Husband has been ſlack,
Or counterfeited Sleep, and turn'd his Back,
Next day, be ſure, the Servants go to wrack.
The Chamber-Maid and Dreſſer, are call'd Whores;
The Page is ſtript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole Houſe ſuffers for the Maſter's Crime:
And he himſelf is warn'd, to wake another time.
She hires Tormentors by the Year; ſhe treats
Her Viſitors, and talks; but ſtill ſhe beats.
Beats while ſhe paints her Face, ſurveys her Gown.
Caſts up the Day's Account, and ſtill beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous Tone,
She bid's 'em, in the Devil's Name, be gone.

Compar'd

Compar'd with ſuch a proud, inſulting Dame,
Sicilian 33 Tyrants may renounce their Name.
For, if ſhe haſtes abroad, to take the Air,
Or goes to *Iſis* Church (the Bawdy Houſe of Pray'r)
She hurries all her Handmaids to the Task;
Her Head, alone, will twenty Dreſſers ask.
Pſecas, the Chief, with Breaſt and Shoulders bare,
Trembling, conſiders ev'ry ſacred Hair;
If any Stragler from his Rank be found,
A pinch muſt, for the Mortal Sin, compound.
Pſecas is not in fault: But in the Glaſs,
The Dame's offended at her own ill Face.
That Maid is baniſh'd; and another Girl
More dext'rous, manages the Comb and Curl;
The reſt are ſummon'd on a point ſo nice;
And firſt, the grave old Woman gives Advice.
The next is call'd, and ſo the turn goes round,
As each for Age, or Wiſdom, is Renown'd:
Such Counſel, ſuch delib'rate Care they take,
As if her Life and Honour lay at ſtake,
With Curls on Curls, they build her Head before,
And mount it with a formidable Tow'r.

A Gyanteſs ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the Pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, ſhort-waſted, ſuch a Dwarf ſhe is,
That ſhe muſt riſe on Tip-toes for a Kiſs.
Mean while, her Husband's whole Eſtate is ſpent!
He may go bare, while ſhe receives his Rent.
She minds him not; ſhe lives not as a Wife,
But like a Bawling Neighbour, full of Strife:
Near him, in this alone, that ſhe extends
Her Hate, to all his Servants and his Friends.
Bellona's Prieſts, an Eunuch at their Head,
About the Streets a mad Proceſſion lead;
The Venerable Guelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the Herd of his inferiour Fry.
His awkward Clergy-men about him prance;
And beat the Timbrels to their Myſtick Dance.
Guiltleſs of Teſticles, they Tear their Throats,
And ſqueak, in Treble, their unmanly Notes.
Mean while, his Cheeks, the Mitred Prophet ſwells,
And dire Preſages of the Year foretels.
Unleſs with Eggs (his Prieſtly Hire) they haſte
To expiate, and avert th' Autumnal Blaſt.

And [36] add beſide a murrey-colour'd Veſt,
Which, in their places, may receive the Peſt:
And, thrown into the Flood, their Crimes may bear,
To Purge th' unlucky Omens of the Year.
Th' aſtoniſht Matrons pay, before the reſt;
That Sex is ſtill obnoxious to the Prieſt.
Thro' ye they beat, and plunge into the Stream,
If ſo the God has warn'd 'em in a Dream.
Weak in their Limbs, but in Devotion ſtrong,
On their bare Hands and Feet they crawl along;
A whole Fields length, the laughter of the throng.
Shou'd *Io* (*Io*'s Prieſt I mean) command
A Pilgrimage to *Meroe*'s burning Sand,
Thro' Deſarts they wou'd ſeek the ſecret Spring;
And Holy Water for Luſtration bring.
How can they pay their Prieſts too much Reſpect,
Who trade with Heav'n, and Earthly Gains neglect?
With him, Domeſtick Gods diſcourſe by Night:
By Day, attended by his Choir in white,
The Bald-pate Tribe runs madding thro' the Street,
And ſmile to ſee with how much eaſe they Cheat.

The

The Ghoſtly Sire forgives the Wife's Delights,
Who ſins, thro' Frailty, on forbidden Nights;
And tempts her Husband in the Holy time,
When Carnal Pleaſure is a Mortal Crime.
The Sweating Image ſhakes his Head, but he
With mumbled Pray'rs attones the Deity.
The Pious Prieſthood the fat Gooſe receive,
And they once brib'd, the Godhead muſt forgive.

No ſooner theſe remove, but full of Fear,
A Gypſie Jeweſs whiſpers in your Ear,
And begs an Alms: An High-Prieſt's Daughter ſhe
Vers'd in their *Talmud*, and Divinity,
And Propheſies beneath a ſhady Tree.
Her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed,
She ſtrouls, and Telling Fortunes gains her Bread:
Farthings, and ſome ſmall Moneys, are her Fees;
Yet ſhe Interprets all your Dreams for theſe.
Foretels th' Eſtate, when the Rich Uncle dies,
And ſees a Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice.
Such Toys, a Pidgeon's Intrails can diſcloſe:
Which yet th' *Armenian Augur* far out-goes:

In

In Dogs, a Victim more obſcene, he rakes;
And murder'd Infants for Inſpection, takes:
For Gain, his Impious Practice he purſues;
For Gain will his Accomplices accuſe.
More Credit, yet, is to 37 *Chaldeans* giv'n;
What they foretel, is deem'd the Voice of Heav'n.
Their Anſwers, as from *Hammon*'s Altar, come;
Since now the *Delphian* Oracles are dumb.
And Mankind, ignorant of future Fate,
Believes what fond Aſtrologers relate.
Of theſe, the moſt in vogue is he, who ſent
Beyond Seas, is return'd from Baniſhment.
His Art who to 38 aſpiring *Otho* ſold;
And ſure Succeſſion to the Crown foretold.
For his Eſteem, is in his Exile plac'd;
The more Believ'd, the more he was Diſgrac'd.
No Aſtrologick Wizzard Honour gains,
Who has not oft been baniſh'd, or in Chains.
He gets Renown, who, to the Halter near,
But narrowly eſcapes, and buys it dear.
From him your Wife enquires the Planets Will,
When the Black *Jaundies* ſhall her Mother kill:

Her

Her Siſter's and her Uncle's End, wou'd know:
But, firſt, conſults his Art, when you ſhall go.
And what's the greateſt Gift that Heav'n can give,
If, after her, the Adult'rer ſhall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the reſt;
If 39 *Mars* and *Saturn* ſhall the World infeſt;
Or *Jove* and *Venus* with their Friendly Rays,
Will interpoſe, and bring us better days.
Beware the Woman too, and ſhun her ſight,
Who, in theſe Studies, does her ſelf delight.
By whom a greaſie Almanack is born,
With often handing, like chaft Amber, worn:
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the Twelve Houſes, and their Lords, is free.
She, if the Scheme a fatal Journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at home, but lets her Husband go.
If but a Mile ſhe travel out of Town,
The Planetary Hour muſt firſt be known,
And lucky moment; if her Eye but akes
Or itches, its Decumbiture ſhe takes.
No Nouriſhment receives in her Diſeaſe,
But what the Stars, and 40 *Ptolomy* ſhall pleaſe.

The middle ſort, who have not much to ſpare,
To Chiromancers cheaper Art repair,
Who clap the pretty Palm, to make the Lines more fair.

But the Rich Matron, who has more to give,
Her Anſwers from the 41 *Brachman* will receive:
Skill'd in the Globe and Sphere, he gravely ſtands,
And, with his Compaſs, meaſures Seas and Lands.

The pooreſt of the Sex, have ſtill an Itch
To know their Fortunes, equal to the Rich.
The Dairy-Maid enquires, if ſhe ſhall take
The truſty Taylor, and the Cook forſake.

Yet theſe, tho' Poor, the Pain of Child-bed bear;
And, without Nurſes, their own Infants rear:
You ſeldom hear of the rich Mantle, ſpread
For the Babe, born in the great Lady's Bed.
Such is the Pow'r of Herbs; ſuch Arts they uſe
To make them barren, or their Fruit to loſe.
But thou, whatever Slops ſhe will have bought,
Be thankful, and ſupply the deadly Draught:
Help her to make Manſlaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for Savin at her need.

Foe

For, if ſhe holds till her Nine Months be run,
Thou may'ſt be Father to [42] an *Æthiop*'s Son:
A Boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
By Law is to inherit all thy Lands:
One of that hue, that ſhou'd he croſs the way,
His [43] Omen wou'd diſcolour all the day.
I paſs the Foundling by, a Race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom Matrons make their own;
And into Noble Familes advance
A Nameleſs Iſſue, the blind work of Chance.
Indulgent Fortune does her Care employ,
And, ſmiling, broods upon the Naked Boy:
Her Garment ſpreads, and laps him in the Fold,
And covers, with her Wings, from nightly Cold:
Gives him her Bleſſing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the Farce, and laughs at her own Play.
Him ſhe promotes; ſhe favours him alone,
And makes Proviſion for him, as her own.
The craving Wife, the force of Magick tries,
And Philters for th' unable Husband buys:
The Potion works not on the part deſign'd;
But turns his Brains, and ſtupifies his Mind.

The

The ſotted Moon-Calf gapes, and ſtaring on,
Sees his own Bus'neſs by another done:
A long Oblivion, a benumming Froſt,
Conſtrains his Head; and Yeſterday is loſt:
Some nimbler Juice wou'd make him foam and rave,
Like that 44 *Cæſonia* to her *Caius* gave:
Who, plucking from the Forehead of the Fole
His Mother's Love, infus'd it in the Bowl:
The boiling Blood ran hiſſing in his Veins,
Till the mad Vapour mounted to his Brains.
The 45 Thund'rer was not half ſo much on Fire,
Whe *Juno*'s Girdle kindled his Deſire.
What Woman will not uſe the Pois'ning Trade,
When *Cæſar*'s Wife the Precedent has made?
Let 46 *Agrippina*'s Muſhrom be forgot,
Giv'n to a ſlav'ring, old, uuuſeful Sot;
That only clos'd the driv'ling Dotard's Eyes,
And ſent his Godhead downward to the Skies.
But this fierce Potion calls for Fire and Sword;
Nor ſpares the Commons, when it ſtrikes the Lord:
So many Miſchiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one ſingle Pois'ner coſt Mankind,

If Stepdames ſeek their Sons in-Law to kill,
'Tis venial Treſpaſs; let them have their Will:
But let the Child, entruſted to the Care
Of his own Mother, of her Bread beware:
Beware the Food ſhe reaches with her Hand;
The Morſel is intended for thy Land.
Thy Tutor be thy Taſter, e're thou eat;
There's Poiſon in thy Drink, and in thy Meat.
You think this feign'd; the Satyr in a Rage
Struts in the Buskins of the Tragick Stage.
Forgets his Bus'neſs is to Laugh and Bite;
And will of Deaths and dire Revenges write.
Wou'd it were all a Fable, that you read;
But 47 *Drymon's* Wife pleads guilty to the Deed.
I (ſhe confeſſes) in the Fact was caught,
Two Sons diſpatching at one deadly Draught.
What, Two! Two Sons, thou Viper, in one Day!
Yes, Sev'n, ſhe cries, if Sev'n were in my way.
Medea's 48 Legend is no more a Lye;
Our Age adds Credit to Antiquity.
Great Ills, we grant, in former Times did Reign;
And Murthers then were done; but not for Gain.

Leſs

Leſs Admiration to great Crimes is due,
Which they thro' Wrath, or thro' Revenge purſue.
For, weak of Reaſon, impotent of Will,
The Sex is hurry'd headlong into Ill:
And, like a Cliff from its Foundation torn,
By raging Earthquakes, into Seas is born.
But thoſe are Fiends, who Crimes from Thought begin;
And, cool in Miſchief, meditate the Sin.
They read th' Example of a Pious Wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her Husband's Life;
Yet, if the Laws did that Exchange afford,
Wou'd ſave their Lap-Dog ſooner than their Lord.
Where-e'er you walk, the [49] *Belides* you meet;
And [50] *Clytemneſtra's* grow in every Street:
But here's the difference; *Agamemnon*'s Wife
Was a groſs Butcher, with a bloody Knife:
But Murther, now, is to perfection grown:
And ſubtle Poiſons are employ'd alone:
Unleſs ſome Antidote prevents their Arts,
And lines with Balſom all the Noble Parts:

In ſuch a caſe, reſerv'd for ſuch a need,
Rather than fail, the Dagger does the Deed.

Explanatory Notes on the Sixth Satyr.

1 IN the Golden Age; when *Saturn* Reign'd.

2 *Fat with Acorns.* Acorns were the Bread of Mankind, before Corn was found.

3 *Under Jove.* When *Jove* had driven his Father into Baniſhment, the Silver Age began, according to the Poets.

4 *Uneaſie Juſtice*, &c. The Poet makes Juſtice and Chaſtity Siſters; and ſays, that they fled to Heaven together, and left Earth for ever.

5 *Ceres Feaſt.* When the *Roman* Women were forbidden to bed with their Husbands.

6 *Jove* and *Mars.* Of whom more fornicating Stories are told, than any of the other Gods.

7 *Wondring Pharos.* She fled to *Egypt*; which wonder'd at the Enormity of her Crime.

8 He tells the Famous Story of *Meſſalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius.*

9 *Wealth has the Priviledge*, &c. His meaning is, that a Wife who brings a large Dowry may do what ſhe pleaſes, and has all the Priviledges of a Widow.

10 *Berenice's Ring.* A Ring of great Price, which *Herod Agrippa* gave to his Siſter *Berenice.* He was the King of the *Jews*, but Tributary to the *Romans.*

11 *Cornelia.* Mother to the *Gracchi*, of the Family of the *Cornelii*; from whence *Scipio* the *African* was deſcended, who Triumph'd over *Hannibal.*

12 *O Pæan*, &c. He alludes to the known Fable of *Niobe* in *Ovid. Amphion* was her Husband: *Pæan* is *Appollo*, who with his Arrows kill'd her Children, becauſe ſhe boaſted that ſhe was more fruitful than *Latona*, *Appollo*'s Mother.

13 *The thirty Pigs*, &c. He alludes to the white Sow in *Virgil*, who farrow'd thirty Pigs.

14 *The Grecian Cant.* Women then learnt Greek, as ours ſpeak *French.*

15 All the *Romans*, even the moſt inferiour, and moſt infamous ſort of them, had the Power of making Wills.

16 *Go drag that Slave*, &c. Theſe are the Words of the Wife.

17 *Your Reaſon why*, &c. The Anſwer of the Husband.

18 *Call'ſt thou that Slave a Man?* The Wife again.

19 *Hannibal.* A famous *Carthaginian* Captain, who was upon the point of Conquering the *Romans.*

20 *The good Goddeſs.* At whoſe Feaſts no Men were to be preſent.

21 *Neſtor.* Who lived three hundred Years.

22 *What*

22 *What Singer*, &c. He alludes to the Story of *P. Clodius*, who, diſguis'd in the Habit of a Singing Woman, went into the Houſe of *Cæſar*, where the Feaſt of the good Goddeſs was celebrated, to find an opportunity with *Cæſar*'s Wife *Pompeia*.

23 He taxes Women with their loving Eunuchs, who can get no Children; but adds, that they only love ſuch Eunuchs as are guelded when they are already at the Age of Manhood.

24 *Priapus*. The God of Luſt.

25 *Pollio*. A famous Singing Boy.

26 That ſuch an Actor whom they love might obtain the Prize.

27 *Th' Aruſpex*. He who inſpects the Intrails of the Sacrifice, and from thence foretells the Succeſſor.

28 *Vulcan*. The God of Smiths.

29 *Tabors and Trumpets*, &c. The Ancients thought that with ſuch Sounds, they cou'd bring the Moon out of her Eclipſe.

30 *A Mood and Figure-Bride*, A Woman who has learn'd Logick.

31 A Woman Grammarian, who corrects her Husband for ſpeaking falſe Latin, which is call'd breaking *Priſcian*'s Head.

32 *A Train of theſe*. That is, of She-Aſſes.

33 *Sicilian Tyrants*. Are grown to a Proverb in Latin for their Cruelty.

34 This dreſſing up the Head ſo high, which we call a Tow'r, was an ancient way amongſt the *Romans*.

35 *Bellona*'s Prieſts were a ſort of Fortune-tellers, and the High-Prieſt an Eunuch.

36 *And add beſide*, &c. A Garment was given to the Prieſt, which he threw into the River; and that, they thought, bore all the Sins of the People, which were drown'd with it.

37 *Chaldæans* are thought to have been the firſt Aſtrologers.

38 *Otho* ſucceeded *Galba* in the Empire; which was foretold him by an Aſtrologer.

39 *Mars* and *Saturn* are the two Unfortunate Planets; *Jupiter* and *Venus*, the two Fortunate.

40 *Ptolomy*. A Famous Aſtrologer, an *Egyptian*.

41 The *Brachmans* are *Indian* Philoſophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after *Pythagoras*, the Tranſlation of Souls from one Body to another.

42 *To an Æthiop's Son*. His meaning is, help her to any kind of Slops, which may cauſe her to miſcarry; for fear ſhe may be brought to Bed of a Blackmoar, which thou being her Husband, art bound to Father; and that Baſtard may by Law Inherit thy Eſtate.

43 *His Omen*, &c. The *Romans* thought it ominous to ſee a Blackmoor in the Morning, if he were the firſt Man they met.

44 *Cæſonia*, Wife to *Caius Caligula*, the great Tyrant: 'Tis ſaid ſhe gave him a Love-Potion, which flying up into his Head, diſtracte him; and was the occaſion of his committing ſo many Acts of Cruelty.

45 *The Thunderer*, &c. The Story is in *Homer*; where *Juno* bor row'd the Girdle of *Venus*, call'd *Ceſtos*; to make *Jupiter* in love wit

her, while the *Grecians* and *Trojans* were fighting, that he might not help the latter.

46 *Agrippina* was the Mother of the Tyrant *Nero*, who poyſon'd her Husband *Claudius*, that *Nero* might Succeed, who was her Son, and not *Britannicus*, who was the Son of *Claudius*, by a former Wife.

47 The Widow of *Drymon* poyſon'd her Sons, that ſhe might Succeed to their Eſtate: This was done either in the Poet's time, or juſt before it.

48 *Medea*, out of Revenge to *Jaſon* who had forſaken her, kill'd the Children which ſhe had by him.

49 *The Belides*. Who were fifty Siſters, marry'd to fifty young Men, their Couſin-Germans; and kill'd them all on their Wedding-Night, excepting *Hypermneſtra*, who ſav'd her Husband *Linus*.

Clytemneſtra. The Wife of *Agamemnon*, who, in favour to her Adulterer *Eſtgyhus*, was conſenting to his Murther.

THE

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M. Vander Gucht Sculp.

THE SEVENTH SATYR.

By Mr. CHARLES DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Hope and Encouragement of all the Learn'd, is only repos'd in Cæsar; *whether in* Domitian, Nerva, *or* Trajan, *is left doubtful by the Poet. The Nobility, which in Reason ought to Patronize Poetry, and Reward it, are now grown sordidly Covetous, and think it enough for them barely to praise Writers, or to write ill Verses themselves. This gives occasion to our Author, to lament likewise the hard Fortune and Necessities of other Arts, and their Professors; particularly Historians, Lawyers, Rhetoricians, and Grammarians.*

ON *Cæsar* all our Studies must depend:
For *Cæsar* is alone the Muses Friend:
When now the celebrated Wits, for need
Hire Bagnio's, to the Cryer's Trade succeed,
Or get their own by Baking other's Bread;

Or by the Porter's Lodge, with Beggars, wait
For greaſie Fragments at the Great Man's Gate.
'Tis better, ſo; if thy Poetick Fob
Refuſe to pay an Ordinary's Club;
And much more Honeſt, to be hir'd, and ſtand
With Auctionary Hammer in thy Hand,
Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
For the ſold Houſhold Stuff, or Picture's Price;
Expoſing Play-Books, full of Fuſtian Lines,
Or the dull Libraries of dead Divines.
Ev'n this is better, tho' 'tis hardly got,
Than be a perjur'd Witneſs of a Plot,
To ſwear he ſaw three Inches thro' a Door,
As *Aſiatick* Evidences ſwore;
Who hither coming, out at Heels and Knees,
For this had Penſions, Titles, and Degrees.
Henceforward let no Poet fear to ſtarve,
Cæſar will give, if we can but deſerve.
Tune all your Lyres, the Monarch's Praiſe invites
The lab'ring Muſe, and vaſt Reward excites.
But if from other hands than his, you think
To find ſupply, 'tis loſs of Pen and Ink:

Let

Let Flames on your unlucky Papers prey,
Or Moths thro' written Pages eat their way;
Your Wars, your Loves, your Praiſes be forgot,
And make of all an univerſal Blot.
The Muſes Ground is barren Deſart all,
If no Support from *Cæſar*'s Bounty fall;
The reſt is empty Praiſe, an Ivy Crown,
Or the lean Statue of a ſtarv'd Renown.

For now the cunning Patron never pays,
But thinks he gives enough, in giving Praiſe;
Extols the Poem, and the Poets Vein,
As Boys admire the Peacock's gaudy Train:
Mean while thy Manhood, fit for Toils and Wars,
Patient of Seas, and Storms, and Houſhold Cares,
Ebbs out apace, and all thy Strength impairs.
Old Age, with ſilent pace, comes creeping on,
Nauſeates the Praiſe, which in her Youth ſhe won,
And hates the Muſe by which ſhe was undone.

The Tricks of thy baſe Patron now behold,
To ſpare his Purſe, and ſave his Darling Gold;
In his own Coin the ſtarving Wit he Treats;
Himſelf makes Verſes, which himſelf repeats;

And yields to *Homer* on no other ſcore,
Than that he liv'd a thouſand Years before.
But if to Fame alone thou doſt pretend,
The Miſer will his empty Palace lend;
Set wide his Doors, adorn'd with plated Braſs,
Where droves, as at a City-gate may paſs;
A ſpacious Hall afford thee to rehearſe,
And ſend his Clients to applaud thy Verſe;
But not one Farthing to defray the Coſts
Of Carpenters, the [2] *Pulpit*, and the Poſts.
Houſe-room that coſts him nothing, he beſtows,
Yet ſtill we ſcribble on, tho' ſtill we loſe;
We drudge, and cultivate with care, a Ground
Where no return of Gain was ever found:
The Charms of Poetry our Souls bewitch;
The Curſe of Writing is an endleſs Itch.
But he whoſe Noble Genius is allow'd:
Who with ſtretch'd Pinions ſoars above the Crowd,
Who mighty Thought can cloath with Manly Dreſs,
He, whom I fancy, but can ne'er expreſs:
Such, ſuch a Wit, tho' rarely to be found,
Muſt be ſecure from Want, if not abound.

Nice

Nice is his Make, impatient of the War,
Avoiding Bus'neſs, and abhorring Care;
He muſt have Groves, and lonely Fountains chuſe,
And eaſie Solitudes to bait his Muſe;
Unvex'd with thought of Wants, which may betide,
Or for to Morrow's Dinner to provide.
Horace [3] ne'er wrote but with a Roſie Cheek,
His Belly pamper'd, and his Sides were ſleek.
A Wit ſhould have no Care, or this alone,
To make his riſing Numbers juſtly run.
Phœbus and *Bacchus*, thoſe two Jolly Gods,
Bear no ſtarv'd Poets to their bleſt Abodes.
'Tis not for Hungry Wit, with Wants controll'd,
The Face of *Jove* in Council to behold:
Or fierce [4] *Alecto*, when her Brand ſhe toſs'd,
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Rutilian* Hoſt:
If *Virgil*'s Suit [5] *Mecænas* had not ſped,
And ſent [6] *Alexis* to the Poet's Bed;
The creſted Snakes had dropt upon the Ground,
And the loud Trumpet languiſh'd in the Sound.
Yet we expect that [7] *Lappa*'s Muſe ſhou'd pleaſe,
As much as did immortal [8] *Sophocles*;

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Wher

When he his Diſhes and his Clothes has ſent
To Pawn, for payment of a Quarter's Rent;
His Patron [9] *Numitor* will nothing lend,
Pleads want of Money to his wretched Friend,
Yet can large Preſents to his Harlot ſend;
Can purchaſe a tame Lion, and can treat
The Kingly Slave with ſev'ral ſorts of Meat;
It ſeems he thinks th' Expence is more, to Feaſt
The famiſh'd Poet, than the hungry Beaſt.

Lucan [10], content with Praiſe, may lie at eaſe
In coſtly Grotts, and marble Palaces:
But to poor [11] *Baſſus* what avails a Name;
To ſtarve on Compliments, and empty Fame?

All *Rome* is pleas'd, when [12] *Statius* will rehearſe,
And longing Crowds expect the promis'd Verſe:
His lofty Numbers with ſo great a guſt
They hear, and ſwallow with ſuch eager Luſt:
But, while the common Suffrage crown'd his Cauſe,
And broke the Benches with their loud Applauſe;
His Muſe had ſtarv'd, had not a Piece unread,
And by a [13] Player bought, ſupply'd her Bread.

He

He cou'd diſpoſe of Honours, and Commands,
The Pow'r of *Rome* was in an Actor's Hands,
The peaceful Gown, and Military Sword:-
The bounteous Play'r out-gave the pinching Lord.
And wouldſt thou, Poet, riſe before the Sun,
And to his Honour's lazy *Levee* run?
Stick to the Stage, and leave thy ſordid Peer;
And yet, Heav'n knows, 'tis earn'd with hardſhip there.
The former Age did one *Mecænas* ſee,
One giving Lord of happy Memory.
Then, then, 'twas worth a Writer's pains, to pine
Look pale, and all 14 *December* taſte no Wine.
Such is the Poets Lot: What luckier Fate
Does on the Works of grave Hiſtorians wait?
More time they ſpend, in greater Toils engage;
Their Volumes ſwell beyond the thouſandth Page:
For thus the Laws of Hiſtory Command;
And much good Paper ſuffers in their hand.
What Harveſt riſes from this labour'd Ground?
Where they get Pence, a 15 Clerk can get a Pound.
A lazy Tribe, juſt of the Poet's pitch,
Who think themſelves above the growing rich.

Next ſhew me the well-lung'd [16] *Civilian*'s Gain,
Who bears in Triumph an Artill'ry Train
Of Chancery Libels; opens firſt the Cauſe,
Then with a Pick-lock Tongue perverts the Laws:
Talks loud enough in Conſcience for his Fee,
Takes care his Client all his Zeal may ſee;
Twitc'd by the Sleeve, he mouths it more and more,
Till with white Froth his Gown is ſlaver'd o'er.
Ask what he gains by all this lying Prate,
A Captain's Plunder trebles his Eſtate.
The Magiſtrate aſſumes his awful Seat;
Stand forth [17] pale *Ajax*, and thy Speech repeat:
Aſſert thy Client's Freedom; bawl, and tear
So loud, thy Country-Judge at leaſt may hear,
If not diſcern; and when thy Lungs are ſore,
Hang up the [18] Victor's Garland at thy Door:
Ask for what Price thy Venial Tongue was ſold:
A ruſty Gammon of ſome ſev'n Years old:
Tough, wither'd [19] *Treuffles*; ropy Wine, a Diſh
Of ſhotten Herring, or ſtale ſtinking Fiſh.
For four times talking, if one piece thou take,
That muſt be cantled, and the Judge go ſnack.

'Tis

'Tis true, [20] *Emilius* takes a five-fold Fee,
Tho' ſome plead better, with more Law than he:
But then he keeps his Coach, Six *Flanders* Mares
Draw him in State, whenever he appears:
He ſhews his Statue too, where plac'd on high,
The Ginnet, underneath him ſeems to fly;
While with a lifted Spear, in Armour bright,
His aiming Figure meditates a Fight.
With Arts like theſe, rich *Matho* when he ſpeaks,
Attracts all Fees, and little Lawyers breaks.
Tongillus, very poor, has yet an Itch
Of gaining Wealth, by feigning to be rich;
Bathes often, and in State, and proudly vain,
Sweeps thro' the Streets with a long dirty Train:
From thence, with Lackeys running by his ſide,
High on the backs of brawny Slaves will ride,
In a long Litter, thro' the Market-place;
And with a Nod the diſtant Rabble grace:
Clad in a Gown, that glows with *Tyrian* dye,
Surveys rich Movables with curious Eye,
Beats down the Price, and threatens ſtill to buy.

Nor

Nor can I wonder at ſuch Tricks as theſe,
The Purple Garments raiſe the Lawyer's Fees:
And ſell him dearer to the Tool that buys;
High Pomp and State are uſeful Properties,
The Luxury of *Rome* will know no end;
For ſtill the leſs we have, the more we ſpend.
Truſt Eloquence to ſhew our Parts and Breeding!
Not [21] *Tully* now cou'd get Ten Groats by Pleading;
Unleſs the Diamond glitter'd on his Hand;
Wealth's all the Rhet'rick Clients underſtand:
Without large Equipage, and loud Expence,
The Prince of Orators would ſcarce ſpeak Senſe.
Paulus [22], who with Magnificence did Plead,
Grew Rich, while Tatter'd *Gallus* begg'd his Bread.
Who to poor *Baſilus* his Cauſe would truſt,
Tho' ne'er ſo full of Pity, ne'er ſo juſt?
His Clients, unregarded, claim their due;
For Eloquence in Rags was never true.
Go, Wretch, thy Pleadings into [23] *Africk* ſend;
Or *France*, where Merit never needs a Friend.

But

But oh, what ſtock of Patience wants the Fool,
Who waſtes his Time and Breath in teaching School!
To hear the Speeches of Declaiming Boys,
Depoſing Tyrants with eternal Noiſe!
Sitting or ſtanding, ſtill confin'd to roar
In the ſame Verſe, the ſame Rules o'er and o'er:
What kind the Speech, what Colours, how to purge
Objections, ſtate the Caſe, and Reaſons urge.
All would learn theſe; but at the Quarter-day,
Few Parents will the Pedant's Labour pay.
Pay, Sir! for what? The Scholar knows no more.
At Six Months end, than what he knew before:
Taught, or untaught, the Dunce is ſtill the ſame,
Yet ſtill the wretched Maſter bears the blame.
Once ev'ry Week poor *Hannibal* as maul'd;
The Theme is giv'n, and ſtreight the Council's ca ll'd
Whether he ſhould to *Rome* directly go,
To reap the Fruit of the dire 24 Overthrow;
Or into Quarters put his harraſs'd Men
Till Spring returns, and take the Field agen.

The murder'd Maſter cries, Would Parents hear
But half that Stuff which I am bound to bear,
For that Revenge I'll quit the whole Arrear.

The ſame Complaints moſt other Pedants make;
Plead real Cauſes, and the feign'd for ſake:
Medea's [25] Poiſon, *Jaſon*'s Perjury,
And [26] *Philomela*'s Rape, are all laid by;
The accuſing [27] *Stepdame*, and the Son accus'd:
But if my Friendly Counſel might be us'd,
Let not the Learn'd this courſe or t'other try,
But, leaving both, profeſs plain Poverty;
And ſhew his [28] Tally for the Dole of Bread,
With which the Pariſh-Poor are daily fed:
Ev'n that exceeds the price of all thy Pains.

Now look into the Muſick-Maſter's Gains,
Where Noble Youth at vaſt Expence is Taught;
But Eloquence not valu'd at a Groat.
On ſumptuous Baths the Rich their Wealth beſtow,
Or ſome expenſive airy Portico;
Where ſafe from Showres they may be born in ſtate,
And free from Tempeſts, for fair Weather wait:

Or

Or rather, not expect the clearing Sun,
Thro' thick and thin their Equipage muſt run:
Or ſtaying, 'tis not for their Servants ſake,
But that their Mules no prejudice may take.
At the Walks end, behold, how rais'd on high,
A Banquet-Houſe ſalutes the Southern Sky;
Where from afar the Winter-Sun diſplays
The milder Influence of his weaken'd Rays.
The Cook, and Sewer each his Talent tries;
In various Figures Scenes of Diſhes riſe:
Beſides, a Maſter-Cook, with greaſie Fiſt,
Dives in luxurious Sauces to the Wriſt.
Amidſt this waſtful Riot, there accrues
But poor Ten Shillings for [29] *Quintilian*'s Dues:
For, to breed up the Son to common Sence
Is evermore the Parents leaſt Expence,
From whence then comes *Quintilian*'s vaſt Eſtate?
Becauſe he was the Darling Son of Fate;
And Luck, in ſcorn of Merit, made him Great.
Urge not th' Example of one ſingle Man,
As rare as a white Crow, or ſable Swan,

Quintilian's Fate was to be counted Wiſe,
Rich, Noble, Fair, and in the State to riſe:
Good Fortune grac'd his Action, and his Tongue:
His Colds became him, and when hoarſe he ſung.
O, there's ſtrange difference, what Planets ſhed
Their Influence on th' new-born Infant's Head!
'Tis Fate that caſts the Dice; and as ſhe flings,
Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings,
What made [30] *Ventidius* riſe, and [31] *Tullus* Great,
But their kind Stars, and hidden Pow'r of Fate?

Few Pedagugues but curſe the barren Chair:
Like [32] *Him* who hang'd himſelf for meer Deſpair
And Poverty; [33] *or Him*, whom *Caius* ſent
For liberty of Speech to Baniſhment.
Ev'n *Socrates* in Rags at *Athens* Taught,
And wonted to [34] defray the deadly Draught.
In Peace, ye Shades of our Great Grandfires reſt:
No heavy Earth your ſacred Bones moleſt:
Eternal Spring, and riſing Flow'rs adorn
The Relicks of each Venerable Urn,
Who pious Rev'rence to their Tutors paid,
As Parents Honour'd, and as Gods Obey'd.

Achilles

Achilles [35], grown in ſtature, fear'd the Rod,
And ſtood Corrected at the *Centaur*'s Nod;
His tender Years in Learning did employ,
And Promis'd all the Hero in the Boy.
The Scene's much alter'd in the Modern School,
The Boys of *Rufus* call their Maſter Fool;
A juſt [36] Revenge on him, who durſt defame
The Merit of immortal *Tully*'s Name.
But ask, what Fruit [37] *Palemon*'s Pains have earn'd,
Or who has paid the price of what he Learn'd;
Tho' Grammar-Profits leſs than Rhetorick are,
Yet ev'n in thoſe his Uſher claims a ſhare;
Beſides, the Servants Wages muſt be paid:
Thus of a little, ſtill a leſs is made:
As Merchants Gains come ſhort of half the Mart,
For he who drives their Bargains, dribs a part.
The Covetous Father now includes the Night,
And Cov'nants, thou ſhalt teach by Candle light;
When puffing Smiths, and ev'ry painful Trade
Of Handycrafts in peaceful Beds are laid:
Then thou art bound to ſmell on either hand
As many ſtinking Lamps, as School Boys ſtand;

Where *Horace* could not read in his own ſully'd Book:
And [38] *Virgil*'s ſacred Page is all beſmear'd with Smoke.

But when thou dun'ſt their Parents, ſeldom they
Without a Suit before the [39] *Tribune*, pay,
And yet hard Laws upon the Maſter lay.
Be ſure he knows exactly Grammar-Rules,
And all the beſt Hiſtorians read in Schools;
All Authors, ev'ry Poet to an hair;
That, ask'd the Queſtion, he may ſcarce deſpair,
To tell who Nurſt [40] *Anchiſes*; or to Name
Anchemolus's [41] *Stepmother*, and when ſhe came:
How long [42] *Aceſtes* liv'd, what ſtores of Wine
He gave to the departing *Trojan* Line.
Bid him beſides, his daily Pains employ,
To form the tender Manners of the Boy;
And work him, like a Waxen Babe, with Art
To perfect Symmetry in ev'ry part:
To be his better Parent, to beware
No young Obſcenities his Strength impair,
No mutual Filth; to mark his Hands and Eyes,
Diſtorted with unnatural Extaſies:

This

This be thy Task; and yet for all thy Pains,
At the Year's end expect no greater Gains,
Than what 43 a Fencer, at a Prize, obtains.

Explanatory Notes on the Seventh Satyr.

1 A Statue Erected in Honour of a Poet.

2 *(Pulpit)* In which the Poets Rehears'd.

3 *(Horace.)* A Famous Poet, who was in great Favour with the Emperour *Auguſtus Cæſar*, by the means of his Patron *Mecænas*.

4 One of the three Furies.

5 *(Mecænas.)* A Favourite to *Auguſtus*, and a great Patron of Poets.

6 *Mecenas* his Boy; with whom *Virgil* was in Love.

7 *Rubrænus Lappa.* A poor Tragick Poet.

8 *(Sophocles.)* An excellent Poet of *Athens*, who wrote Greek Tragedies.

9 *(Numitor.)* A Rich Nobleman of *Rome*.

10 *(Lucan.)* A great Poet, who was put to Death by *Nero*, partly out of Envy to his Poetry, partly, for being in a Plot with his Uncle *Seneca* and *Piſo*.

11 *Salejus Baſſus.* A poor Poet.

12 *Statius.* Surnam'd *Papineus*, a Famous Poet in the time of *Cæſar Domitian*.

13 *Paris*, a Famous Actor; and Favourite to *Domitian*; the Patron of *Statius*.

14 The *Romans* celebrated their great Holidays, call'd *Saturnalia*, in *December*; when every one Drank freely; and the Slaves were in a manner, Maſters.

15 Or rather a publick Notary.

16 In thoſe times the Lawyers got little.

17 Alluding to that of *Ovid*; *conſedere Duces*, &c.

18 When an Orator had won a Cauſe; a Garland was hung up, before his Door.

19 *Treuffles*, in *Engliſh* call'd Ground-Cheſtnuts, or Pignuts: But perhaps the Author means Onyons, or Scallions.

20 *Emilius.* A Rich Lawyer.

21 *Marcus Tullius Cicero.* The greateſt Orator that ever *Rome* bred.

22 *Paulus.* Was a Rich Lawyer, *Baſilus* and *Gallus* were very poor.

23 *France* and *Affrica* were then, Famous for great Lawyers, and fat Fees.

24 The Victory obtain'd by *Hannibal* at *Cannæ*; after which, if he had immedately attempted *Rome*, in all probability, he had carried it.

25 *(Medea.)* A notable Sorceresſs, Daughter of *Æetes* King of *Colchos*, and Wife to *Jaſon*, who left her afterwards, and married another.

26 *(Philomela.)* Daughter of *Pandion* King of *Athens*, was Raviſh'd by *Tereus* King of *Thrace*, who cut out her Tongue that ſhe might not diſcloſe the Secret.

27 *(Stepdame)* *Phædra* Wife of *Theſeus*, who fell in Love with her Son-in Law *Hippolitus*, and becauſe ſhe could not obtain her ends of him, accus'd him to his Father that he would have forc'd her.

28 In any Dole, made by the Emperour, or one of the City Magiſtrates, the poor Citizens had each a Talley given them; which they ſhew'd firſt, and then receiv'd their Proportion.

29 *Quintilian.* A Famous Man both in Rhetorick and Oratory, who Taught School in the times of *Galba*, *Domitian*, and *Trajan*, and receiv'd his Salary out of the Emperour's Treaſury.

30 *Ventidius Baſſus* was Lieutenant to *Marc Antony*; and the firſt who beat the *Parthians* in three Battles.

31 *(Tullus)* Here is meant *Tullus Servius*, one of the *Roman* Kings.

32 *(Him,)* *Thraſymachus*, a Rhetorician of *Carthage*, who hang'd himſelf by Reaſon of his Poverty.

33 *(Or Him.)* *Secundus Carinas*; who was baniſh'd from *Rome*, by the Emperor *Caligula*, for declaiming againſt Tyrants.

34 When *Socrates* was condemn'd to die by Poiſon, he wanted Money to pay for the juice of Hemlock which he was to Drink; and deſir'd one of his Friends, to lay it down for him, and ſatisfie the Fees of the Executioner.

35 *(Achilles.)* The Son of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, who had *Chiron* the *Centaur* for his Tutor.

36 *Rufus* call'd *Tully* an Allobroge; as if his Latin were barbarous, and not truly Roman.

37 *(Palemon.)* A poor Grammarian, but of great Eſteem.

38 *(Virgil)* Sirnam'd *Maro*; the Favourite Poet of *Auguſtus Cæſar*.

39 *(Tribune)* Here is meant *Tribunus Ærarius*, who took Cognizance only of Cauſes of leſs Moment, not the *Tribunus Plebis*, as *Britannicus* imagin'd.

40 *Anchiſes.* Was Father of *Æneas* the *Trojan*, who was the Founder of *Rome*.

41 *Anchemolus.* The Son of *Rhætus*, a King in *Italy*, Raviſh'd his Stepmother *Caſperia*.

42 *(Aceſtes.)* A King of *Scicily*; who kindly Entertain'd *Æneas* in his Voyage.

43 The People were us'd at their Sword-plays, to gather Money for the Conquerour.

THE

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S·SVLPITIVS. GALBA.V·CORVINVS
M.Vander Gucht Scul:

THE
EIGHTH SATYR.

By Mr. *G. STEPNY.*

The ARGUMENT.

IN this Satyr, the Poet proves that Nobility does not consist in Statues and Pedigrees, but in Honourable and Good Actions: He lashes Rubellius Plancus, *for being Insolent, by reason of his High Birth; and lays down an Instance that we ought to make the like Judgment of Men, as we do of Horses, who are valu'd rather according to their Personal Qualities, than by the Race of whence they come. He advises his Noble Friend* Ponticus *(to whom he Dedicates the Satyr) to lead a vertuous Life, dissuading him from Debauchery, Luxury, Oppression, Cruelty, and other Vices, by his severe Censures on* Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; *and in opposition to these, displays the Worth of Persons meanly Born, such as* Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, *and the* Decii.

What's

WHat's the Advantage or the real Good,
In tracing from the Source our ancient [Blood?
To have our Anceſtours in Paint or Stone,
Preſerv'd as Reliques, or, like Monſters, ſhewn?
The Brave *Æmilii*, as in Triumph plac'd,
The virtuous *Curii*, half by Time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mould'ring Noſe, that bears
Injurious Scars, the ſad Effects of Years;
And *Galba* grinning without Noſe or Ears?

Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit
By Trees of Pedigrees, or Fame, or Merit;
Tho' plodding Heralds thro' each Branch may trace
Old Captains and Dictators of their Race,
While their Ill Lives that Family belye,
And grieve the Braſs which ſtands diſhonour'd by.

'Tis meer Burleſque, that to our Gen'rals Praiſe,
Their Progeny immortal Statues raiſe,
Yet (far from that old Gallantry) delight
To game before their Images all Night,
And ſteal to Bed at the approach of Day,
The Hour when theſe their Enſigns did diſplay.

Why

Why ſhou'd ſoft [1] *Fabius* impudently bear
Names gain'd by Conqueſts in the *Gallic* War?
Why lays he claim to *Hercules* his Strain,
Yet dares be Baſe, Effeminate, and Vain?
The glorious Altar to that Hero built,
Adds but a greater Luſtre to his Guilt;
Whoſe tender Limbs, and poliſh'd Skin, diſgrace
The griſly Beauty of his Manly Race;
And who by practiſing the diſmal Skill
Of Pois'ning, and ſuch treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy Kindred-Marble ſweat,
When his degen'rate Head by theirs is ſet.
Long Galleries of Anceſtors, and all
Thoſe Follies which ill-grace a Country-Hall,
Challenge no Wonder or Eſteem from me;
Virtue alone is true Nobility.
Live therefore well: To Men and Gods appear,
Such as good [2] *Paulus*, *Coſſus*, *Druſus* were;
And in thy Conſular triumphant Show,
Let *Theſe* before thy Father's Statues go;
Place 'em before the [3] *Enſigns of the State*,
As chuſing rather to be Good than Great.

Con-

Convince the World that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your Birth, you're ſure to be
A Peer of the Firſt Magnitude to me:
Rome for your ſake ſhall puſh her Conqueſts on,
And bring [4] New Titles home from Nations won,
To Dignifie ſo Eminent a Son:
With your bleſt Name ſhall ev'ry Region ſound,
Loud as mad *Egypt*, when her Prieſts have found
A new [5] *Oſyris*, for the Ox they drown'd.
But who will call thoſe *Noble*, who deface,
By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race;
Whoſe only Title to their Father's Fame
Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name?
A Dwarf as well may for a Gyant paſs;
A *Negro* for a Swan; a Crook-back'd Laſs
Be call'd *Europa*; and a Cur may bear
The Name of Tyger, Lion, or what-e're
Denotes the Nobleſt or the Fierceſt Beaſt:
Be therfore careful, leſt the World in jeaſt Shou'd

Should thee just so with the Mock titles greet,
Of *Camerinus*, or of Conquer'd *Crete*.
To whom is this Advice and Censure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis apply'd to you;
Who think your Person second to Divine,
Because descended from the *Drusian* Line;
Tho yet you no Illustrious Act have done
To make the World distinguish *Julia*'s Son
From the vile Offspring of a Trull, who sits
By the Town-Wall, and for her Living knits.
You are poor Rogues (you cry,) *the baser Scum*
And inconsiderable Dregs of Rome;
Who know not from what Corner of the Earth
The obscure Wretch, who got you, stole his Birth:
Mine, I derive from Cecrops [6]---- May your Grace
Live, and enjoy the Splendour of your Race----
Yet of those *base Plebeians* we have known
Some, who, by charming Eloquence, have grown
Great Senators, and Honours to that Gown:
Some at the Bar with Subtilty defend
The Cause of an unlearned Noble Friend;

Or

Or on the Bench the knotty Laws untye:
Others their ſtronger Youth to Arms apply,
Go to *Euphrates*, or thoſe Forces join
Which Garriſon the Conqueſts near the *Rhine*.
While you, *Rubellius*, on your Birth relye;
Tho' you reſemble your Great Family
No more than thoſe rough Statues on the Road
(Which we call *Mercuries*) are like that God:
Your *Blockhead* tho' excells in this alone,
You are a *Living Statue*, that of *Stone*.

Great Son of *Troy*, who ever prais'd a Beaſt
For being of a Race above the reſt,
But rather meant his Courage, and his Force?
To give an Inſtance----We commend a Horſe
(Without regard of Paſture, or of Breed)
For his undaunted Mettle and his Speed;
Who [7] wins moſt Plate with greateſt eaſe, and firſt
Prints with his Hoofs his Conqueſt on the Duſt.
But if fleet *Dragon*'s Progeny at laſt
Proves jaded, and in frequent Matches caſt,
No favour for the *Stallion* we retain,
And no reſpect for the Degenerate Strain:

The

The worthleſs Brute is from *New-Market* brought,
And at an under-rate in *Smith-Field* bought,
To turn a Mill, or drag a loaded Life
Beneath two Panniers, and a Baker's Wife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
Firſt, Sir, ſome Honour of your own acquire;
Add to that Stock which juſtly we beſtow
On thoſe[8] *Bleſt Shades* to whom you all things owe.

This may ſuffice the *Haughty Youth* to ſhame,
Whoſe ſwelling Veins (if we may Credit Fame)
Burſt almoſt with the Vanity and Pride,
That their Rich Blood to *Nero* is ally'd:
The Rumour's likely; for "We ſeldom find
"Much Senſe with an exalted Fortune join'd.

But, *Ponticus*, I wou'd not you ſhou'd raiſe
Your Credit by Hereditary praiſe;
Let your own Acts Immortalize your Name;
"'Tis Poor relying on another's Fame;
For, take the Pillars but away, and all
The Superſtructure muſt in Ruins fall;
As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd
From the Embraces of the Elm ſhe lov'd.

Be a good Souldier, or upright Truſtee,
An Arbitrator from Corruption free,
And if a Witneſs in a doubtful Cauſe,
Where a brib'd Judge means to elude the Laws;
Tho' [19] *Phalaris his Brazen Bull* were there,
And *he* wou'd dictate what he'd have you ſwear,
Be not ſo Profligate, but rather chuſe
To guard your Honour, and your Life to loſe,
Rather than let your Virtue be betray'd:
Virtue, the Noble Cauſe for which you're made.
" Improperly we meaſure Life by Breath;
" Such do not truly Live who merit Death;
Tho they their wanton Senſes nicely pleaſe
With all the Charms of Luxury and Eaſe;
Tho mingled Flow'rs adorn their careleſs Brow,
And round 'em coſtly Sweets neglected flow,
As if they in their Funeral State were laid,
And to the World, as they 're to Virtue, Dead.
When [10] *You* the Province you expect, obtain,
From Paſſion and from *Avarice* refrain;
Let our Aſſociates Poverty provoke
Thy generous Heart not to encreaſe their Yoke,

Since

Since Riches cannot reſcue from the Grave,
Which claims alike the Monarch and the Slave.
To what the Laws enjoin, ſubmiſſion pay;
And what the Senate ſhall Command, Obey;
Think what Rewards upon the Good attend,
And how thoſe fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and *Capito* may Warnings be,
Who felt the Thunder of the States Decree,
For robbing the *Cicilians*, tho they
(Like leſſer Pikes) only ſubſiſt on Prey:
But what avails the Rigour of their Doom?
Which cannot future violence o'recome,
Nor give the Miſerable Province eaſe,
Since what one Plund'rer left, the next will ſeize.
Cherippus 11 then, in time your ſelf bethink,
And what your Rags will yield by Auction, ſink;
Ne're put your ſelf to Charges to complain
Of Wrongs which heretofore you did ſuſtain;
Make not a Voyage to detect the Theft,
'Tis mad to Laviſh what their Rapine left.
When *Rome* at firſt our Rich Allies ſubdu'd,
From gentle Taxes noble Spoils accru'd;

Each wealthy Province, but in part Oppreſt,
Thought the Loſs trivial, and enjoy'd the reſt.
All Treaſuries did then with Heaps abound;
In every Wardrobe coſtly Silks were found;
The leaſt Apartment of the meaneſt Houſe
Cou'd all the wealthy Pride of Art produce;
Pictures which from [12] *Parrhaſius* did receive
Motion and warmth; and Statues taught to live;
Some [12] *Polyclete's*, ſome *Myron's* Work declar'd,
In others [12] *Phidia's* Maſterpiece appear'd;
And crowding Plate did on the Cupboard ſtand,
Emboſs'd by curious [12] *Mentor's* artful hand.
Prizes like theſe Oppreſſours might invite,
Theſe *Dolabella's* Rapine did excite,
Theſe [13] *Anthony* for his own Theft thought fit,
Verres for theſe did Sacriledge commit;
And when their Reigns were ended, Ships full fraught
The hidden Fruits of their Exaction brought,
Which made in Peace, a Treaſure Richer far,
Than what is Plunder'd in the Rage of War.
This was of Old; But our Confederates now,
Have nothing left but Oxen for the Plough,

Or

Or ſome few Mares reſerv'd alone for Breed;
Yet leſt this provident Deſign ſucceed,
They drive the Father of the Herd away,
Making both *Stallion*, and his Paſture, Prey.
Their Rapine is ſo abject and prophane,
They nor from Trifles, nor from Gods refrain;
But the poor *Lares* form the Niches ſeize,
If they be little Images that pleaſe.
Such are the Spoils which now provoke their Theft,
And are the greateſt, nay, they 're all that's left.
Thus may [14] you, [15] *Corinth*, or weak *Rhodes* oppreſs,
Who dare not bravely what they feel redreſs.
(For how can Fops thy Tyranny controul
" Smooth Limbs are ſymptoms of a ſervile Soul)
But Treſpaſs not too far on ſturdy *Spain*,
Sclavonia, *France*, thy Gripes from *thoſe* reſtrain,
Who with their [16] ſweat *Rome*'s Luxury maintain,
And ſend us Plenty, while our wanton day
Is laviſh'd at the *Circus*, or the Play.
For, ſhou'd you to Extortion be inclin'd,
Your Cruel Guilt will little Booty find,

Since gleaning [17] *Marius* has already ſeiz'd
All that from Sun-burnt *Africk* can be ſquees'd.
But above all, " Be careful to with-hold
" Your Tallons from the Wretched and the Bold;
" Tempt not the Brave and Needy to Deſpair;
" For, tho' your Violence ſhou'd leave 'em bare
" Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
" And will Revenge the Wrongs which they ſuſtain;
" The Plundred ſtill have Arms----
Think not the Precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain Notion of my own;
No, 'tis a Sibyl's Leaf what I relate,
As fixt and ſure, as the Decrees of Fate.
Let none but Men of Honour you attend;
Chuſe him that has moſt Virtue for your Friend,
And give no way to any Darling Youth
To ſell your Favour, and pervert the Truth.
Reclaim your Wife from ſtroling up and down,
To all Aſſizes, and through every Town.
With Claws like Harpies, eager for the Prey;
(For which your Juſtice, and your Fame will pay)

Keep your ſelf free from Scandals ſuch as theſe;
Then Trace your Birth from [18] *Picus*, if you pleaſe:
If he's too Modern, and your Pride aſpire
To ſeek the Author of your being higher,
Chuſe any *Titan* who the Gods withſtood,
To be the Founder of your Ancient blood,
Promcthcus, and that Race before the Flood,
Or any other Story you can find
From Heralds, or in Poets, to your mind.

But ſhou'd you prove Ambitious, Luſtful, Vain;
Or cou'd you ſee with Pleaſure and Diſdain,
Rods broke on our Aſſociates bleeding backs,
And Heads-Men lab'ring till they blunt their Ax:
Your Father's Glory will your Sin proclaim,
And to a clearer Light expoſe you ſhame;
"For, ſtill more publick ſcandal Vice extends,
"As he is Great and Noble who offends.

How dare [19] *you* then your high Extraction plead?
Yet bluſh not when you go to forge a Deed,
In the ſame Temple which your Granſire built,
Making his Statue privy to the Guilt.

Or in a Bawdy Maſquerade are led,
Muffled by Night to ſome polluted Bed.
Fat *Lateranus* does his Revels keep,
Where his Fore-Fathes peaceful Aſhes ſleep;
Driving himſelf a Chariot down the Hill,
And (tho a Conſul) links himſelf the Wheel:
To do him Juſtice, 'tis indeed by Night,
Yet the Moon ſees, and ev'ry ſmaller light
Pries as a Witneſs of the ſhameful ſight:
Nay when his Year of Honour's ended, ſoon
He'll leave that nicety, and mount at Noon;
Nor bluſh ſhou'd he ſome Grave Acquaintance meet,
But, (proud of being known) will Jerk and Greet:
And when his Fellow-Beaſts are weary grown,
He'll play the Groom, give Oats, and rub 'em down,
If after [20] *Numa*'s Ceremonial way
He at *Jove*'s Altar wou'd a Victim ſlay,
To no clean Goddeſs he directs his Pray'rs,
But by [21] *Hippona* moſt Devoutly Swears,
Or ſome rank Deity whoſe filthy face
We ſuitably o'er ſtinking Stables place.

When he has run his length, and does begin
To steer his course directly for the Inn,
(Where they have watch'd expecting him all night)
A greasie *Syrian*, e're he can alight,
Presents him Essence, while his courteous Host,
(Well knowing nothing by good breeding's lost)
Tags every Sentence with some fawning word,
Such as *My King*, *My Prince*, at least *My Lord*;
And a tight Maid, e're he for Wine can ask,
Guesses his Meaning, and unoils the Flask.

Some (Friends to Vice) industriously defend
These innocent Diversions, and pretend
That I the Tricks of Youth too roughly blame,
Alledging that, when young, we did the same.
I grant we did; yet when that age was past,
The frolick Humour did no longer last;
We did not cherish and indulge the Crime:
What's foul in acting, shou'd be left in time.
'Tis true, some faults, of course, with Childhood end,
We therefore wink at Wags when they offend,
And spare the Boy, in hope the Man may mend.

But *Lateranus* (now his vig'rous Age
Shou'd prompt him for his Country to engage,
The Circuit of our Empire to extend,
And all our Lives, in *Cæsar*'s, to defend)
Mature in Riots, places his Delight
All day in plying Bumpers, and at night
Reels to the Bawds, over whose Doors are set
Pictures and Bills, with *Here are Whores to let.*
Shou'd any desperate unexpected Fate
Summon all Heads aud Hands to guard the State,
Cæsar send quickly to secure the [22] Port;
But where's the General? Where does he resort?
Send to the Sutler's; There you're sure to find
The Bully match'd with Rascals of his Kind,
Quacks, Coffin-makers; Fugitives and Sailers;
Rooks, Common-Souldiers, Hangmen, Thieves and Tailers;
With *Cybele*'s Priests, who, weary'd with Processions,
Drink there, and sleep with Knaves of all Professions,
A Friendly Gang! each equal to the best;
And all, who can, have Liberty to jest:

One

One Flaggon walks the round, (that none shou'd think
They either change, or stint him of his drink)
And lest Exceptions may for Place be found,
Their Stools are all alike, their Table round.

What think you, *Ponticus*, your self might do,
Shou'd any Slave, so lewd, belong to you?
No doubt, you'd send the Rogue in Fetters bound,
To work in Bridewel, or to Plough your Ground:
But, *Nobles*, you who Trace your Birth from *Troy*,
Think, you the great Prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by Virtue of that Race;
As if what we esteem in Coblers base,
Wou'd the high Family of *Brutus* grace.

Shameful are these Examples, yet we find
(To *Rome*'s Disgrace) far worse than these behind:
Poor *Damasippus*, whom we once have known
Flutt'ring with Coach and Six about the Town,
Is forc'd to make the Stage his last retreat,
And Pawns his Voice, the All he has, for Meat:
For now he must (since his Estate is lost)
Or represent, or be himself, a Ghost:

And

And *Lentulus Acts Hanging* with ſuch Art,
Were I a Judge, he ſhou'd not *Feign* the part.
Nor wou'd I their Vile Inſolence acquit,
Who can with Patience, nay Diverſion, ſit,
Applauding my Lord's Buffoonry for Wit.
And clapping Farces, acted by the Court,
While the Peers Cuff, to make the Rabble ſport:
Or Hirelings, at a Prize, their Fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they Dye;
Since none can have the favourable Thought
That to Obey a Tyrant's Will they Fought,
But that their Lives they willingly expoſe,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their ſhows.
Yet ſay the Stage and Liſts were both in ſight,
And you muſt either chuſe to Act, or Fight;
Death never ſure bears ſuch a ghaſtly ſhape,
That a rank Coward baſely wou'd eſcape
By playing a foul Harlot's jealous Tool,
Or a feign'd *Andrew* to a real Fool.
Yet a Peer Actor is no monſtrous thing,
Since *Rome* has own'd a [23] *Fidler* for a *King*:

After

After such Pranks, the World it self at best
May be imagin'd nothing but a Jest.
Go [24] to the Lists where Feats of Arms are shown,
There you'll find *Gracchus*, (from Patrician) grown
A Fencer, and the Scandal of the Town.
Nor will he the *Mirmillo*'s Weapons bear,
The *Modest Helmet* he disdains to wear;
As *Retiarius* he Attacks his Foe;
First waves his *Trident* ready for the throw,
Next casts his *Net*, but neither levell'd right,
He stares about, expos'd to publick sight,
Then places all his safety in his flight.
Room for the noble Gladiator! See
His Coat and Hatband shew his Quality;
Thus when at last the brave *Mirmillo* knew
'Twas *Gracchus* was the Wretch he did pursue,
To Conquer such a Coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many Glorious Wounds had bore.
Had [25] we the Freedom to express our Mind,
There's not a Wretch so much to Vice inclin'd,

But

But will own [26] *Seneca* did far excell
His *Pupil*, by whoſe Tyranny he fell:
To expiate whoſe complicated Guilt,
With ſome Proportion to the Blood he ſpilt,
Rome [27] ſhou'd more Serpents, Apes, and Sacks provide
Then one, for the Compendious Parricide.
'Tis true [29] *Oreſtes* a like Crime did Act;
Yet weigh the Cauſe, there's difference in the Fact:
He [29] ſlew his *Mother* at the God's Command,
They bid him ſtrike, and did direct his Hand
To puniſh falſhood, and appeaſe the Ghoſt
Of his poor *Father* treacherouſly loſt,
Juſt in the Minute when the flowing Bowl
With a full Tide inlarg'd his Chearful Soul.
Yet kill'd he not his [30] *Siſter*, or his [31] *Wife*,
Nor [32] aim'd at any near Relation's Life:
Oreſtes [33], in the Heat of all his Rage,
Ne're play'd, or Sung upon a publick Stage;
Never [34] on Verſe did his wild Thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid Scene of burning *Troy*,

Like

Like *Nero*, who to raiſe his Fancy higher,
And finiſh the great Work, ſet *Rome* on Fire.
Such 35 Crimes make Treaſon juſt, and might com-(pel
Virginius, *Vindex*, *Galba*, to Rebel:
For what cou'd *Nero*'s ſelf have acted worſe,
To aggravate the wretched Nation's Curſe.

Theſe are the bleſt Endowments, Studies, Arts,
Which Exerciſe our mighty Emperour's Parts;
Such Frollicks with his Roving Genius ſuit,
On 33 Forreign Theaters to proſtitute
His Voice and Honour, for the poor Renown
Of putting all the *Grecian* Actors down,
And winning at a Wake their Parſley-Crown.
Let 33 this Triumphal Chaplet find ſome Place
Among the other Trophies of thy Race;
By thee *Domitii*'s Statues ſhall be laid,
The Habit and the Mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold *Thyeſtes* part,
(While your wild Nature little wanted Art)
And on the Marble Pillar ſhall be hung
The Lute to which the *Royal Madman* Sung.

Who;

Who, [36] *Cataline*, can boaſt a Nobler Line,
Than thy lewd Friend *Cethegus* his, and thine?
Yet you took Arms, and did by Night conſpire
To ſet our Houſes, and our Gods on Fire:
(An Enterpriſe which might indeed become
Our Enemies, the *Gauls*, not Sons of *Rome*,
To recompence whoſe Barbarous intent
Pitch'd [37] *Shirts* wou'd be too a mild a Puniſhment)
But [38] *Tully*, our wiſe Conſul, watch'd the blow,
With care diſcover'd, and diſarm'd the Foe:
Tully, the humble Muſhroom, ſcarcely known:
The lowly Native of a Country Town,
(Who till of late cou'd never reach the height
Of being Honour'd as a *Roman* Knight)
Throughout the trembling City plac'd a Guard,
Dealing an equal ſhare to every Ward,
And by the peaceful Robe got more renown
Within our Walls, than Young *Octavius* won
By [39] Victories at *Actium* or the *Plain*
Of *Theſſaly* [40] diſcolour'd by the Slain:
Him therefore *Rome* in gratitude decreed
The Father of his Country, which he freed.

Marius

Marius [41] (another Conful we admire)
In the ſame Village Born, firſt plow'd for Hire.
His next Advance was to the Souldiers Trade,
Where, if he did not nimbly ply the Spade,
His Surly Officer ne'er fail'd to Crack
His knotty Cudgel on his tougher back.
Yet he alone ſecur'd the tott'ring State,
Withſtood the *Cimbrians*, and redeem'd our Fate.
So when the Eagles to their Quarry flew
(Who never ſuch a Goodly Banquet knew)
Only a ſecond Laurel did adorn
His Collegue *Catulus*, tho' Nobly Born;
He ſhar'd the Pride of the Triumphal Bay,
But *Marius* won the Glory of the Day.
From [42] a mean Stock the Pious *Decii* came;
Small their Eſtates, and Vulgar was their Name:
Yet ſuch their Virtues, that their Loſs alone
For *Rome* and all our Legions did Attone;
Their Countries Doom, they by their own retriev'd,
Themſelves more worth than all the Hoſt they ſav'd.
The [43] *laſt good King* whom willing *Rome* obey'd,
Was the poor Offspring of a *Captive Maid*;

Yet

Yet he thoſe Robes of Empire juſtly bore
Which *Romulus* our Sacred Founder wore:
Nicely he gain'd, and well Poſſeſt the Throne,
Not for his Father's Merits but his own,
And Reign'd, himſelf a Family alone.
When 44 *Tarquin*, his proud Succeſſor, was quell'd,
And with him Luſt and Tyranny expell'd;
The Conſuls 45 *Sons* (who for their Countries good,
And to Inhaunce the Honour of their Blood,
Shou'd have aſſerted what their 46 *Father* won;
And, to confirm that Liberty, have done
Actions which 47 *Cocles* might have wiſh'd his own;
What might to 48 *Mutius* wonderful appear;
And what bold 49 *Clelia* might with Envy hear)
Open'd the Gates, endeavouring to reſtore
Their Baniſh'd King, and Arbitrary Power.
Whilſt a poor 50 *Slave*, with ſcarce a Name, betray'd
The horrid Ills theſe well-born Rogues had laid;
Who therefore for their Treaſon juſtly bore
The Rods and Ax, ne'er us'd in *Rome* before.

If

If you have Strengh *Achilles* Arms to bear,
And Courage to ſuſtain a Ten Years War;
Tho' foul * *Therſites* got thee, thou ſhalt be
More lov'd by all, and more eſteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from ſome *Hero* came,
In nothing like your Father, but his Name.

Boaſt then your Blood, and your long Lineage ſtretch
As high as *Rome*, and its great Founders reach;
You'll find, in theſe Hereditary Tales,
Your Anceſtors the ſcum of broken Jayls:
And [51] *Romulus*, your Honours Ancient ſource,
But a Poor Shepherds [52] Boy, or *ſomething worſe*.

N ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Tranſlator of* Juvenal's *8th Satyr induſtriouſly avoided impoſing upon the Reader, and perplexing the Printer with tedious Common-place Notes; but finding towards the latter end many Examples of Noble Men who diſgraced their Anceſtors by Vicious Practices, and of Men meanly Born who innobled their Families by Virtuous and Brave Actions, he thought ſome Hiſtorical Relations were neceſſary towards rendring thoſe Inſtances more Intelligible; which is all he pretends to by his Remarks. He would gladly have left out the heavy Paſſage of the* Mirmillo *and* Retiarius, *which he honeſtly confeſſes he either does not rightly underſtand, or cannot ſufficiently explain. If he has not confin'd himſelf to the ſtrict Rules of Tranſlation, but has frequently taken the liberty of Imitating, Paraphraſing, or Reconciling the* Roman *Cuſtoms to our Modern Uſage; He hopes this freedom is Pardonable, ſince he has not us'd it, but when he found the Original flat, obſcure, or Defective; and where the Humour and Connexion of the Author might naturally allow ſuch a Change.*

Explanatory Notes on the Eighth Satyr.

1 THE Family of the *Fabii* were deſcended of *Hercules* (in Honour of whom the *Romans* built a Temple in the *Foro Boario.*) *Fabius Maximus* in remembrance of his Services in the Wars, againſt the People of *Provence, Languedoc, Dauphiny,* and other Provinces of *France)* (formerly known by the Name of *Allobroges*) was Surnamed *Allobrogicus*; which Title his Son would have aſſumed, whom our Author here Cenſures, as a Man of an Effeminate Perſon, a profligate Life, and of Dangerous Practices.

2 Brave and Virtuous *Romans.*

3 The Rods and Ax, which were carry'd in Proceſſions, as Badges of the Conſular Dignity.

4 Such as *Getulicus, Africanus, Numantinus, Creticus.*

5 *Oſyris,*

5 *Osyris*, for teaching the *Ægyptians* Husbandry, had a Temple built at *Memphis*, where he was Worshipt in the shape of an Ox, which the Priests used to drown at a certain Age; and gave out, their God was withdrawn, and absented himself for a few Days; during which time 'twas their Custom to go mourning and searching up and down, till they found another Ox to supply his place, and then they broke out with these Exclamations, *We have found him, let's rejoice.*

6 The first King of *Athens*.

7 I have taken the Liberty to give this Simile a Modern Air, because it happens to agree exactly with the Humour of our Author.

8 (Meaning your Ancestors.) *Rubellius Plancus.*

9 *Phalaris* was a Tyrant of *Agrigentum* in *Sicily*; to flatter whose Cruelty, *Perillus* invented a Brazen Bull, wherein People might be Roasted alive, and their Cries were not unlike the bellowings of an Ox: But the Tyrant had the Justice to reward the Artizen as he deserv'd, by making him first try the Experiment.

Page 160. *Improperly we measure Life by Breath*, &c. This and the 7 following Verses are a sort of Paraphrase upon 2 lines of the Original, which I was forced to enlarge, because the sense of the Author is too close and obscure.

10 (Speaking to *Ponticus*.)

11 (Any poor Man who is Oppress'd.)

12 Famous Painters, Statuaries, and other Artizens.

13 Proconsuls of *Asia* and *Sicily*.

14 Returning to *Ponticus*.

15 The Inhabitants of these places were Effeminate, and easie to be enslav'd.

16 The People of *Africk*, who supply'd *Rome* with Corn.

17 *Marius Priscus*.

18 The first King of the *Latins*.

19 The Poet in this place speaks neither to *Rubellius* nor *Ponticus*, but in general to any Perjur'd or Debauch'd Nobleman.

20 *Numa Pompilius* (the Second King of *Rome*) the better to Civilize the Savage Humour of the People, first introduc'd among them the Fear and Worship of the Gods, and instituted the Rites and Ceremonies of Priests, Oaths, and Sacrifices.

21 *Hippona* was the Goddess of Jockies and Horses.

22 *Ostia*, the Mouth of the River *Tyber*.

23 Meaning *Nero*, whom he Censures severely in the Pages following, *Fig.* 33.

24 This Period is perplext, and I fear will not be understood in our Language, being only a Description of the *Roman* Gladiators, who were of two sorts, and had different Names according to the Arms and Habit they appear'd with; one fought with a Cymiter in his right Hand, a Target on his left Arm, and an Helmet on his Head; he was call'd *Mirmillo*, or *Secutor*. The other wore a short Coat without Sleeves,

call'd *Tunica*; a Hat on his Head; he carried in his right Hand a Javelin Fork'd like a *Trident*, call'd *Fuscina*; and on his Left Arm a *Nett*, in which he endeavour'd to catch his Adversary, and from thence was call'd *Retiarius*. The meaning of the Poet is, to reprehend *Gracchus* (whom he had before rebuked in the second Satyr) for 3 Vices at once: For his Baseness, forasmuch as being a Nobleman he will condescend to fight upon the publick Theatre: For his Impudence, in not chusing an Habit which might have kept him disguis'd, and hindred him from being known: And for his Cowardise, in running away.

25 For the clearer understanding of what follows, it may be Necessary to give a short Abridgment of *Nero*'s Cruelties, Follies, and End: Which may be found at large in his Life, written by *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*, and in the Continuation which Mr. *Saville* has added to his Translation of the last of these Authors, by way of Supplement to what is wanting betwixt the Annals and the History. But I shall only relate what I find mention'd in this Satyr, and shall begin with his Parricides.

26 Upon Suspicion that *Seneca* his Tutor, had some Knowledge of the Conspiracy which *Piso* was carrying on against his Person, *Nero* laid hold on this Opportunity to rid himself of the uneasie Censurer of his Vices, yet allow'd him the Liberty of chusing the Manner of his Death. *Seneca* was apprehensive of Pain, and therefore desired to have his Veins opened, which he judg'd might be the most easie and pleasant Method of Dying: But finding it too tedious, he prevail'd with his Friend and Physician, *Annæus Statius*, to give him a Draught of Poyson; which too operating very slowly, by reason his Veins were exhausted, and his Limbs chill'd, the Standers by, to make quicker Dispatch, smother'd him with the steem of an hot Bath. *Juvenal* not unjustly places this Murder of *Seneca* among *Nero*'s Parricides, since a Tutor ought to be esteem'd as a Civil Parent.

27 This bold Thought and Expression of *Juvenal* is grounded on the *Roman* Laws, whereby Parricides were condemn'd to be sow'd up in a Bag (call'd *Culeus*) with a Cock, a Monkey, a Serpent, and a Dog, and thrown together into the Sea, or any Neighbouring River. This Punishment of drowning in a Sack, is still us'd in several parts of *Germany*, but without the Company of those Creatures above-mention'd.

28 The Story of *Orestes* (betwixt whom and *Nero*, *Juvenal* wou'd draw a Parallel) is this; his Mother *Clytemnestra* finding her Husband *Agamemnon* was return'd alive from the Siege of *Troy*, and fearing he might Revenge her Amours with *Egysthus*, with whom she had lived in Adultery during her Husband's Absence, she thought the safest way might be, to Assassinate *Agamemnon*, by the help of *Egysthus*, at his first Reception, and before he could suspect such an Attempt. The manner how they dispatch'd him, is reported differently. Some Authors relate, that as he was changing his Linnen, he was stifled in a Shirt sow'd together at the Neck. But *Homer* in the 4th and 11th Books

Books of his *Odyſſea*, where he deſcribes this Murder, is of *Juvenal*'s Opinion, that he was kill'd at a Banquet, when he little expected ſuch Treatment. *Egyſtheus* after this Murder married *Clytemneſtra*, and Uſurp'd the Kingdom of *Mycena* 7 Years: During which time *Oreſtes* grew up to Man's Eſtate, and by the inſtigation of his Siſter *Electra*, and the Aſſiſtance of ſome neighbouring Princes, march'd from *Athens*, Deſtroy'd and Murther'd the Uſurper; and at laſt, under pretence of being Mad, ſtab'd his Mother. *Homer* (as well as our Author) juſtifies this Revenge, as being undertaken by the Advice of the Gods: And *Paterculus* infers, they muſt needs have approved the Action, ſince *Oreſtes* (after it) lived long, and reigned happily.

29 *Nero* cou'd not ſuffer his Mother *Agrippina*, becauſe of her encroaching on his Government; for which Reaſon he made frequent Attempts upon her Life, but without Succeſs, till at laſt *Anicetus* his Bondman undertook to ſtab her, which ſhe perceiving, and gueſſing by whoſe Orders he came, clapt her Hand upon her Belly, and bid him (with great Preſence of Mind) ſtrike there, ſuppoſing it deſerv'd that Punithment for bearing ſuch a Monſter.

30 He ordered his firſt Wife *Octavia* to be publickly Executed, upon a falſe Accuſation of Adultery, and kill'd his ſecond Wife *Poppæa*, when ſhe was big with Child, by a kick on the Belly.

31 *Britannicus* (his Brother by Adoption) was poiſon'd by his Orders, out of jealouſie left he ſhou'd ſupplant him. And *Antonia* (*Claudius*'s Daughter) was executed under pretence of a Conſpiracy, but in truth becauſe ſhe refuſed to Marry *Nero* after the Death of *Poppæa*.

32 He caus'd *Rufinus Criſpinus*, Son to *Poppæa*, to be drown'd as he was Fiſhing; and *Aulus Plancus*, a Relation of his Mothers, to be kill'd becauſe ſhe was fond of him.

I need mention no more of theſe unnatural Murders, but go on to his other Extravagancies.

33 He was Induſtrious to be eſteem'd the beſt Muſitian of his Age; and at his Death regretting nothing more ſenſibly, than that the World ſhou'd loſe ſo great a Maſter. To maintain this Reputation, he frequently condeſcended to Act and Sing upon the Theater among the ordinary Comedians, and took a Journey to *Greece* on purpoſe to try his Skill againſt the moſt Famous Artiſts of that Country; from whom he bore away the Garland (which was the uſual Recompence of the firſt performer) return'd to *Rome* in Triumph; as if he had conquer'd a Province; and order'd both the Garland and Inſtrument to be hung up among the Banners and Honours of his Family.

34 He had likewiſe a great Vanity towards being thought a good Poet, and made Verſes on the Deſtruction of *Troy*, call'd *Troica*; and 'tis reported he burnt *Rome* to be more lively and natural in his Deſcription: Tho' 'tis more probable he deſtroy'd the Old-Faſhion'd Buildings, out of diſlike to the narrowneſs and crookedneſs of the Streets, and to have the Honour of rebuilding the City better, and calling it by his own Name.

35 Theſe monſtrous Frolicks and Cruelties cou'd not but make his People weary of his Government. *Virginius Rufus*, who was his Lieutenant General in *Gaule*, by the Aſſiſtance of *Junius Vindex* (a Nobleman of that Country) ſoon perſwaded the Armies under his Command to fall from their Allegiance; and ſollicited *Sergius Galba*, who was Lieutenant General in *Spain*, to do the like, by offering him the Empire in Favour of Mankind; which he at laſt accepted, upon intimation that *Nero* had iſſu'd out ſecret Orders to diſpatch him; and March'd with all the Forces he cou'd gather, towards *Rome*. *Nero* not being in a Condition to oppoſe ſuch Troops, fell into Diſpair, which turn'd to an Uncertainty what Meaſures to take, whether to Poyſon himſelf, or beg Pardon of the People, or indeavour to make his Eſcape. The laſt of theſe Methods ſeem'd moſt Adviſable; he therefore put himſelf into Diſguiſe, and crept with four Attendants only into a poor Cottage; where perceiving he was purſued, as a Sacrifice to the Publick Vengeance, and apprehending the Rabble wou'd Treat him Barbarouſly, if he fell into their Hrnds; with much ado he reſolv'd to Stab himſelf.

36 *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy is a Story too well known to be inſiſted on: He was of a Noble Family, but by his Extravagancies had reduced himſelf to great Want, which engaged him in bad Practices. The *Roman* Armies were then purſuing Conqueſts in remote Provinces, which *Cataline* judg'd the moſt ſeaſonable Opportunity for undertaking ſome deſperate Deſign: He therefore entred into a Conſpiracy with *Cethegus*, *Lentulus*, and other Senators, and Perſons conſiderable by their Births and Employments, to make themſelves abſolute Maſters of their Country, by ſeizing the Senate, plundering the Treaſury, and burning the City.

37 Incendiaries by the *Roman* Law were wrapt in a Pitch'd Coat (which they call'd *Tunica Moleſta*) and Burnt alive: As we ſee by *Tacitus Ann.* § 44. Where *Nero* after having ſet *Rome* on Fire, lays the Blame and Puniſhment on the Chriſtians, by ordering them, with a Cruel Jeſt, to be Light up, and ſerve as Torches when it was dark.

38 One *Fulvia* (whom *Livy* calls a Common Whore, tho' *Plutarch* makes her paſs for a Lady of Quality) came to have ſome knowledge of this Enterprize, and diſcover'd it to *Cicero*, (a Perſon whom *Paterculus* elegantly calls *Virum novitatis Nobiliſſimæ*; ſince he was a Man of mean Parentage, Born at *Arpinum*, an inconſiderable Town among the *Volſcians*, but by his Eloquence rais'd himſelf to the chief Dignities of State, and happened to be Conſul at that time) who aſſembled the Senate, and by a ſevere Oration accuſed and convicted *Catiline*: However he, with a few of his Party, found means to make his eſcape towards *Tuſcany*, and put himſelf at the Head of ſome Troops which *Manlius* had got together in thoſe Parts, threatning publickly that he wou'd put out the Fire of the City by the Ruins of it. In the mean time *Cethegus*, *Lentulus*, and ſeveral other Complices were ſeized and

ſtrangled

ſtrangled in Priſon by order of the Senate, at *Cato*'s perſwaſion: And *Caius Antonius Nepos*; who was joint Conſul with *Tully*, marched with what Forces he could raiſe againſt *Catiline*, who in a ſharp Battle was kill'd upon the Spot with moſt of his Followers, and (as *Paterculus* obſerves) *Quem ſpiritum ſupplicio debuerat, prælio reddidit.*

39 A Promontory of *Epirus*, near the Iſland *Leucas*, where *Antony* and *Cleopatra* were ruined by a Famous Sea-Fight.

40 The Fields near *Philippi*, in *Theſſaly*, where *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were defeated.

41 *Caius Marius*, was likewiſe born at *Arpinum*, and of ſuch poor Parents, that he was firſt a Plowman, then a Common-Soldier, yet at laſt by his Merit arrived to the higheſt Employments. One while he was Conſul (for that Honour was 7 times conferred on him) the *Cimbrians* attempted to make an Excurſion into *Italy*: But he kill'd 140000 of them, and made 60000 Priſoners: For which Victory a Triumph was ordain'd him by the Senate; but to decline the Envy which might be rais'd by his Good Fortune, he ſolicited that *Q. Luctatius Catulus* his Colleague, who was of a Noble Family, might be permitted to Triumph with him, tho he had no ſhare in the Action.

42 Among the *Romans* there was a Superſtition, that if their General would conſent to be *Devoted*, or *Sacrificed* to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, the Earth, and the Infernal Gods, all the Misfortunes which otherwiſe might have hapned to his Party, would by his Death be transferr'd on their Enemies. This Opinion was confirmed by ſeveral ſucceſsful Inſtances, particularly two, in the Perſons of the *Decii*, the Father and Son here mentioned. The firſt being Conſul with *Manlius* in the Wars againſt the *Latins*, and perceiving the Left Wing, which he Commanded, give back, he called out to *Valerius* the High-Prieſt to perform on him the Ceremony of Conſecration, (which we find deſcribed by *Livy* in his 8th Book) and immediately ſpurr'd his Horſe into the thickeſt of his Enemies Forces, where he was killed, and the *Roman* Army gained the Battel. His Son Died in the ſame manner in the War againſt the *Gauls*, and the *Romans* likewiſe obtained the Victory.

43 *Servius Tullus* was Son to *Oriculana*, whom *Juvenal* calls a Serving-Maid, but *Livy* ſuppoſes her to have been Wife to a Prince of *Corniculum*, who was killed at the taking of the Town, and his Wife was carried away Captive by *Tarquinius Priſcus*, and preſented as a Slave to his Wife *Tanaquil*, in whoſe Service ſhe was delivered of this *Tullus*. The Family had a great Reſpect for the Child, becauſe of a Lambent Fire they obſerved to play about his Head while he ſlept, which was interpreted as an Omen of his future Greatneſs; therefore care was taken of his Education, and at laſt he was Contracted to the King's Daughter: Whereupon *Ancus Martius* his 2 Sons (who were the true Heirs of the Crown) fearing his Marriage might hinder their Succeſſion, hired two Shepherds to Aſſaſſinate *Tarquinius*, which they undertook, but could not Execute ſo dextrouſly as was expected; for,

35 These monstrous Frolicks and Cruelties cou'd not but make his People weary of his Government. *Virginius Rufus*, who was his Lieutenant General in *Gaule*, by the Assistance of *Junius Vindex* (a Nobleman of that Country) soon perswaded the Armies under his Command to fall from their Allegiance; and sollicited *Sergius Galba*, who was Lieutenant General in *Spain*, to do the like, by offering him the Empire in Favour of Mankind; which he at last accepted, upon intimation that *Nero* had issu'd out secret Orders to dispatch him; and March'd with all the Forces he cou'd gather, towards *Rome*. *Nero* not being in a Condition to oppose such Troops, fell into Dispair, which turn'd to an Uncertainty what Measures to take, whether to Poyson himself, or beg Pardon of the People, or indeavour to make his Escape. The last of these Methods seem'd most Advisable; he therefore put himself into Disguise, and crept with four Attendants only into a poor Cottage; where perceiving he was pursued, as a Sacrifice to the Publick Vengeance, and apprehending the Rabble wou'd Treat him Barbarously, if he fell into their Hands; with much ado he resolv'd to Stab himself.

36 *Catiline*'s Conspiracy is a Story too well known to be insisted on: He was of a Noble Family, but by his Extravagancies had reduced himself to great Want, which engaged him in bad Practices. The *Roman* Armies were then pursuing Conquests in remote Provinces, which *Cataline* judg'd the most seasonable Opportunity for undertaking some desperate Design: He therefore entred into a Conspiracy with *Cethegus*, *Lentulus*, and other Senators, and Persons considerable by their Births and Employments, to make themselves absolute Masters of their Country, by seizing the Senate, plundering the Treasury, and burning the City.

37 Incendiaries by the *Roman* Law were wrapt in a Pitch'd Coat (which they call'd *Tunica Molesta*) and Burnt alive: As we see by *Tacitus Ann.* § 44. Where *Nero* after having set *Rome* on Fire, lays the Blame and Punishment on the Christians, by ordering them, with a Cruel Jest, to be Light up, and serve as Torches when it was dark.

38 One *Fulvia* (whom *Livy* calls a Common Whore, tho' *Plutarch* makes her pass for a Lady of Quality) came to have some knowledge of this Enterprize, and discover'd it to *Cicero*, (a Person whom *Paterculus* elegantly calls *Virum novitatis Nobilissimæ*; since he was a Man of mean Parentage, Born at *Arpinum*, an inconsiderable Town among the *Volscians*, but by his Eloquence rais'd himself to the chief Dignities of State, and happened to be Consul at that time) who assembled the Senate, and by a severe Oration accused and convicted *Catiline*: However he, with a few of his Party, found means to make his escape towards *Tuscany*, and put himself at the Head of some Troops which *Manlius* had got together in those Parts, threatning publickly that he wou'd put out the Fire of the City by the Ruins of it. In the mean time *Cethegus*, *Lentulus*, and several other Complices were seized and strangled

ſtrangled in Priſon by order of the Senate, at *Cato*'s perſwaſion: And *Caius Antonius Nepos*, who was joint Conſul with *Tully*, marched with what Forces he could raiſe againſt *Catiline*, who in a ſharp Battle was kill'd upon the Spot with moſt of his Followers, and (as *Paterculus* obſerves) *Quem ſpiritum ſupplicio debuerat, prælio reddidit.*

39 A Promontory of *Epirus*, near the Iſland *Leucas*, where *Antony* and *Cleopatra* were ruined by a Famous Sea-Fight.

40 The Fields near *Philippi*, in *Theſſaly*, where *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were defeated.

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the King lived some days after the blow was given, during which time *Tanaquil* caus'd the Gates of the Pallace to be kept shut, and amused the People (who were eager on a new Election) with Assurances that the Wound was not Mortal; That the King was in a fair way of Recovery, and till he cou'd appear abroad, required them to pay Obedience to *Servius Tullius*; who by this means first got possession of the Government in the King's Name, and after his Death Usurp'd it 44 Years in his own. At last he was forced out of the Senate by *Lucius Tarquinius*, thrown down Stairs, and murder'd by his Orders. *Livy* adds this Commendation, That with him *Justa ac legitima regna occiderunt*; which agrees with *Juvenal*'s calling him *The last Good King*. For (44) *Tarquin*, who Reign'd 25 Years after him, was hated for his Pride and Cruelty, and for the Barbarous Rape which his Son *Sextus* committed on *Lucretia*, Wife to *Collatinus*; who, by the help of (46) *L. Junius Brutus* reveng'd this Injury, by driving *Tarquin* and his whole Race out of *Rome*, which from that time began to be govern'd by Consuls; and the better to secure their Liberty, *Brutus* Administred an Oath by which the *Romans* oblig'd themselves never to suffer any more Kings, and made a Decree (which prov'd fatal to his Family) whereby it was declared a Capital Crime in any Person who shou'd endeavour by any means to bring back the *Tarquins*. However they gave not over their Pretensions, but send Embassadors under Pretence of soliciting that their Estates at least might be restored to them, but underhand to insinuate themselves among the loose Young Noblemen (who grew weary of a Commonwealth, because the Rigour of their new Laws did not tolerate that licentious way of Living, which they enjoy'd under the Government of their Kings) and to concert with them the best Methods towards their Restoration. This Design was first proposed to the *Aquilii* and *Vitellii*: The last of these were Brothers to *Brutus* his Wife, and by that Alliance easily engag'd (45) *Titus* and *Tiberius* (two Sons he had by her) in the Conspiracy, the Sum of which was, That the Gates of the City should be left open for the *Tarquins* to enter in the Night-time; and that the Ambassadors might be assured of their Sincerity, each Member of the Cabal deliver'd them, the Night before they were to return, Letters under their own Hands for the *Tarquins*, with Promises to this Effect.

50 *Vindicius*, a Slave who waited at Table, by Chance over-heard part of their Discourse; and comparing these Circumstances with some others he had observ'd in their former Conferences, he went straight to the Consul's, and told what he had discover'd. Orders were immediately issued out for searching the Embassadors, the Letters above-mentioned were intercepted, the Criminals seiz'd, and the Proof being evident against them, they suffer'd the Punishment (which was newly introduced) of being tied Naked to a Stake, where they were first Whipt by the Lictors, then Beheaded: And *Brutus*, by Virtue of his Office, was unhappily obliged to see this Rigorous Sentence Executed on his own Children.

To

To purſue the Story; the *Tarquins* finding their Plot had miſcarried, and fearing nothing could be done by Treachery, ſtruck up an Alliance with *Porſenna* King of *Tuſcany*, who protending to reſtore them by open Force, march'd with a numerous Army, and beſieg'd *Rome*: But was ſoon ſurpriz'd with three ſuch Inſtances of the *Roman* Bravery, in the Perſons of *Coeles*, *Mutius*, and *Clelia*, that he withdrew his Army, and courted their Friendſhip.

47 *Horatius Coeles* being Poſted to guard a Bridge, which he perceived the Enemy wou'd ſoon be Maſter of, he ſtood reſolutely and oppoſed part of their Army, while the Party he commanded, repaſs'd the Bridge, and broke it down after them; and then threw himſelf, Armed as he was, into the *Tyber*, and eſcap'd to the City.

48 *Mutius Scævola* went into the Enemies Camp with a Reſolution to kill their King *Porſenna*, but inſtead of ſtriking him, ſtabb'd one of his Guards; and being brought before the King, and finding his Errour, in Indignation he burn'd off his Right Hand as a Penalty for his miſtake.

49 *Clelia*, a Roman Virgin, who was given to *Porſenna* as an Hoſtage, made her eſcape from the Guards, and ſwam over the *Tyber*.

50 *Romulus* finding the City, call'd by his Name, not ſufficiently Peopled, eſtabliſhed an *Aſylum*, or Sanctuary, where all Out-laws, Vagabonds, and Criminals of what Nature ſoever, who cou'd make their Eſcape thither, might live in all Freedom and Security.

51 The Author either means the *Baſtard* of *Mars*, and *Rhea Sylvia*, a Veſtal Virgin, of whoſe Rape we have a Relation in the beginning of *Ovid*'s Third Book *de Faſtis*, or a *Parricide*, for killing his Brother *Remus*.

* The ugly Buffoon of the *Grecian* Army.

THE

THE NINTH SATYR.

By STEPHEN HARVEY, Esq;

The ARGUMENT.

Juvenal *here* (*in Dialogue with* Nevolus) *expoſes the deteſtable Vice then practis'd in* Rome, *and the Covetouſneſs of a Rich Old Citizen, which ſo prevail'd over his Pleaſure, that he would not gratifie the Drudge who had ſo often Oblig'd him in the lewd Enjoyment of his Deſire.*

JUV.

TELL me why, ſauntring thus from Place to Place,
I meet thee (*Nevolus*) with a Clouded Face?
What Humane Ills can urge to this degree;
Not Vanquiſht [1] *Marſyas* had a Brow like thee,

Nor



M. Vander Gucht Sculp.



Nor *Ravola* ſo ſneak'd and hung his Head,
Catch'd with that lewd Bawd *Rhodope* in Bed:
Our Grand Beau [2] *Pollio* ſeem'd not half ſo ſad
When not a Drachma cou'd in *Rome* be had.
When treble Uſe he proffer'd for a Friend,
And tempting Bribes did to the Scriv'ners ſend,
Yet none he found ſo much a Fool to lend.
Hard Fate! untroll'd is now the Charming Dye,
The Play-Houſe and the Parks unviſited muſt lie;
The Beauteous Nymph in vain he does adore,
And his gilt Chariot Wheels muſt Rowl no more.
But why theſe frightful Wrinckles in thy Prime?
That ſhew old Age ſo long before the time;
At loweſt Ebb of Fortune when you lay
(Contented then) how Merry was the Day.
But oh the Curſe of wiſhing to be Great:
Dazled with Hope we cannot ſee the Cheat;
Where wild Ambition in the Heart we find,
Farewel Content and Quiet of the Mind,
For Glittering Clouds we leave the ſolid Shore,
And wonted Happineſs returns no more;

Till

Till ſuch aſpiring Thoughts had fill'd thy Breaſt,
No Man ſo pleaſant, ſuch a chearful Gueſt;
So Brisk, ſo Gay, of that engaging Air,
No Mirth was Crown'd till *Nevolus* was there:
The Scene's now chang'd, that frolick Genius fled,
And Gloomy Thought ſeems enter'd in its ſtead;
Thy Cloaths worn out, not Hands nor Linnen clean,
And thy bare Skin through the large Rents is ſeen;
Thy Locks uncomb'd like a rough Wood appear,
And every Part ſeems ſuited to thy Care.
Where now that labour'd Niceneſs in thy Dreſs,
And all thoſe Arts that did the Spark expreſs?
A look ſo Pale no *Quartane* ever gave,
Thy dwindled Legs ſeem crawling to a Grave:
When we are touch'd with ſome important Ill,
How vainly ſilence would our Grief conceal!
Sorrow nor Joy can be diſguis'd by Art,
Our Foreheads blab the Secrets of our Heart;
By which (alas) 'tis evident and plain
Thy Hopes are daſh'd, and thy Endeavours vain;
And yet 'tis ſtrange! But lately thou wert known
For the moſt envied *Stallion* of the Town.

What

What conſcious 3 Shrine, what Cell by thee unſought,
Where Love's dark Pleaſures might be ſold and
bought?
From Human View you hid theſe Deeds of Luſt,
But Gods in Braſs and Marble you cou'd truſt:
Ceres 4 her ſelf not ſcap'd, for where can be
From Bawds and Proſtitutes an Altar free?
Nor didſt thou only for the Females burn,
The Husband and the Wife ſucceeded in their Turn.

NEV.

This Life I own to ſome has Proſp'rous been;
But I have no ſuch Golden Minutes ſeen:
Right have you hit the Cauſe of my Diſtreſs,
None has Earn'd more, and been Rewarded leſs:
All I can gain is but a Thredbare Coat,
And that with utmoſt Pains and Drudging got:
Some Single Money too, but that (alas)
Broken and Counterfeit will hardly paſs.
Whilſt others, pamper'd in their ſhameleſs Pride,
Are ſerv'd in Plate, and in their Chariots Ride:
Tell me what Mortal can his Grief contain,
That has, like me, ſuch Reaſon to complain?

On

On Fate alone Man's Happineſs depends,
To parts conceal'd Fate's prying Pow'r extends:
And if our Stars of their Kind Influence fail,
The Gifts of Nature, what will they avail?
The Gifts of Nature! Curſe upon the Thought,
By that alone I am to Ruin brought.
Old *Virro* did the Fatal Secret hear
(But Curſe on Fame that bore it to his Ear)
What ſoft Addreſs his wooing did begin?
What Oaths, what Promiſes to draw me in?
Scarce cou'd they fail to make a Virgin Sin.
Who wou'd not then ſwear *Nevolus* had ſped,
And Golden Show'rs were dropping on his Head?
But oh this Wretch, this Prodigy behold!
A Slave at once to Leachery and Gold!
For in the Act of his lewd Brutal joy,
Sirrah! My Rogue (he cries) mine own dear Boy!
My Lad, My Life! already ask for more?
I paid laſt Bout, and you muſt quit the Score:
" Poor five 5 *Seſtertia* have been all my Gains,
" And what is that for ſuch deteſted Pains?

Was

Was it an Eaſe and Pleaſure, cou'd'ſt thou ſay
(Where Nature's Law forbids) to force my way
To the digeſted Meals of yeſterday?
The Slave more toil'd and harraſs'd will be found,
Who Digs his Maſter's Buttocks, than his Ground:
But ſure old *Virro* thinks himſelf a Boy,
Whom *Jove* once more might languiſh to enjoy:
Sees not his wither'd Face and grizly Hair,
But would be thought Smooth, Charming, Soft, & Fair:
With Female Pride wou'd have his Love be ſought,
And every Smile with a Rich Preſent bought.

Say, Goat, for whom this Maſs of Wealth you heap?
For whom thy hoarded Bags in ſilence ſleep?
Apulian Farms for the Rich Soil admir'd?
And thy large Fields where Falcons may be tir'd?
Thy Fruitful Vineyards on *Campanian* Hills?
(Tho none drinks leſs, yet none more Veſſels fills)
From ſuch a Store 'tis barbarous to grudge
A ſmall relief to your Exhauſted Drudge:
Weigh well the matter, wer't not fitter much
The Poor Inhabitants of yonder Thatch
Call'd me their Lord (who to Extreams am driven)

That

Than to ſome worthleſs Sycophant be given?
Yet what ſmooth Sycophant by thee can gain?
When Luſt it ſelf ſtrikes thy Flint-Heart it vain?)
A Beggar! Fie! 'tis Impudence, (he cry'd)
And ſuch mean ſhifting Anſwers ſtill reply'd:
But Rent unpaid, ſays Begg, till *Virro* Grant;
(How ill does Modeſty conſiſt with Want?)
My ſingle Boy (like [6] *Polyphemus* Eye)
Mourns his harſh Fate, and Weeps for a Supply.
One will not do, hard Labour'd and hard Fed,
How then ſhall Hungry two expect their Bread?
What ſhall I ſay, when rough *December* Storms?
When Froſts, and Snow, have crampt their Naked Arms?
What Comforts without Money can I bring?
Will they be ſatisfy'd to think on Spring?
These Motives urg'd to his Obdurate Mind,
Is caſting Water to the adverſe Wind;
But one thing yet, baſe Wretch, I muſt impart,
Thy ſelf ſhalt own, ungrateful as thou art:
At your Intreaties, had not I obey'd;
Still your deluded Wife had been a Maid:
Down on the Bridal-bed a Maid ſhe lay,
A Maid ſhe roſe, at the approaching Day.

Another

Another Night, thy lumpiſh Love ſhe try'd,
But ſtill ſhe roſe, a Virgin, and a Bride:
What cou'd have touch'd her more! away ſhe flung,
And every Street of thy loſt Manhood rung.
Her ſpeaking Eyes, were full of thy Diſgrace;
And her vext Thoughts abhorr'd the cold Embrace.
Such wrongs, what Wiſhing Woman cou'd have born?
In Rage, the Marriage Articles were torn:
Yet when ſhe vow'd, to ſee thy Face no more,
And Heartleſs thou ſtood'ſt whining at the Door,
I met the Angry Fair, all over Charms,
And catch'd her flying from thy Frozen Arms:
Much Pains it coſt to Right the injur'd Dame;
A whole Night's Vigour, to repair thy ſhame:
Witneſs your ſelf, who heard the lab'ring Bed,
And ſhrieks at the departing Maiden-Head:
"Thus many a Spouſe, who wou'd her Choice recant;
"Is kept Obedient by a Kind Gallant:

Now cou'd you ſhift all this and paſs it o're,
Yet (Monſter) I have left one Inſtance more.
Think, if ſo well her Buſineſs I have done,
As that Night's ſervice may produce a Son,
Our *Roman* Laws great Priviledge afford
To him that ſtands a Father on Record:
Thy ſelf, 'tis true, a Cuckold thou muſt own,
But that Reproach is in my Breaſt alone,
To me the Pleaſure be, to thee the Fame,
My Brat ſhall thy Abilities proclaim;
And free thee ever, from Inglorious Shame.
Let circling Wreaths adorn thy crowded Door,
Matrons, and Girls, ſhall hoot at thee no more,
But Stories to thy laſting Credit raiſe,
While fumbling Fribbles grudge thy borrow'd Praiſe.

JUV.

True, *Nevolus*, moſt aptly you complain,
But tho your Griefs are juſt, they are in vain;
Your Service paſt, he does with Scorn forget,
And ſeeks ſome other Fool, like thee, to cheat.

NEV.

Beware, my Friend, and what I now reveal,
As the great Secret of thy Life conceal;
A luſtful Pathick, when he turns a Foe;
He gives like Deſtiny a wardleſs Blow:
His Crimes are ſuch, they will not bear a Jeſt,
And Fire and Sword, purſue the conſcious Breaſt.
For ſweet Revenge no Drugs will be too Dear,
In Luſt, a Miſer, but a Spendthrift here.
Then ſlight him not, nor with his Scandal ſport,
But be as Mute as was th' [7] *Athenian* Court.

JUV.

Dull [8] *Corydon!* Art thou ſo ſtupid grown,
To think a Rich Man's Faults can be unknown?
Has he not Slaves about him? Wou'd not they
Rejoyce, and Laugh, ſuch Secrets to betray?
What more Effectual to Revenge their Wrongs?
Than the unbounded Freedom of their Tongues?
Or grant it poſſible to ſilence thoſe,
Dumb Beaſts and Statues wou'd his Crimes expoſe:

Try to Impriſon the reſiſtleſs Wind,
So ſwift is Guilt, ſo hard to be confin'd;
Tho crafty Tears, ſhou'd caſt a Vail between,
Yet in the Dark, his Vices wou'd be ſeen:
And there's a Luſt in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing our Neighbour's Shame;
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals flye,
While Virtuous Actions are but Born, and Dye.
Let us live well, were it alone for This,
The baneful Tongues of Servants to deſpiſe,
Slander (the worſt of Poyſons) ever finds
An eaſie Entrance, to ignoble Minds:
And they whoſe Vicious Lives, ſuch Abject Foes
muſt fear,
More mean and wretched far than their own
Slaves appear.

NEV.

Your Counſel's Good and Uſeful, 'tis confeſs'd;
But (oh) to me it is in vain addreſs'd:
Let the Great Man, whom gaping Crowds attend,
Fear a ſcourg'd Slave, or a diſſembling Friend;

No matter what I do, or what I ſay,
I have no Spies about me to betray:
And you adviſe me now my time is loſt,
And all my Hopes of Proſp'rous Hours are Croſt;
My full-blown Youth already fades apace,
(Of our ſhort Being, 'tis the ſhorteſt ſpace.)
While melting Pleaſures in our Arms are found,
While Lovers ſmile, and while the Bowl goes round;
While in ſurprizing Joys intranc'd we lie,
Old Age creeps on us, e're we think it nigh.

JUV.

Fear not, thy Trade will never find an End,
While yon 9 Hills ſtand thou can'ſt not want a Friend;
By Land, and Sea, from every Point they come,
Then dread no Dearth of Proſtitutes at *Rome*,

NEV.

Tell this to Happier Men, for I am ſped;
If all my Drudging can procure me Bread.
Ye Deities! The Subſtitutes of Heav'n!
To whom the Guide of Humane Life is giv'n;

At whoſe lov'd Altars, with an ample Zeal,
(Tho ſlender Sacrifice) I daily kneel,
His Ebbing Hours let your Poor Suppliant ſee
From the mean Crutch, and a thatcht Cottage free,
No ſhameful Want, nor troubleſom Diſeaſe,
But eaſie Death approaching by degrees;
Neceſſity ſupply'd, wou'd comfort bring:
Yet conſtant Store, wou'd be a Glorious thing:
To treat a Friend, methinks, I wou'd afford,
While Silver Bowls ſtand ſmiling on my Board:
And when the Cares of *Rome* to Pleaſure yield;
Two [10] *Maſian* Slaves ſhou'd bear me to the Field:
Where, on their Brawny ſhoulders mounted high,
While the Brave Youth their Various Manhood try,
I wou'd the Thrones of Emperours defie.
Superfluous Wealth, and Pomp, I not deſire;
But what Content, and Decency require.
Then might I live by my own Surly Rules,
Not forc'd to Worſhip Knaves, and flatter Fools.

And

And thus ſecur'd of Eaſe, by ſhuning ſtrife,
With Pleaſure would I Sail down the ſwift Stream of Life,
But oh ridiculous vain Wiſh for One
Already loſt, and doom'd to be undone.
Alas! what Hope remains! For to my Pray'rs,
Regardleſs Fortune ſtops her wounded Ears;
As to the[11] *Syrens* Charms, *Ulyſſes* Mariners.

Explanatory Notes on the Ninth Satyr.

1 A *Phrygian*, who challenging *Apollo* at Muſick, was overcome, and flead alive for his Preſumption.

2 A Fop in *Rome*, that had run out his Eſtate.

3 The Temples, and Images of their Gods, were (by Night) the Common Places of Aſſignation.

4 To the Temple of *Ceres*, only the Chaſt and ſtricteſt Matrons were admitted, &c.

5 A ſmall Coin among the *Romans*.

6. A Gyant of *Sicily*, and one of the *Cyclops* who had but one Eye, and that in his forehead, which *Ulyſſes* by craft put out, and eſcap'd from him, &c.

7 The *Areopagus*, or Court of Juſtice at *Athens*, where they gave Sentence by Characters and Signs &c.

8 The Common name of a Shepherd, which he applies to *Nevolus*, for his Ignorance and ſimplicity, in thinking the Vices of Great Men can be conceal'd.

9 The 7 Hills on which *Rome* was built.

10 *Meſia*, a place near *Tuſcany*, famous for the great ſize and ſtrength of the Inhabitants.

11 Mermaids on the Coaſt of *Sicily*, whoſe Charms *Ulyſſes* (being forewarn'd) avoided by ſtopping his Mariners Ears with wax, and ſo Sail'd by them ſecurely; at which Diſappointment they threw themſelves into the Sea, and were turn'd into Rocks, &c. *Hom. Odyſſ. l.* 12.

THE TENTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poets Design in this Divine Satyr, is to represent the various Wishes and Desires of Mankind; and to set out the Folly of 'em. He runs through all the several Heads of Riches, Honours, Eloquence, Fame for Martial Atchievements, Long Life, and Beauty; and gives Instances in each, how freqently they have prov'd the Ruin of those that own'd them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for our selves, we shou'd do better to leave it to the Gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of Heaven, lies within a very small compass. 'Tis but Health of Body and Mind—— *And if we have these, 'tis not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.*





10

M. Vander Gucht

LOOK round the Habitable World, how few
Know their own Good; or knowing it,
purſue.
How void of Reaſon are our Hopes and Fears!
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole Houſes, of their whole Deſires poſſeſt,
Are often Ruin'd, at their own Requeſt.
In Wars, and Peace, things hurtful we require,
When made Obnoxious to our own Deſire.
With Laurels ſome have fatally been
Crown'd;
Some who the depths of Eloqeuence have found,
In that unnavigable Stream were Drown'd.
The [1] Brawny Fool, who did his Vigour boaſt,
In that Preſuming Confidence was loſt:
But more have been by Avarice oppreſt,
And Heaps of Money crouded in the Cheſt:
Unwieldy Sums of Wealth, which higher mount
Than Files of Marſhall'd Figures can account.

To

To which the Stores of *Cræſus*, in the Scale,
Wou'd look like little Dolphins, when they ſail
In the vaſt ſhadow of the *Britiſh* Whale.

For this, in *Nero's* Arbitrary time,
When Vertue was a Guilt, and Wealth a Crime,
A Troop of Cut-Throat Gaurds were ſent, to ſeize
The Rich Mens Goods, and gut their Palaces:
The Mob, Commiſſion'd by the Government,
Are ſeldom to an Empty Garret ſent.
The Fearful Paſſenger, who Travels late,
Charg'd with the Carriage of a Paltry Plate,
Shakes at the Moonſhine ſhadow of a Ruſh;
And ſees a Red-Coat riſe from every Buſh:
The Beggar Sings, ev'n when he ſees the place
Beſet with Thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the Vows, the firſt and chief Requeſt
Of each, is to be Richer than the reſt:
And yet no doubts the Poor Man's Draught controul;
He dreads no Poiſon in his homely Bowl.
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems Divine
Enchaſe the Cup, and ſparkle in the Wine.

Will

Will you not now, the pair of Sages praiſe,
Who the ſame End purſu'd, by ſeveral Ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the Woful Times:
One laugh'd at Follies, one lamented Crimes:
Laughter is eaſie; but the Wonder lies
What ſtores of Brine ſupply'd the Weepers Eyes.
Democritus, cou'd feed his Spleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt 'em ake;
Tho in his Country Town, no Lictors were;
Nor Rods, nor Ax, nor Tribune did appear:
Nor all the Foppiſh Gravity of ſhow
Which cunning Magiſtrates on Crowds beſtow:
What had he done, had he beheld, on high
Our *Prætor* ſeated, in Mock Majeſty;
His Chariot rowling o're the Duſty place,
While, with dumb Pride, and a ſet formal Face,
He moves, in the dull Ceremonial track,
With *Jove*'s Embroyder'd Coat upon his back:
A Sute of Hangings had not more oppreſt
His Shoulders, than that long, Laborious Veſt.
A heavy Gugaw, (call'd a Crown,) that ſpred
About his Temples, drown'd his narrow Head:

And

And wou'd have crush'd it, with the Massy Freight,
But that a sweating Slave sustain'd the weight:
A Slave in the same Chariot seen to ride,
To mortifie the mighty Madman's Pride.
Add now th' Imperial Eagle, rais'd on high,
With Golden Beak (the Mark of Majesty)
Trumpets before, and on the Left and Right,
A Cavalcade of Nobles, all in White:
In their own Natures false, and flatt'ring Tribes
But made his Friends, by Places and by Bribes.

In his own Age *Democritus* cou'd find
Sufficient cause to laugh at Humane kind:
Learn from so great a Wit; a Land of Bogs
With Ditches fens'd, a Heav'n Fat with Fogs,
May form a Spirit fit to sway the State;
And make the Neighb'ring Monarchs fear their Fate.

He laughs at all the Vulgar Cares and Fears;
At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer Tears:
An equal Temper in his Mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd,

'Tis

'Tis plain from hence that what our Vows requeſt,
Are hurtful things, or Uſeleſs at the beſt.
Some ask for Envy'd Pow'r; which publick Hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their Fate:
Down go the Titles; and the Statue Crown'd,
Is by baſe Hands in the next River Drown'd.
The Guiltleſs Horſes, and the Chariot Wheel
The ſame Effects of Vulgar Fury feel:
The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
While the Lung'd Bellows hiſſing Fire provoke;
Sejanus [2] almoſt firſt of *Roman* Names,
The great *Sejanus* crackles in the Flames:
Form'd in the Forge, the Pliant Braſs is laid
On Anvils; and of Head and Limbs are made,
Pans, Cans, and Piſpots, a whole Kitchin Trade.
Adorn your Doors with Laurels; and a Bull
Milk white and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a Rope, is drag'd along;
The Sport and Laughter of the giddy Throng!
Good Lord, they Cry, what Ethiop Lips he has!
How foul a Snout and what a hanging Face?

By

By Heav'n I never cou'd endure his ſight;
But ſay, how came his Monſtrous Crimes to Light?
What is the Charge, and who the Evidence
(The Saviour of the Nation and the Prince?)
Nothing of this; but our Old *Cæſar* ſent
A Noiſie Letter to his Parliament:
Nay Sirs, if *Cæſar* writ, I ask no more
He's Guilty; and the Queſtion's out of Door.
How goes the Mob, (for that's a Mighty thing,)
When the King's Trump, the Mob are for the King:
They follow Fortune, and the Common Cry
Is ſtill againſt the Rogue Condemn'd to Dye.
But the ſame very Mob, that Raſcal crowd
Had cry'd *Sejanus*, with a Shout as loud;
Had his Deſigns, (by Fortune's favour Bleſt)
Succeeded, and the Prince's Age oppreſt.
But long, long ſince, the Times have chang'd their Face,
The People grown Degenerate and baſe:
Not ſuffer'd now the Freedom of their choice,
To make their Magiſtrates, and ſell their Voice.

Our

Our Wiſe Fore-Fathers, Great by Sea and Land,
Had once the Pow'r and abſolute Command;
All Offices of Truſt, themſelves diſpos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd, Depos'd.
But we who give our Native Rights away,
And our Inſlav'd Poſterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an Alms, and go
On Holidays to ſee a Puppet ſhow.
There was a Damn'd Deſign, crys one, no doubt;
For Warrants are already Iſſued out:
I met *Brutidius* in a Mortal fright:
He's dipt for certain, and plays leaſt in ſight:
I fear the Rage of our offended Prince,
Who thinks the Senate ſlack in his defence!
Come let us haſte, our Loyal Zeal to ſhow,
And ſpurn the Wretched Corps of *Cæſar*'s Foe:
But let our Slaves be preſent there, leſt they
Accuſe their Maſters, and for Gain betray.
Such were the Whiſpers of thoſe jealous Times,
About *Sejanus* Puniſhment, and Crimes.

Now

Now tell me truly, wou'dſt thou change thy Fate
To be, like him, firſt Miniſter of State?
To have thy Levyes Crowded with reſort,
Of a depending gaping, ſervile Court:
Diſpoſe all Honours, of the Sword and Gown,
Grace with a Nod, and Ruin with a Frown;
To hold thy Prince in Pupill Age and ſway,
That Monarch, whom the Maſter'd World obey?
While he, intent on ſecret Luſts alone,
Lives to himſelf, abandoning the Throne;
Coopt 3 in a narow Iſle, obſerving Dreams
With flatt'ring Wizards, and erecting Schemes!
I well believe, thou woud'ſt be Great as he;
For ev'ry Man's a Fool to that Degree:
All wiſh the dire Prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they wou'd have the Pow'r, who want the Will:
But woud'ſt thou have thy Wiſhes underſtood.
To take the Bad together with the Good?
Wou'dſt thou not rather chuſe a ſmall Renown,
To be the May'r of ſome poor paltry Town,

Bigly to look and barb'rouſly to ſpeak;
To proud falſe Weights, and ſcanty Meaſures
break?
Then, grant we that *Sejanus* went aſtray,
In ev'ry Wiſh, and knew not how to pray:
For he who graſp'd the World's exhauſted Store
Yet never had enough, but wiſh'd for more.
Rais'd a top heavy Tow'r, of monſtrous height,
Which mould'ring, cruſh'd him underneath the
weight.
What did the mighty *Pompey*'s Fall beget?
And ruin'd [4] him, who Greater than the Great,
The ſtubborn Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke;
And bent their haughty Necks beneath his Yoke?
What elſe, but his immoderate Luſt of Pow'r,
Pray'rs made and granted in a Luckleſs Hour:
For few Uſurpers to the ſhades deſcend
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End.
The Boy, who ſcarce has paid his Entrance down
To his proud Pedant, or declin'd a Noun,
(So ſmall an Elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his Satchel muſt be born to School,)

Yet prays and hopes and aims at nothing leſs,
To 5 prove a *Tully*, or *Demoſthenes*:
But both thoſe Orators, ſo much Renown'd,
In their own Depths of Eloquence were drown'd:
The Hand and Head were never loſt, of thoſe
Who dealt in Dogrel, or who punn'd in Proſe:
Fortune 6 *foretun'd the Dying Notes of* Rome:
Till I, thy Conſul ſole, conſol'd thy Doom.
His Fate had crept below the lifted Swords,
Had all his Malice been to murther Words.
I rather wou'd be *Mævius*, thraſh for Rhimes
Like his, the Scorn and Scandal of the Times,
Than 7 that Philippique fatally Divine,
Which is inſcrib'd the Second, ſhould be mine.
Nor he, the Wonder of the *Grecian* Throng,
Who drove them with the Torrent of his Tongue,
Who ſhook the Theaters, and ſway'd the State
Of *Athens*, found a more propitious Fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding Horoſcope,
His Sire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a Shop,

From

From *Mars* his Forge, ſent to *Minerva*'s Schools,
To learn the unlucky Art of wheedling Fools.
With Itch of Honour, and Opinion, Vain,
All things beyond their Native worth we ſtrain:
The [8] Spoils of War, brought to *Feretrian Jove*,
An empty Coat of Armour hung above
The Conquerors Chariot, and in Triumph born,
A Streamer from a boarded Gally torn,
A Chap-faln Beaver looſely hanging by
The cloven Helm, an Arch of Victory,
On whoſe high Convex ſits a Captive Foe,
And ſighing caſts a mournful Look below;
Of ev'ry Nation, each Illuſtrious Name,
Such Toys as theſe have cheated into Fame:
Exchanging ſolid Quiet, to obtain
The windy Satisfaction of the Brain.
So much the Thirſt of Honour Fires the Blood;
So many wou'd be Great, ſo few be Good.
For who wou'd Virtue for her ſelf regard,
Or Wed, without the Portion of Reward?
Yet this mad Chace of Fame, by few purſu'd,
Has drawn Deſtruction on the multitude:

This Avarice of Praiſe in Times to come,
Thoſe long Inſcriptions, crowded on the Tomb,
Shou'd ſome wild Fig-Tree take her Native bent,
And heave below the gaudy Monument,
Wou'd crack the Marble Titles, and diſperſe
The Characters of all the lying Verſe.
For Sepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In times Abyſs, the common Grave of all.

Great *Hannibal* within the Balance lay;
And tell how many Pounds his Aſhes weigh;
Whom *Africk* was not able to contain,
Whoſe length runs level with th' Atlantick main,
And wearies fruitful *Nilus*, to convey
His Sun-beat Waters by ſo long a way;
Which *Ethiopia*'s double Clime divides,
And Elephants in other Mountains hides.
Spain firſt he won, the *Pyrenæans* paſt,
And ſteepy *Alps* the Mounds that Nature caſt:
And with corroding Juices, as he went,
A paſſage through the living Rocks he rent.
Then, like a Torrent, rowling from on high,
He pours his head-long Rage on *Italy*;

In three Victorious Battels over-run;
Yet ſtill uneaſie, cries There's nothing done:
Till, level with the Ground, their Gates are laid;
And Punick Flags on *Roman* Tow'rs diſplay'd.
Ask what a Face belong'd to this high Fame;
His Picture ſcarcely wou'd deſerve a Frame:
A Sign-Poſt Dawber wou'd diſdain to paint
The one ey'd Hero on his Elephant.
Now what's his End, O charming Glory! ſay
What rare Fifth Act to Crown this huffing Play?
In one deciding Battel overcome,
He flies, is baniſht from his Native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign Court and there
Attends his mean Petition to prefer:
Repuls'd by ſurly Grooms, who wait before
The ſleeping Tyrant's interdicted Door.
What wonderous ſort of Death has Heav'n deſign'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the Herd of Human Kind,
For ſo untam'd, ſo turbulent a Mind!
Nor Swords at hand, nor hiſſing Darts afar,
Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody War,

But Poiſon, drawn through a Rings hollow plate,
Muſt finiſh him; a ſucking Infant's Fate,
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious Fool,
To pleaſe the Boys, and be a Theme at School.
One World ſuffic'd not *Alexander*'s Mind;
Coopt up, he ſeem'd in Earth and Seas confin'd:
And, ſtrugling, ſtretch'd his reſtleſs Limbs about
The narrow Globe, to find a paſſage out.
Yet entred in the [9] Brick-built Town, he try'd
The Tomb, and found the ſtrait Dimenſions wide:
"Death only this myſterious Truth unfolds,
"The mighty Soul, how ſmall a Body holds.
Old [10] *Greece* a Tale of *Athos* wou'd make out,
Cut from the Continent, and ſail'd about;
Seas hid with Navies, Chariots paſſing o'er
The Chanel, on a Bridge from ſhore to ſhore:
Rivers, whoſe depth no ſharp Beholder ſees,
Drunk, at an Armies Dinner to the Lees;
With a long Legend of Romantick things,
Which in his Cups the Bowſy Poet ſings.
But how did he return, this haughty Brave
Who whipt the Winds, and made the Sea his Slave? (Tho'

(Tho' *Neptune* took unkindly to be bound;
And *Eurus* never ſuch hard uſage found
In his *Æolian* Priſons under ground;)
What God ſo mean ev'n he who points the way,
So Mercileſs a Tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us ask again?
In a poor Skiff he paſs'd the bloody Main,
Choak'd with the ſlaughter'd Bodies of his Train.
For Fame he pray'd, but let th' Event declare
He had no mighty Penn'worth of his Pray'r.
Jove grant me length of Life, and Years good ſtore;
Heap on my bending Back, I ask no more.
Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young conſpire
In this one ſilly, Miſchievous Deſire.
Miſtaken Bleſſing which old Age they call,
'Tis a long naſty, darkſom Hoſpital.
A ropy Chain of Rheums; a Viſage rough,
Deform'd, Unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.
A ſtitch-faln Cheek, that hangs below the Jaw;
Such Wrinckles, as a skilful Hand wou'd draw

For an old Grandam Ape, when, with a Grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern Face.
In Youth, diſtinctions infinite abound;
No ſhape, or Feature, juſt alike are found;
The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong;
But the ſame Foulneſs does to age belong,
The ſelf-ſame Palſie, both in Limbs and Tongue.
The Skull and Forehead one bald barren Plain;
And Gums unarm'd to mumble Meat in vain:
Beſides th' eternal Drivel, that ſupplies
The dropping Beard, from Noſtrils, Mouth, and Eyes.
His Wife and Children loath him, and, what's worſe,
Himſelf does his offenſive Carrion curſe!
Flatt'rers forſake him too; for who would kill
Himſelf, to be remembred in a Will?
His Taſte, not only pall'd to Wine and Meat,
But to the Reliſh of a Nobler Treat.
The limber Nerve, in vain provok'd to riſe,
Inglorious from the Field of Battel flies:

Poor

Poor feeble Dotard, how could he advance
With his blue Head-piece, and his broken Lance?
Add, that endeavoring ſtill without effect,
A Luſt more ſordid juſtly we ſuſpect.
Thoſe Senſes loſt, behold a new Defeat,
The Soul, diſlodging from another Seat.
What Muſick, or enchanting Voice, can chear
A Stupid, Old, Impenetrable Ear?
No matter in what Place, or what Degree
Of the full Theater he ſits to ſee;
Cornets and Trumpets cannot reach his Ear:
Under an Actor's Noſe, he's never near.
His Boy muſt bawl, to make him underſtand
The Hour o' th' Day, or ſuch a Lord's at hand:
The little Blood that creeps within his Veins,
Is but juſt warm'd in a hot Fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no Limb about him ſound:
With ſores and Sickneſſes beleagur'd round:
Ask me their Names, I ſooner cou'd relate
How many Drudges on Salt *Hippia* wait;
What Crouds of Patients the Town Docter kills,
Or how, laſt Fall, he rais'd the Weekly Bills.

What

What Provinces by *Baſilus* were ſpoil'd,
What Herds of Heirs by Gaurdians are beguil'd:
How many Bouts a day that Bitch has try'd;
How many Boys that Pedagogue can ride!
What Lands and Lordſhips for their Owners know,
My Quondam Barber, but his Worſhip now.
This Dotard of his broken Back complains,
One his Legs fail, and one his Shoulders pains:
Another is of both his Eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for Aiming left.
A Fifth, with trembling Lips expecting ſtands,
As in his Childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at ſight of Supper open'd wide
His Jaws before, and whetted Grinders try'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be ſupply'd:
Like a young Swallow, when with weary Wings,
Expected Food, her faſting Mother brings.
His loſs of Members is a heavy Curſe,
But all his Faculties decay'd, a worſe!
His Servants Names he has forgotten quite:
Knows not his Friend who ſupp'd with him laſt Night.

Not

Not ev'n the Children, he Begot and Bred;
Or his Will knows 'em not: For, in their ſtead,
In form of Law, a common Hackney Jade,
Sole Heir, for ſecret Services, is made:
So lew'd and ſuch a batter'd Brothel Whore,
That ſhe defies all Comers, at her Door.
Well, yet ſuppoſe his Senſes are his own,
He lives to be chief Mourner for his Son:
Before his face his Wife and Brother burns;
He numbers all his Kindred in their Urns.
Theſe are the Fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious Age, in his one wrong:
Griefs always Green, a Houſhould ſtill in Tears,
Sad Pomps: A Threſhold throng'd with daily Biers;
And Liv'ries of Black for length of Years.

Next to the Raven's Age, the *Pylian*[12] King
Was longeſt liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;
Bleſt, to defraud the Grave ſo long, to mount
His[13] numberd Years, and on his right-hand count;
Three hundred Seaſons, guzling Muſt of Wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himſelf repine

At

At Fate's Unequal Laws; and at the Clue
Which, [14] Mercileſs in length, the midmoſt Siſter drew.
When his Brave Son upon the Fun'ral Pyre,
He ſaw extended, and his Beard on Fire;
He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his Friend's, what Crime
Had curs'd his Age to this unhappy Time?
Thus mourn'd Old *Peleus* for *Achilles* ſlain,
And thus *Ulyſſes*'s Father did complain.
How fortunate an End had *Priam* made,
Among his Anceſtors a mighty Shade,
While *Troy* yet ſtood: When *Hector* with the Race
Of Royal Baſtards might his Fun'ral Grace:
Amidſt the Tears of *Trojan* Dames inurn'd,
And by his Loyal Daughters truly mourn'd.
Had Heav'n ſo bleſt him, he had dy'd before
The fatal Fleet to *Sparta Paris* bore.
But mark what Age produc'd; he liv'd to ſee
His Town in Flames, his falling Monarchy:
In Fine, the feeble Sire, reduc'd by Fate,
To change his Scepter for a Sword, too late,

His

His [15] laſt Effort before *Jove*'s Altar tries;
A Souldier half, and half a Sacrifice:
Falls like an Ox, that waits the coming Blow;
Old and unprofitable to the Plough.

At [16] leaſt, he dy'd a Man, his Queen ſurviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking Body liv'd.

I haſten to our own; nor will relate
Great [17] *Mithridates*, and Rich [18] *Craſus* Fate;
Whom *Solon* wiſely counſell'd to attend,
The Name of Happy, till he knew his End.

That *Marius* was an Exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in Ruin'd *Carthage* begg'd his Bread,
All theſe were owing to a Life too long:
For whom had *Rome* beheld ſo Happy, Young!
High in his Chariot and with Lawrel Crown'd,
When he had led the *Cimbrian* Captives round
The *Roman* Streets; deſcending from his State,
In that Bleſt Hour he ſhould have begg'd his Fate:
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his Triumphant Soul with Shouts expir'd.

Campania, [19] Fortune's Malice to prevent,
To *Pompey* an indulgent Favour ſent:

But

But publick Pray'rs impos'd on Heav'n, to give
Their much lov'd Leader an unkind Reprieve.
The City's Fate and his, conſpir'd to ſave
The Head, reſerv'd for an *Egyptian* Slave.

Cethegus,[20] though a Traytor to the State,
And Tortur'd, 'ſcap'd this Ignominious Fate:
And *Sergius*,[21] who a bad Cauſe bravely try'd,
All of a Piece, and undiminiſh'd dy'd.

To *Venus*, the fond Mother makes a Pray'r,
That all her Sons and Daughters may be Fair:
True, for the Boys a mumbling Vow ſhe ſends
But, for the Girls, the Vaulted Temple rends:
They muſt be finiſh'd Pieces: 'Tis allow'd
Diana's Beauty made *Latona* Proud;
And pleas'd, to ſee the wondring People pray
To the New-riſing Siſter of the Day.

And yet *Lucretia*'s Fate wou'd barr that Vow:
And Fair[22] *Virginia* wou'd her Fate beſtow
On *Rutila*; and change her Faultleſs Make
For the foul Rumple of her Camel-back.

But, for his Mother's Boy, the Beau, what frights
His Parents have by Day, what anxious Nights!

Form

Form join'd with Virtue is a Sight too rare;
Chaſte is no Epithet to ſuit with Fair.
Suppoſe the ſame Traditionary Strain
Of Rigid Manners, in the Houſe remain;
Inveterate Truth, an old plain *Sabine*'s Heart;
Suppoſe that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his Soul a ſober Grace,
And bluſht a Modeſt Blood into his Face;
(For Nature is a better Guardian far,
Than ſaucy Pedants, or dull Tutors are:)
Yet ſtill the Youth muſt ne'er arrive at Man;
(So much Almighty Bribes, and Preſents, can:)
Ev'n with a Parent, where Perſwaſions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of ſuch a Tyrant King
Who gelt a Boy deform'd, to hear him Sing.
Nor *Nero*, In his more luxurious Rage,
E'er made a Miſtreſs of an ugly Page:
Sporus, his Spouſe, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain Back, and Belly, from the Game
Croſs-barr'd; But both his Sexes well became.

Go,

Go, boaſt your *Springal*, by his Beauty curſt
To Ills; nor think I have declar'd the worſt:
His Form procures him Journey-work; a ſtrife
Betwixt Town Madams, and the Merchant's Wife;
Gueſs, when he undertakes this publick War,
What furious Beaſts offended Cuckolds are.
Adult'rers are with Dangers round beſet;
Born under *Mars*, they cannot 'ſcape the Net;
And from Revengeful Husbands oft have try'd
Worſe handling, than ſevereſt Laws provide:
One ſtabs, one ſlaſhes, one, with Cruel Art,
Makes *Colon* ſuffer for the peccant Part.
But your *Endymion*, your ſmooth, Smock-fac'd Boy
Unrivall'd, ſhall a Beauteous Dame enjoy:
Not ſo: One more Salacious, Rich, and Old,
Out-bids, and buys her Pleaſure for her Gold:
Now he muſt Moil, and Drudge, for one he loaths:
She keeps him high, in Equipage, and Cloaths:
She pawns her Jewels, and her Rich Attire,
And thinks the Workman worthy of his Hire:

In

In all things elſe immoral, ſtingy, mean;
But, in her Luſts, a Conſcionable Quean.
She may be handſom, yet be Chaſt, you ſay:
Good Obſervator, not ſo faſt away:
Did it not coſt the [23] Modeſt Youth his Life,
Who ſhunn'd th' Embraces of his Father's Wife?
And was not t' other [24] Stripling forc'd to fly,
Who, coldly, did his Patron's Queen deny;
And pleaded Laws of Hoſpitality?
The Ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd the tail;
With ſhame they redn'd, & with ſpight grew pale.
'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing Dame;
She loſes pity, who has loſt her ſhame.
Now [25] *Silius* wants thy Councel, give adviſe;
Wed *Cæſar*'s Wife, or die; the Choice is nice.
Her Comet-Eyes ſhe darts on ev'ry Grace;
And takes a Fatal liking to his Face.
Adorn'd with Bridal Pomp ſhe ſits in State;
The Publick Notaries and *Auſpex* wait:
The Genial Bed is in the Garden dreſt;
The Portion paid, and ev'ry Rite expreſs'd,
Which in a *Roman* Marriage is profeſt.

'Tis no ſtol'n Wedding, this; rejecting awe,
She ſcorns to Marry, but in Form of Law:
In this moot caſe, your Judgment: To refuſe
Is preſent Death, beſides the Night you loſe.
If you conſent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious Life you gain:
Till loud Reports through all the Town have paſt,
And reach the Prince: For Cuckolds hear the laſt.
Indulge thy Pleaſure, Youth, and take thy ſwing;
For not to take, is but the ſelf-ſame thing:
Inevitable Death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a Lady's Eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of Will?
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing Ill?
Receive my Councel, and ſecurely move;
Intruſt thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wiſdom ſees thee want:
In Goodneſs as in Greatneſs they excel;
Ah that we lov'd our ſelves but half ſo well!
We, blindly by our headſtrong Paſſions led,
Are hot for Action, and deſire to Wed;

Then

Then wiſh for Heirs: But to the Gods alone
Our future Offspring, and our Wives are known;
Th' audacious Strumpet, and ungracious Son.
Yet, not to rob the Prieſts of pious Gain,
That Altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the Gods the reſt, and ſtand confin'd
To Health of Body, and content of Mind:
A Soul, that can ſecurely Death defie,
And count it Nature's Priviledge to die;
Serene and Manly, hardned to ſuſtain
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain:
Guiltleſs of Hate, and Proof againſt Deſire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
That dares prefer the Toils of *Hercules*
To Dalliance, Banquets, and ignoble Eaſe.
The Path to Peace is Virtue: What I ſhow,
Thy ſelf may freely, on thy ſelf beſtow:
Fortune was never Worſhipp'd by the Wiſe;
But ſet aloft by Fools Uſurps the Skies.

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Explanatory Notes on the Tenth Satyr.

1 *Milo*, of *Crotona*; who for a Tryal of his ſtrength, going to rend an Oak, periſh'd in the Attempt; For his Arms were caught in the Trunk of it; and he was devour'd by Wild Beaſts.

2 *Sejanus* was *Tiberius*'s firſt Favourite; and while he continu'd ſo, had the higheſt Marks of Honour beſtow'd on him; Statues and Triumphal Chariots were every where erected to him. But as ſoon as he fell into Diſgrace with the Emperor, theſe were all immediately diſmounted; and the Senate and Common People inſulted over him as meanly, as they had fawn'd on him before.

3 The Iſland of *Capreæ*, which lies about a League out at Sea from the *Campanian* Shore, was the Scene of *Tiberius*'s Pleaſures in the latter part of his Reign. There he liv'd for ſome Years with Diviners, Soothſayers, and worſe Company —— And from thence, diſpatch'd all his Orders to the Senate.

4 *Julius Cæſar*, who got the better of *Pompey*, that was ſtil'd *the Great*.

5 *Demoſthenes* and *Tully*, both died for their Oratory. *Demoſthenes* gave himſelf Poyſon, to avoid being carried to *Antipater*, one of *Alexander*'s Captains, who had then made himſelf Maſter of *Athens*. *Tully* was Murther'd by *M. Antony*'s Order, in Return, for thoſe Invectives he had made againſt him.

6 The Latin of this Couplet is a Famous Verſe of *Tully*'s, in which he ſets out the Happineſs of his own Conſulſhip; Famous for the Vanity, and the ill Poetry of it. For *Tully* as he had a good deal of the one, ſo he had no great ſhare of the other.

7 The Orations of *Tully*, againſt *M. Antony*, were ſtil'd by him *Philippicæ*, in imitation of *Demoſthenes*; who had given that Name before to thoſe he made againſt *Philip* of *Macedon*.

8 This is a Mock-Account of a *Roman* Triumph.

9 *Babylon*, where *Alexander* dy'd.

10 *Xerxes*, is repreſented in Hiſtory, after a very Romantick Manner; affecting Fame beyond Meaſure, and doing the moſt Extravagant things, to compaſs it. Mount *Athos* made a Prodigious Promontory in the *Ægæan* Sea: He is ſaid to have cut a Channel through it, and to have Sail'd round it. He made a Bridge of Boats over the *Helleſpont*, where it was three Miles broad: And order'd a Whipping for the Winds and Seas, becauſe they had once croſſed his Deſigns, as we have a very ſolemn account of it in *Herodotus*. But, after all theſe vain Boaſts, he was ſhamefully beaten by *Themiſtocles* at *Salamis*; and return'd home, leaving moſt of his Fleet behind him. 11

11 *Mercury*, who was a God of the loweſt ſize, an employ'd always in Errands between Heaven and Hell. And Mortals us'd him accordingly: For his Statues were anciently plac'd, where Roads met; with Directions on the Fingers of 'em, Pointing out the ſeveral ways to Travellers.

12 *Neſtor*, King of *Pylus*; who was 300 Years old, according to *Homer*'s account, at leaſt, as he is underſtood by his Expoſitors.

13 The Antients counted by their Fingers. Their *Left* Hands ſerv'd 'em till they came up to an Hundred. After that, they us'd their *Right*, to expreſs all greater Numbers.

14 The *Fates* were three Siſters, which had all ſome peculiar Buſineſs aſſign'd 'em by the Poets, in Relation to the Lives of Men. The Firſt held the Diſtaff; the Second Spun the Thread; and the Third cut it.

15 Whilſt *Troy* was Sacking by the *Greeks*, Old King *Priam* is ſaid to have Buckled on his Armour, to oppoſe 'em. Which he had no ſooner done, but he was met by *Pyrrhus*, and Slain before the Altar of *Jupiter*, in his own Palace, as we have the Story finely told, in *Virgil*'s 2d *Æneid*.

16 *Hecuba*, his Queen, eſcap'd the Swords of the *Grecians*, and out-liv'd him. It ſeems, ſhe behav'd her ſelf ſo fiercely, and uneaſily to her Husband's Murtherers, while ſhe liv'd, that the Poets thought fit to turn her into a *Bitch*, when ſhe dy'd.

17 *Mithridates*, after he had diſputed the Empire of the World for 40 Years together, with the *Romans*, was at laſt depriv'd of Life and Empire by *Pompey* the Great.

18 *Cræſſus*, in the midſt of his Proſperity, making his Boaſt to *Solon*, how happy he was, receiv'd this Anſwer from the Wiſe Man, That no One could pronounce himſelf Happy, till he ſaw what his End ſhould be. The truth of this *Cræſſus* found, when he was put in Chains by *Cyrus*, and Condemned to die.

19 *Pompey*, in the midſt of his Glory, fell into a Dangerous Fit of Sickneſs, at *Naples*. A great many Cities then made Publick Supplications for him. He Recover'd, was beaten at *Pharſalia*, fled to *Ptolomy* King of *Ægypt*; and inſtead of receiving Protection at his Court, had his Head ſtruck off by his Order, to pleaſe *Cæſar*.

20 *Cethegus* was one that conſpir'd with *Catiline*, and was put to Death by the Senate.

21 *Catiline* dy'd Fighting.

22 *Virginia* was kill'd by her own Father, to prevent her being expos'd to the Luſt of *Appius Claudius*, who had Ill Deſigns upon her. The Story at large is in *Livy*'s Third Book; and 'tis a remarkable one, as it gave occaſion to the putting down the Power of the *Decemviri*; of whom *Appius* was one.

23 *Hippolitus* the Son of *Theseus*, was lov'd by his Mother-in-Law *Phœdria*. But he not complying with her, she procur'd his Death.

24 *Bellerophon*, the Son of King *Glaucus*, residing sometime at the Court of *Prætus* King of the *Argives*, the Queen, *Sthenobœa*, fell in Love with him. But he refusing her, she turn'd the Accusation upon Him; and he narrowly scap'd *Prætus*'s Vengeance.

25 *Messalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius*, Infamous for her Lewdness. She set her Eyes upon *C. Silius*, a fine Youth; forc'd him to quit his own Wife, and Marry her with all the Formalities of a Wedding, whilst *Claudius Cæsar* was Sacrificing at *Hostia*. Upon his Return, he put both *Silius* and her to Death.

THE

THE ELEVENTH SATYR.

By Mr. *WILLIAM CONGREVE.*

The ARGUMENT.

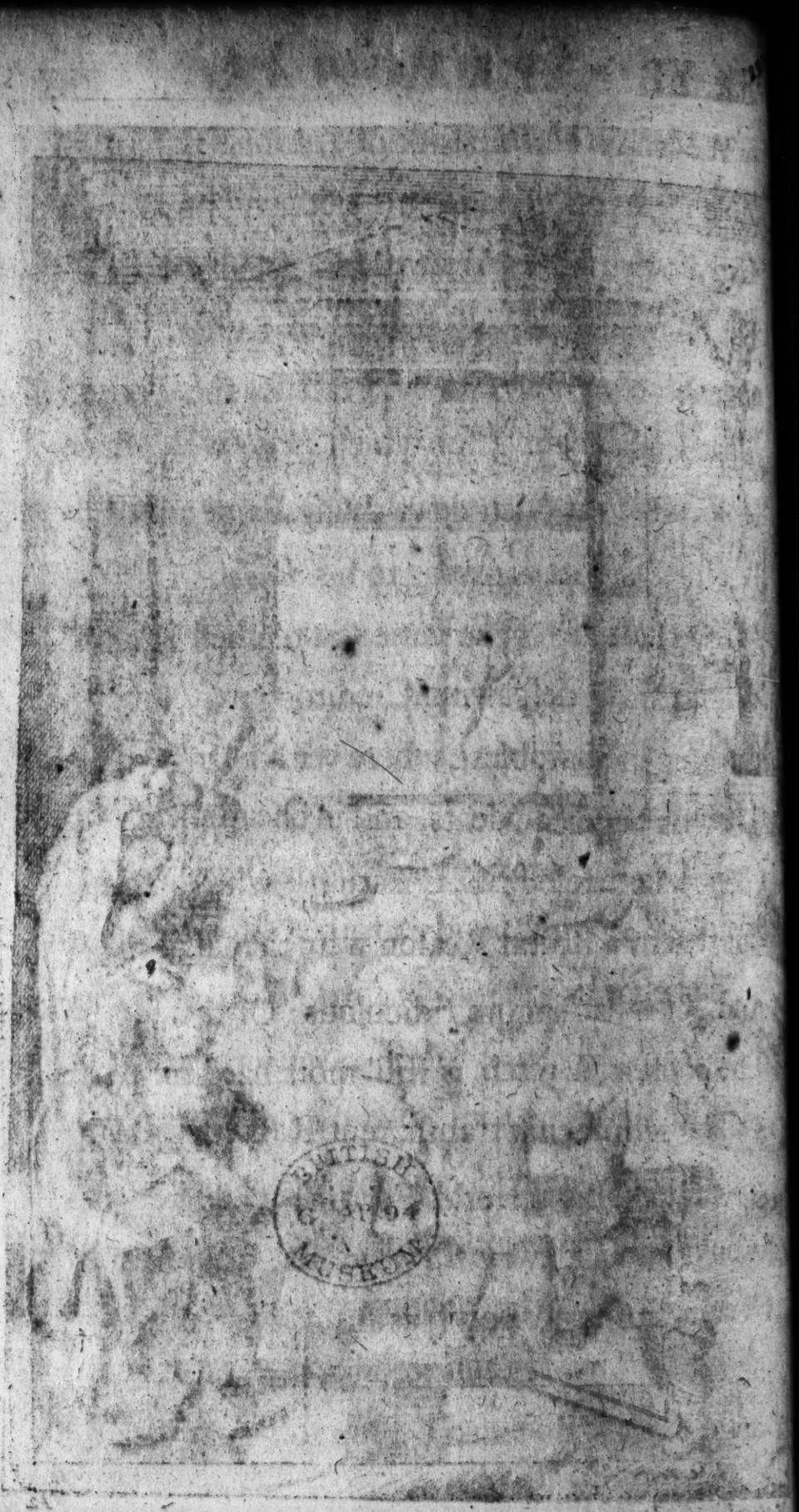
The Design of this Satyr is to expose and reprehend all manner of Intemperance and Debauchery; but more particularly touches that exorbitant Luxery used by the Romans, *in their Feasting. The Poet draws the Occasion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend, to Dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his Treat, by beginning the Satyr with a particular Invective against the Vanity and Folly of some Persons, who having but mean Fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the heighth of Men of great Estates and Quality. He shews us, the miserable End of such Spend-thrifts and Gluttons; with the Manner and Courses, which they took to bring themselves to it; advising Men to live within Bounds and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their For-*

tune. He gives his Friend a Bill of Fare, of the Entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence takes occasion to reflect upon the Temperance and Frugality of the Greatest Men, in former Ages: To which he opposes the Riot and Intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible Remisness, in the Care of Heaven over the Roman *State. He instances some lewd Practices at their Feasts, and by the by, touches the Nobility, with making Vice and Debauchery the chiefest of their Pleasures. He concludes with a repeated Invitation to his Friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all Cares and Disquiets, for the present; and a moderate use of Pleasures, for the future.*

IF Noble [1] *Atticus* make plenteous Feasts,
And with luxurious Food indulge his Guests:
His Wealth and Quality, support the Treat;
In him nor is it *Luxury*, but *State*:
But when Poor [2] *Rutilus*, spends all his Worth,
In hopes of setting one good Dinner forth;
'Tis down-right Madness; for what greater *Jests*,
Than *Begging Glutt'ns* or than *Beggars Feasts*?
But *Rutilus*, is so notorious grown,
That he's the Common Theme of all the Town.



Vander Gucht. Scul:


BUTLER
G 1794
MUSEUM

A Man, in his full Tide of Youthful Blood,
Able for Arms, and for his Country's good;
Urg'd by no Pow'r restrain'd by no Advice,
But following his own inglorious Choice:
Mongst common *Fencers*, Practises the Trade,
That End debasing, for which *Arms* were made;
Arms, which to Man ne'er dying Fame afford,
But his *Disgrace* is owing to his *Sword*.
Many there are of the same wretched Kind,
Whom, their despairing Creditors, may find
Lurking in Shambles; where with borrow'd Coin
They buy choice Meats, and in cheap plenty dine
such, whose sole Bliss, is Eating; who can give
But that one Brutal Reason why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous: Of these
The poorest Wretch, is still most hard to please;
And he whose thin transparent Rags, declare
How much, his tatter'd Fortune wants repair,
Wou'd ransack ev'ry *Element*, for Choice
Of ev'ry Fish and Fowl, at any Price;

If

If brought from far, it very dear has coſt,
It has a Flavour then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater Guſt.

In Riot, thus while Mony laſts, he lives,
And that exhauſted, ſtill new Pledges gives;
Till forc'd of meer Neceſſity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his Diſh, to buy his Meat.
Nothing of Silver, or of Gold he ſpares,
Not what his Mother's Sacred Image bears;
The Broken [5] Relick, he with ſpeed devours,
As he wou'd all the reſt of 's Anceſtors,
If wrought in Gold, or if expos'd to Sale,
They'd pay the Price of one *Luxurious Meal.*
Thus certain Ruine, treads upon his Heels,
The Stings of Hunger, ſoon, and Want he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to ſerve
Fencers, for miſerable Scraps, or ſtarve.

Imagine now, you ſee a ſplendid Feaſt:
The Queſtion is, at whoſe Expence 'tis dreſt.
In great [6] *Ventidius*, we, the *Bounty* prize;
In *Rutilus*, the *Vanity* deſpiſe.

Strange

Strange Ignorance! That the ſame Man, who knows
How far yond' Mount above this Mole-hill ſhows,
Shou'd not perceive a difference as great,
Between ſmall Incomes and a vaſt Eſtate!
From Heav'n, to Mankind, ſure, that Rule was ſent,
Of *Know thy Self*, and by ſome God was meant
To be our never-erring *Pilot* here,
Through all the various Courſes, which we ſteer.
Therſites, [7] tho' the moſt preſumptuous *Greek*,
Yet durſt not for *Achilles* Armour ſpeak;
When ſcarce [8] *Ulyſſes* had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his *Eloquence*.
Who e'er attempts weak Cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure, he is able for't;
And not miſtake ſtrong Lungs and Impudence,
For Harmony of Words, and force of Sence:
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill;
A Wiſe Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.
If Fortune, has a Niggard been to thee,
Devote thy ſelf to Thrift, not *Luxury*;

And

And wisely make that kind of Food thy Choice,
To which Necessity confines thy Price.
Well may they fear some miserable End,
Whom Gluttony and Want, at once attend;
Whose large voracious Throats have swallow'd *All*.
Both Land and Stock, Int'rest and Principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile *Pollio*'s Fate,
Who sold his very Ring to purchase Meat;
And tho' a *Knight*, 'mongst common Slaves now stands
Begging an Alms, with undistinguisht hands.
Sure sudden Death to such shou'd welcome be,
On whom, each added Year heaps Misery,
Scorn, Poverty, Reproach and Infamy.
But there are steps in Villany, which these
Observe to tread and follow, by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small Stock of Credit gone,
Lest *Rome* shou'd grow to warm, from thence they run:

For

For of late Years 'tis no more Scandal grown,
For Debt and Roguery to quit the Town,
Than in the midst of Summer's scorching Heat,
From Crouds and Noise, and Business to retreat:
One only Grief such Fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the Pleasures left behind;
The Plays and loose Diversions of the place,
But not one Blush appears for the Disgrace.
Ne'er was of Modesty so great a Dearth,
That out of Count'nance Vertu's fled from Earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
She's with [16] *Astreæ* gone, ne'er to return.
This Day, my [11] *Persicus*, thou shalt perceive
Whether, my self I keep those Rules I give,
Or else, an unsuspected *Glutton* live;
If mod'rate Fare and Abstinence, I prize
In publick, yet in private *Gormondize*.
Evander's [12] Feast reviv'd, to Day thou'lt see,
The poor *Evander*, I, and thou shalt be
Alcides [13] and *Æneas* both to me.
Mean time, I send you now your Bill of Fare;
Be not surpriz'd, that 'tis all homely cheer:

For

For nothing from the Shambles I provide,
But from my own ſmall Farm, the tend'reſt *Kid*
And Fatteſt of my Flock, a *Suckling* yet,
That ne'er had Nouriſhment, but from the Teat;
No bitter Willow-tops, have been its Food,
Scarce Graſs; its Veins have more of Milk than Blood.
Next that, ſhall Mountain *Sparagus* be laid,
Pull'd by ſome plain, but cleanly Country-Maid
The largeſt Eggs, yet warm within the Neſt,
Together with the Hens which laid 'em, dreſt;
Cluſters of Grapes, preſerv'd for half a Year,
Which, plump and freſh as on the Vines appear;
Apples, of a ripe Flavour, freſh and fair.
Mixt with the *Syrian* and the *Signian* Pear,
Mellow'd by Winter, from their cruder Juice,
Light of Digeſtion now, and fit for uſe.
Such Food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
Accounted Riot, in a *Senator*:
When the good [14] *Curius* thought it no Diſgrace,
With his own Hands, a few ſmall Herbs to dreſs;

And

And from his little Garden, cull'd a Feaſt,
Which fetter'd Slaves wou'd now diſdain to taſte;
For ſcarce a Slave, but has to Dinner now,
The well-dreſs'd [15] Paps of a fat pregnant Sow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a ſumptuous Treat,
On Birth-Days, Feſtivals, or Days of State;
A ſalt, dry Flitch of Bacon to prepare;
If they had freſh Meat, 'twas delicious Fare!
Which rarely happen'd, and 'twas highly priz'd
If [16] ought was left of what they Sacrific'd.
To Entertainments of this Kind, wou'd come
The Worthieſt and the Greateſt Men in *Rome*;
Nay, ſeldom any at ſuch Treats were ſeen,
But thoſe who had at leaſt thrice [17] *Conſuls* been,
Or the [18] *Dictator*'s Office had diſcharg'd,
And now from Honourable Toil enlarg'd;
Retir'd to Husband and Manure their Land,
Humbling themſelves to thoſe they might Command.
Then might y'have ſeen the good old Gen'ral haſte
Before th' appointed [19] Hour, to ſuch a Feaſt;

His

His Spade aloft, as 'twere in Triumph held,
Proud of the Conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn Field.
Oh then, when pious *Conſuls* bore the Sway!
When couchant Vice, all pale and trembling lay!
Our [20] *Cenſors* then were ſubject to the Law,
Ev'n Pow'r it ſelf, of Juſtice ſtood in awe.
It was not then, a *Roman*'s chiefeſt thought,
Where largeſt Tortoiſe Shells were to be bought,
Where Pearls might of the greateſt Price be had,
And ſhining Jewels to adorn his [21] Bed,
That he at vaſt Expence might loll his Head.
Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply, as he din'd.
The Souldier then, in [22] *Grecian* Arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with Plunder, from the Field:
If Cups of Silver, or of Gold he Brought,
With Jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,
To glorious Trappings, ſtreight the Plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring Spoil his Horſe adorn'd;
Or elſe a Helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various Warlike Figures were inlaid:

The

The *Roman Wolf*, ſuckling the Twins was there;
And *Mars* himſelf, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,
Hov'ring above his Creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threatning Death, to each reſiſting Foe.
No uſe of Silver, but in Arms was known,
Splendit they were in War, and there alone.
No Side-boards then, with gilded Plate were dreſs'd,
No ſweating Slaves, with maſſie Diſhes preſs'd;
Expenſive Riot was not underſtood
But Earthen-Platters held their homely Food.
Who wou'd not envy them, that Age of Bliſs,
That ſees with ſhame the *Luxury* of This?
Heav'n unwearied then, did Bleſſings pour,
And pitying Jove *foretold each dang'rous Hour;*
Mankind were then familiar with the God,
He ſnuff'd their Incenſe with a gracious Nod;
And wou'd have ſtill been bounteous, as of Old,
Had we not left him for that Devil Gold.

His Golden [24] *Statues, hence the God have driv'n:*
For well he knows, where our Devotion's given,
'Tis Gold we Worſhip, though we pray to Heav'n.

Woods of our own afforded Tables then,
Tho' none can pleaſe us now but from *Japan*.
Invite my *Lord* to Dine, and let him have
The niceſt Diſh his Appetite can crave;
But let it on an Oaken Board be ſet,
His Lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiſs, he knows not what to think,
Either your *Ven'ſon*'s rank, or [25] *Ointments* ſtink.
Order ſome other Table to be brought,
Something, at great Expence in *India* bought,
Beneath whoſe *Orb*, large yawning *Panthers* lie,
Carv'd on rich Pedeſtals of [26] *Ivory*.
He finds no more of that offenſive ſmell,
The Meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An Iv'ry Table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat.
As if new Vigour to his Teeth were ſent,
By *Sympathy* from thoſe o' th' *Elephant*.

But

But such fine Feeders are no Guests for me:
Riot agrees not with Frugality;
Then, that Unfashionable Man am I,
With me they'd starve, for want of Ivory:
For not one inch does my whole House afford,
Not in my very *Tables*, or *Chess-board*;
Of common Bone, the Handles of my Knives
Are made, yet no Ill Taste it gives
To what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unsav'ry Haut-gust from the Haft.
A hearty Welcome, to plain wholsom Meat,
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
No *Sew'rs*, nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,
Such as by skilful [27] *Trypherus* are taught:
In whose Fam'd Schools the various Forms appear
Of Fishes, Beasts, and all the Fowls o' th' Air;
And where, with blunted Knives, his *Scholars* learn
How to dissect, and the nice Joints discern;
While all the Neighb'rhood are with noise oppress,
From the harsh Carving of his *wooden Feast*.

On me attends a raw unskilful Lad,
On Fragments fed, in homely Garments clad,
At once my *Carver*, and my [28] *Ganymede*;
With diligence he'll ſerve us while we Dine,
And in plain Beechen Veſſels, fill our Wine.
No Beauteous Boys I keep, from [29] *Phrygia* brought,
No *Catamites*, by ſhameful *Panders* taught:
Only to me two home-bred Youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their Mother-Tongue;
Alike in Feature both, and Garb appear,
With honeſt Faces, tho' with uncurl'd Hair.
This day thou ſhalt my Rural Pages ſee,
For I have dreſt 'em both to wait on thee.
Of Country Swains they both were born, and one
My *Ploughman*'s is, t' other my *Shepherd*'s Son;
A chearful Sweetneſs in his Looks he has,
And Innocence unartful in his Face.
Tho' ſometimes ſadneſs will o'er caſt the Joy,
And gentle Sighs break from the tender Boy;
His abſence from his Mother, oft he'll mourn,
And with his Eyes look Wiſhes to return.

Longing

Longing to ſee his tender Kids, again,
And feeds his Lambs upon the flowry Plain;
A modeſt Bluſh he wears, not form'd by Art,
Free from deceipt his Face, and full as free his Heart.
Such Looks, ſuch Baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The Cheeks of Youths that are more Nobly born,
But Noblemen thoſe humble Graces ſcorn,
This Youth, to day ſhall my ſmall Treat attend,
And only he with Wine ſhall ſerve my Friend;
With Wine from his own Country brought, and made
From the ſame Vines, beneath whoſe fruitful ſhade
He and his wanton Kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps expect a modiſh Feaſt,
With am'rous Songs and wanton Dances grac'd;
Where ſprightly Females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the Ground, and friſk in Air,
Whoſe pliant Limbs, in fifty Poſtures move,
And twine, and bound, as in the Feat of Love.

Such Sights, the Languid Nerves to Action ſtir,
And jaded Luſt ſprings forward with this Spur.
Vertue 31 would ſhrink, to hear this Lewdneſs told,
Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives behold;
A needful Help, to make 'em both approve
The dry Embraces, of long-wedded Love.
In Nuptial Cinders, this revives the Fire,
And turns their mutual Loathing to Deſire.
But ſhe, who by her Sexes Charter, muſt
Have double Pleaſure paid, feels double Luſt;
Apace ſhe warms, with an immod'rate Heat,
Strongly her Boſom heaves, and Pulſes beat;
With glowing Cheeks, and trembling Lips ſhe lies,
With Arms expanded, and with naked Thighs,
Sucking in Paſſion both at Ears and Eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my Eſtate;
Theſe are the vicious Follies of the Great.
Let him who does on Iv'ry Tables Dine,
Whoſe Marble Floors, with drunken Spawlings ſhine;

Let

Let him lacivious Songs and Dances have,
Which or to see, or hear, the lewdest Slave,
The vilest Prostitute in all the Stews,
With Bashful Indignation wou'd refuse.
But Fortune, there, extenuates the Crime;
What's Vice in me, is only Mirth in him:
The Fruits which Murder, Cards, or Dice afford
A *Vestal* ravish'd, or a *Matron* whor'd,
Are laudable Diversions in a *Lord*.

But my poor Entertainment is design'd
T'afford you Pleasures of another kind;
Yet with your Taste your Hearing shall be fed,
And *Homer*'s Sacred Lines, and *Virgil*'s read;
Either of whom does all Mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill Tone they 're Sung,
Verse so sublimely good, no Voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty Cares away,
Thy Jealousies and Fears, and while you may
To Peace and soft Repose, give all the Day.
From thoughts of Debt, or any worldly Ill
Be free, be all uneasie Passions still.

What tho' thy Wife do with the Mourning Light,
(When thou in vain has toil'd and drug'd all night)
Steal from thy Bed and House, abroad to roam,
And having gorg'd her Luſt, come reeking home,
Fleck'd in her Face, and with diſorder'd Hair,
Her Garments ruffled, and her Boſom bare;
With Ears ſtill tingling, and her Eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in Luſt, ſtill burning in Deſire:
Whilſt you are forc'd to wink and ſeem content,
Swelling with Paſſion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you wou'd be free, from Night-alarms,
You muſt ſeem Fond, and doating on her Charms,
Take her (the laſt of twenty) to your Arms.
Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At the entrance of my Threſhold be forgot;
All thy Domeſtick Griefs at home be left,
The Wife's Adultery, with thy Servants Theft;
And (the moſt racking Thought, which can intrude)
Forget falſe Friends and their Ingratitude,

Let

Let us our peaceful Mirth at home begin,
While [32] *Megalensian* Shows, are in the [33] *Circus* seen:
There (to the Bane of Horſes) in high State
The [34] *Prætor* ſits, on a Triumphal Seat;
Vainly with Enſigns, and with Robes adorn'd,
As if with Conqueſt, from the Wars return'd.
This day all *Rome*, (if I may be allow'd,
Without Offence to ſuch a num'rous Crowd,
To ſay all *Rome*) will in the *Circus* ſweat;
Ecchos already to their Shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the Cry—*Away, away,*
The [35] *Green have won the Honour of the Day.*
Oh, ſhould theſe Sports be but on Year forborn,
Rome would in Tears her lov'd Diverſion mourn;
For that would now a cauſe of [36] Sorrow yield,
Great as the loſs of [37] *Cannæ*'s fatal *Field.*
Such Shows as theſe, were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.
On Beds of *Roſes* laid, let us repoſe,
While round our Heads refreſhing *Ointment* flows;

Our

Our aged Limbs we'll bask in *Phœbus* Rays,
And live this Day devoted to our Eaſe.
Early to day we'll to the *Bath* repair,
Nor need we now the common [38] Cenſure fear:
On *Feſtivals*, it is allow'd no Crime
To Bath, and Eat, before the uſual time;
But that continu'd, wou'd a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For, frequent uſe, would the Delight exclude;
Pleaſure's a Toil, when conſtantly purſu'd.

Explanatory Notes on the Eleventh Satyr.

1 *Atticus.* The Name of a very Eminent Perſon in *Rome*: But here it is meant to ſignifie any one of Great Wealth and Quality.

2 *Rutilus.* One who by his own Extravagant Gluttony, was at length reduc'd to the moſt ſhameful Degree of Poverty. This likewiſe, is here made uſe of, as a Common Name to all Beggarly Gluttons, ſuch whoſe unreaſonable Appetites remain after their Eſtates are Conſumed.

3 *Urg'd by no Power, reſtrain'd by no Advice.*
Sometimes Perſons were compell'd, by the Tyranny of *Nero*, to Practice the Trade of Fencing, and to Fight upon the Stage, for his Inhumane Diverſion; otherwiſe, ſeldom any but Common Slaves or Condemn'd Malefactors were ſo employ'd: Which made it the greater Reflection, on any Perſon who either voluntarily, or forced by his own Extravagance, for a Livelyhood (like *Rutilus*) apply'd himſelf to that wretched Trade.

Reſtrain'd by no Advice.
Hinting, that though he was not compell'd to ſuch a Practice of Fencing; yet it was a ſhame that he was ſuffer'd to undertake it, and

and not adviſed, or commanded by the Magiſtracy, to the contrary.

4 *Of the ſame wretched kind*, viz.
Reduced to Poverty by riotous living.

5 *The broken Relick.*
Broken, or defaced; that it might not be diſcover'd to be his Mother's Picture, when expos'd to Sale.

6 *Ventidius.* A Noble *Roman*, who liv'd Hoſpitably.

7 *Therſites.* An Impudent, Deformed, Ill-Tongu'd Fellow (as *Homer* deſcribes him, *Iliad* 2.) who accompany'd the *Grecian* Army to the Siege of *Troy*; where he took a Priviledge often to rail and ſnarl at the Commanders. Some relate, that at laſt *Achillis*, for his ſawcineſs, kill'd him with a blow of his Fiſt. Therefore we are not to underſtand *Juvenal*, here, as relating a matter of Fact; but *Therſites* is uſed here, to ſignifie any body of the ſame kind: As before, *Atticus* and *Rutilus*. The meaning is, that ſuch as he, ought not (neither would he, had he been preſent) have preſumed to oppoſe *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* in contending for *Achillis* his Armour. See his Character admirably improv'd by Mr. *Dryden* in his Tragedy of *Truth found too late*.

8 *Ulyſſes.* The moſt Eloquent of all the *Grecian* Princes. After *Achilles* Death, *Ajax* a fam'd *Grecian* Warriour pretended to his Armour; *Ulyſſes* oppoſed him, before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtain'd the Prize. *Ovid. Metam.* 13.

9 *Pollio.* Brought to that paſs, by his Gluttony; that he was forced to ſell his Ring, the Mark of Honour and Diſtinction, worn by *Roman* Knights.

10 *Aſtreæ.* The Goddeſs of Juſtice, whom the Poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the Golden-Age.

Ultima Cæleſtum Terras Aſtræa reliquit. Ovid.

11 *Perſicus.* *Juvenal*'s Friend, to whom he makes an invitation and Addreſſes this Satyr.

12 *Evander.* A Prince of *Arcadia*, who unluckily killing his Father, forſook his own Country and came into *Italy*; ſettling in that place, where afterwards *Rome* was built. *Virgil*, *Æn.* 8. tells us that he entertain'd both *Hercules* and *Æneas*, when he was in a low Condition.

13 *Alcides.* *Hercules*, ſo called from his Grandfather *Alcæus*.

14 *Curius Dentatus.* A Great Man who had been three times Conſul of *Rome*, and had Triumph'd over many Kings; yet as great an Example of Temperance as Courage.

15 A Diſh in great eſteem among the *Romans*.

——— *Nil Vulva pulcrius ampla.* Horat.

16 If they kill'd a Sacrifice, and any Fleſh remain'd to ſpare, it was priz'd as an accidental rarity.

17 *Conſul.* By the Tyranny of *Tarquinius Superbus*, (the laſt *Roman* King) the very Name of King, became hateful to the People. After his Expulſion, they aſſembled, and reſolv'd to commit the Govern-

ment,

ment, for the future, into the Hands of two Persons, who were to be chosen every Year anew, and whom they call'd *Consuls*.

18 *Dictator*. Was a General chosen upon some emergent occasion; his Office was limited to 6 Months; which time expired, (if occasion were) they chose another, or continued the same, by a new Election. The *Dictator*, differed in nothing from a King, but in his Name, and the duration of his Authority: His Power being full as great, but his Name not so hateful to the *Romans*.

19 *Before th' appointed Hour*.

It was accounted greediness and shameful, to eat before the usual Hour, which was their Ninth Hour; and our 3 a Clock, Afternoon. But upon Festival Days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary Hour; and alway excusable in Old People.

20 *Censors*. Were two great Officers, part of whose business was to inspect the Lives and Manners of Men; they had Power even to degrade Knights and exclude Senators, when guilty of great Misdemeanours: And in former days they were so strict, that they stood in awe one of another.

21 The manner of the *Romans* Eating, was to lie upon Beds or Couches about the Table, which formerly were made of plain Wood, but afterwards at great Expence, adorn'd with Tortoise-Shells, Pearls, and Ivory.

22 *Grecian Arts*. The *Romans* copied their Luxury from the *Greeks*; the imitation of whom, was among them as fashionable, as of the *French* among us. Which occasions this saying, with so much Indignation in our Poet, *Sat.* 3.

——— *Non possum ferre, Quirites,*
Græcam Urbem ———

23 *Romulus and Remus*. Twins, and Founders of the *Roman* Empire; whom the Poets feign were Nurst by a Wolf: The Woman's name being *Lupa*.

24 Formerly the Statues of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance, was displeasing even to the Gods themselves.

25 The *Romans* used to anoint themselves with sweet Ointments, at their Feasts, immediately after bathing.

26 Ivory was in great esteem among them, and preferr'd to Silver.

27 *Trypherus*. There were in *Rome*, professors of the Art of Carving; who taught publickly in Schools. Of this kind, *Trypherus* was the most Famous.

28 *Ganymede*. Cup-bearer.

29 *Phrygia*. Whence Prety Boys were brought to *Rome*, and sold publickly in the Markets, to vile uses.

30 An usual part of the Entertainment, when Great Men Feasted, to have wanton Women Dance after a lascivious manner.

31

31 *Virtue wou'd ſhrink, to hear this leudneſs told,*
Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives behold.

These lines in *Juvenal*,

Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narraſſe aliquem præſentibus ipſis.

in ſome late Editions, are placed nearer the latter end of this Satyr: And in the order of this Tranſlation, wou'd ſo have follow'd, after Line. 349. *viz.*

Such ſhows as theſe, were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active ſports inclin'd.

But I have continued 'em in this place after *Lubin*. Beſides the Example of the Learned *Holyday* for the ſame poſition; agreeing better here, in my mind, with the ſence both before and after. For the *Megalenſian* Games conſiſting chiefly of Races, and ſuch like Exercises; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cauſe of ſhame lay in Female Spectators: But it was a manifeſt Immodeſty, for 'em to lie by their Husbands, and ſee the leud Actions of their own Sex, in the manner deſcrib'd.

32 *Megalenſian Shows.* Games in Honour of *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods. She was call'd μεγάλη μήτηρ, *Magna Mater*, and from thence theſe Games *Megaleſia*, or *Ludi Megalenſes*; they began upon the 4th of *April*, and continued 6 days.

33 *Circus.* The place where thoſe Games were celebrated.

34 *Prætor.* An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sheriff. He was to overſee theſe Sports, and ſate in great State, while they were Acting; to the deſtruction of many Horſes, which were ſpoiled in running the Races.

35 *The Green have won the Honour of the Day.*

In running the Races in the *Circus*, with Horſes in Chariots; there were four diſtinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which were Green, a kind of Ruſſet-Red, White, and Blue. One of theſe Factions was always favoured by the Court, and at this time probably the Green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the ſhouts, for Joy, of their Party. Afterward *Domitian* added two more, the Golden and Purple Factions.

36 Reflecting on the immoderate Fondneſs the *Romans* had for ſuch Shows.

37 *Cannæ.* A ſmall Town, near which *Hannibal* obtain'd a great Victory over the *Romans*: In that Battel were ſlain 40000 Men, and ſo many Gentlemen, that he ſent 3 buſhels full of Rings to *Carthage*, as a Token of his Victory.

38 See the Notes at *Fig.* 19.

THE

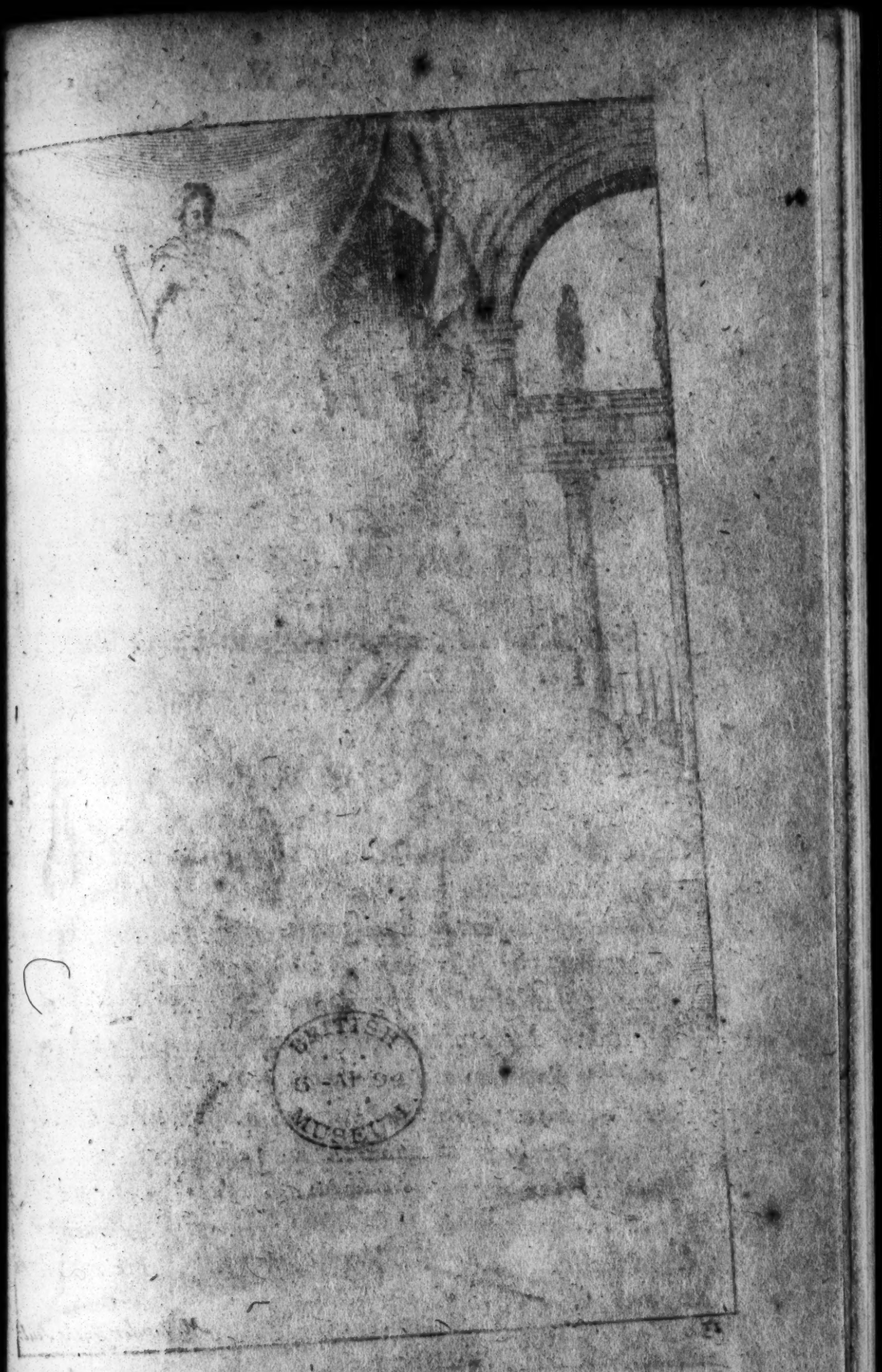
THE
TWELFTH SATYR.

By Mr. THOMAS POWER,

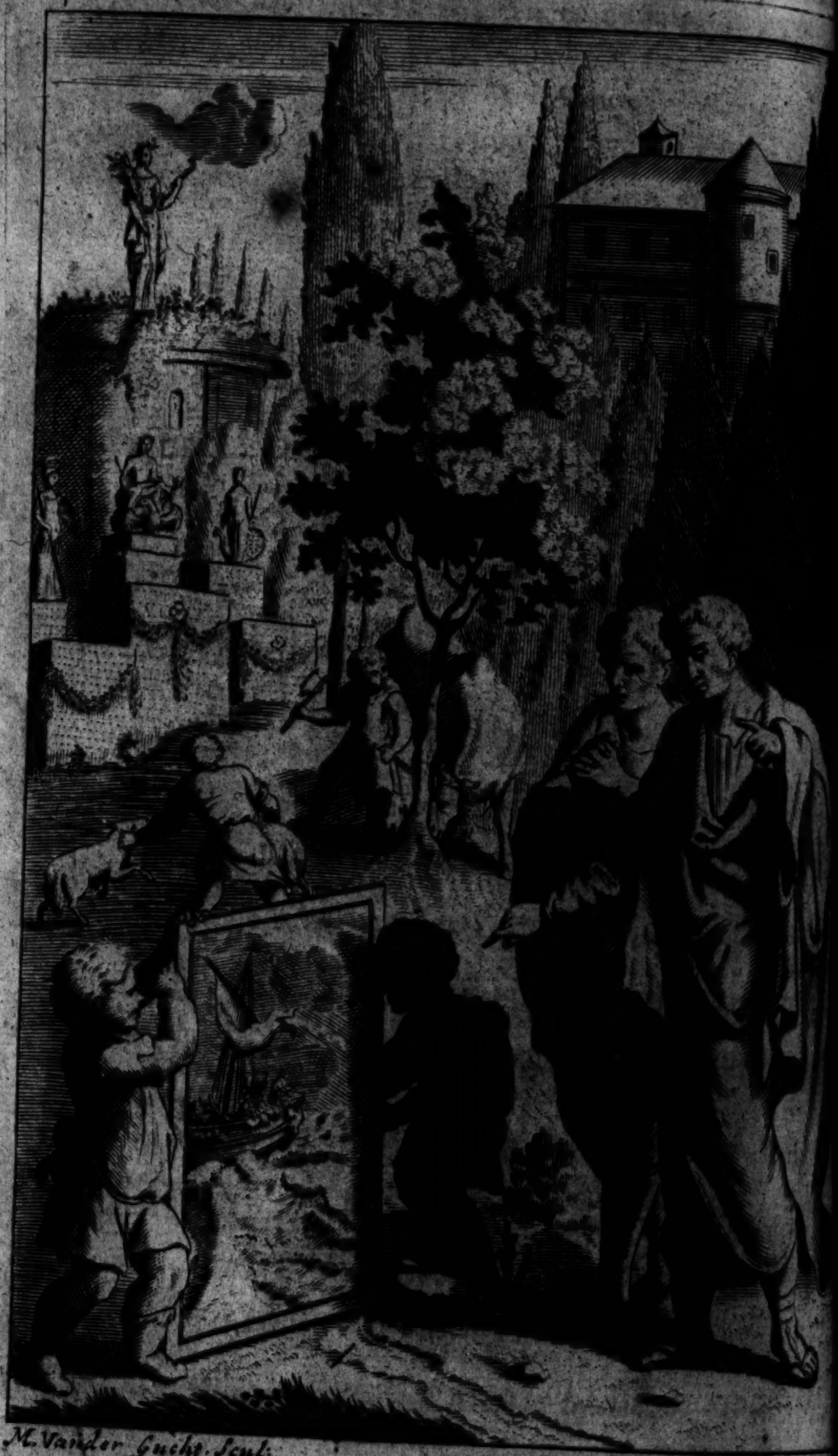
Fellow of *Trinity*-Colledge in *Cambridge*.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet invites Corvinus *to assist at the performance of a Sacrifice he had Vow'd to the Gods, and was now thankfully Offering up for the Safety of his Friend* Catullus *the Merchant, who, with the loss of his Goods, had escap'd the double Danger of Fire and Water. He professes the reality of his Friendship, and the sincerity of his Intentions; that what he did in this nature, was without any Design upon* Catullus, *or prospect of Advantage from him, who had three Children to leave his Estate to. And here taking the hint, he exercises his Satyrical Vein upon the* Hæredipetæ, *or Legacy Hunters, who made their Court to, and largely presented, and in their Sickness Sacrificed for the Health of Rich Childless Men, in hopes*



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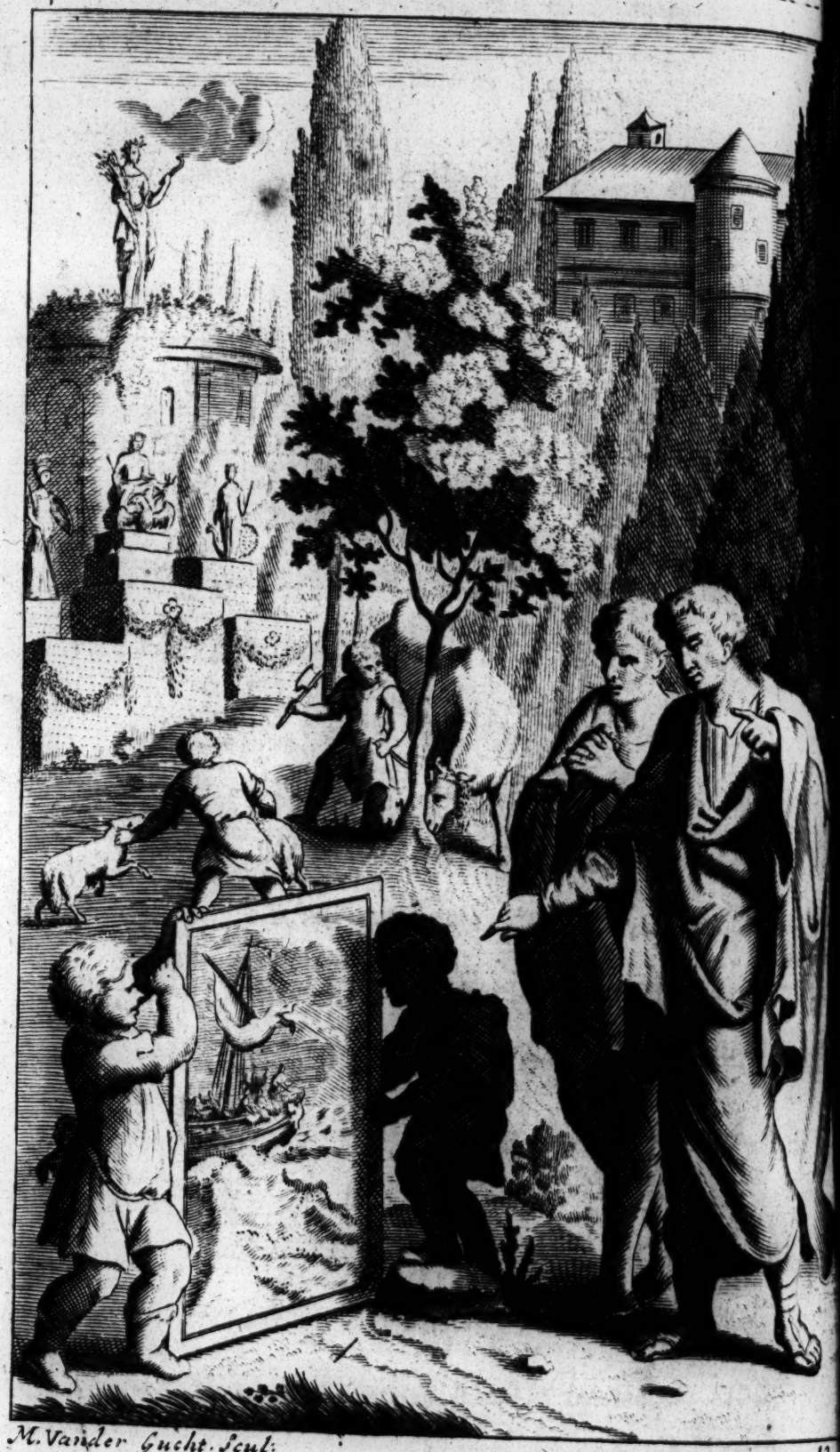


M. Vander Gucht. Sculp.

12

hopes to be consider'd in their Will: Among the rest, he singles out one Pacuvius, *a Fellow very dexterous at, and notorious for this Practice: And concludes all with a Wish for* Pacuvius; *which some covetous Persons would think pleasant enough, but really is a Curse.*

THis Day's, this joyful Day's Solemnity
Do's with my Birth-days more than equal vie:
Of Grasie Turves the rural Altars rear'd,
Expect the Firstlings of the Flock and Herd;
To Royal [1] *Juno*, and the Warlike *Maid*,
Shall in a Lamb to each my Vows be paid;
A Steer, of the first Head in the whole Drove,
Reserve we sacred to [2] *Tarpeian Jove*:
Forward he bounds his Rope's extended length,
With pushing front; proud since he tri'd his strength,
And Budding Horns against an adverse Oak;
Fit for the Altar, and the Fatal Stroke.
Were but my Fortunes equal to my Mind,
My bounteous Love more Nobly had design'd,



M. Vander Gucht. Sculs.

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And Budding Horns against an adverse Oak;
Fit for the Altar, and the Fatal Stroke.
Were but my Fortunes equal to my Mind,
My bounteous Love more Nobly had design'd,

A Bull high fed shou'd fall the Sacrifice;
One of 3 *Hispulla*'s huge prodigious Size:
Not one of those our Neighb'ring Pastures feed,
But of 4 *Clitumnus* whitest Sacred Breed;
The lively tincture of whose gushing Blood,
Shou'd clearly prove the Richness of his Food:
A Neck so strong, so large as wou'd demand
The speeding Blow of some 5 uncommon hand.
This for my Friend, or more I wou'd perform;
Who, danger free, still trembles at the Storm,
Presenting Forms so hideous to his sight,
As safety scarce allays the wild aright.
First from a Cloud that Heav'n all o'er cast,
With glance so swift the subtle Lightning past,
As split the Sail-Yards; trembling, and half dead
Each thought the Blow was levell'd at his Head;
The flaming Shrouds so dreadful did appear,
All judg'd a Wreck cou'd no proportion bear.
So Fancy paints, so does the Poet write,
When he wou'd work a Tempest to the height.
This danger past, a second does succeed;
Again with pity, and attention heed;

No less this sound, tho' of different kind;
Such as, in [7] *Isis* Temple, you may find
On votive Tablets, to the Life pourtray'd;
Where Painters are employ'd, and earn their Bread.
What Painters in their liveli'st Draughts express,
May be a Copy of my Friend's distress.
For now a Sea into the Hold was got;
Wave upon Wave another Sea had wrought,
And nigh o'er set the Stern on either side:
The Hoary Pilot his best Skill apply'd;
But useless all when he despairing found,
Catullus then did with the Winds compound.
Just as the [7] Beaver, that wise thinking Brute,
Who, when hard hunted on a close pursuit,
Bites off his Stones, the cause of all the strife,
And pays 'em down a Ransom for his Life.
Over with all, he cries, with all that's mine;
Without reserve I freely all resign.
Rich Garments, Purple dy'd in Grain, go o'er;
No soft [8] *Mycenæ* ever choicer wore:
And others of that Fleece, that never dy'd,
Or stain'd by Art, is rich in Nature's Pride.

Such as its Tincture from the Soil does bear,
By Noble Springs improv'd and *Baetis* Air.
Nor, stopt he so, but over went his Plate
Made by [12] *Parthenius*, follow'd by a great
And Massie Goblet, a two Gallon Draught,
Might set a thirsty *Centaur* when he quaff,
Or drench the Wife of [13] *Fuscus*. Add to these
Baskets of [14] *Britain*, Rarities of *Greece*,
A set of Plate most artfully imboss,
No less a Bribe than what [15] *Olynthus* cost.
Shew me the Man, that other he, wou'd dare
His very Life and Soul to Gold prefer;
Now Money serves not Life's most Noble Ends,
But slavish Life imperious Wealth attends.
Thus most of the Ship's Freight went over board,
Yet all this Waste cou'd small Relief afford;
So fierce the Storm, Necessity at last
Does loudly call to ease her of her Mast:
Hard is the Case, and dang'rous the Distress,
When what we wou'd preserve, we must make less.
Go now, go trust the Wind's uncertain breath,
Remov'd four Fingers from approaching Death.

Or seven at most, when thickest is the board:
Go with Provision, Bisket, Brandy stor'd;
But if you reasonably hope to speed,
You must produce your Ax in time of need.
Now when the Sea grew calm, the Winds were laid,
And the pleas'd *Parcæ* spun a whiter Thread;
When Fate propitious sent a gentle Gale,
The shatter'd Vessel, with one wretched Sail,
Beside what Gowns and Coats her Crew cou'd lend
To help her on her Course, did homeward bend:
The South-Wind left'ning still, the Sun appears;
And into lively Hope converts their Fears:
And now, in prospect sweet, his chearful Light
The *Alban* Cliffs confesses to their sight;
Where *Alba*'s Pile *Julus* founding rear'd,
When to *Lavinium* he that Seat preferr'd;
And call'd it *Alba*, from the white Sow nam'd,
That for her thirty sucking Pigs was fam'd.
At last within the mighty Mole he gets,
Our *Tuscan Pharos*, that the mid Sea fences

With its imbrace, and leaves the Land behind!
A Work ſo wond'rous Nature ne'er deſign'd.
Through it the joyful Steers-Man clears his way,
And comes to Anchor in its inmoſt Bay;
Where ſmalleſt Veſſels ride, and are ſecur'd,
And the [19] Shorn Saylors boaſt what they endurd.

Go then, my Boys, the ſacred Rites prepare;
With awful ſilence and attention hear:
With Bran the Knives, with Flow'rs the Altars dreſs;
And in your Diligence your Zeal expreſs.
I'll follow ſtreight, and, having paid my Vows,
Thence home again, where Chaplets wreath the Brows
Of all my little Waxen Deities:
And Incenſe ſhall Domeſtick *Jove* appeaſe:
My ſhining Houſhold-Gods ſhall revel there,
And all the Colours of the Violet wear.
All's right; my Portal ſhines with verdant Bays,
And conſecrated Tapers early blaze.

Suſpect me not, *Corvinus*, of Deſign,
Far be ſuch Guilt from any Thought of mine:

My Altars ſmoak not for ſo baſe an end;
Catullus, tho' a Father, is my Friend,
And his three Children bar a foreign Claim.
Who on a Friend ſo hopeleſs, ſuch a Name
As Father, wou'd a ſickly Hen beſtow?
Or on ſuch ſlender Grounds a Quail forego?
If [20] *Paccius* or *Gallita* breathe a Vein,
The Temples ſtreight are crowded with a Train
Of fawning Raſcals, utt'ring each his Pray'r;
Nothing's too precious for a Life ſo dear:
A Hecatomb is ſcarce enough to bleed:
And, but an Elephant's no common Breed,
Nor ſeen, nor known in *Italy*, before
There were tranſported from the *Africk* Shore;
Since which, in the *Rutilian* Forreſt rear'd,
They range at large, great *Ceſar*'s Royal Herd:
As once they learnt King *Pyrrhus* to obey;
And with ſubmiſſion to our Conſuls ſway,
Or *Tyrian Hannibal*'s part of the War
In Turrets on their Backs they us'd to bear:
Cou'd *Novius* or [21] *Pacuvius* but procure
Theſe Ivory [22] Portents, Death ſhou'd ſeal 'em
ſure

A Victim for *Gallia*; nothing less
The greatness of their Friendship can express.
Pacuvius, were he not by Law withstood,
Wou'd manifest his own in Human Blood;
The best, the loveliest Slave of either Sex,
To serve his Complement, thou'd yield their Necks:
Nay to that height the wicked Rogue proceeds,
His [23] *Iphigenia*, his Daughter, Bleeds
If need require; tho' he was sure to find
No dext'rous flight to change her for a Hind.
My Fellow-Citizen I must commend,
For what's a Fleet to a bequeathing Friend?
For, if he chance to 'scape this dismal Bout,
The former Legatees are blotted out;
Upon *Pacuvius* all must be confer'd
So great a Merit claims no less Reward.
Pacuvius struts it, and triumphant goes
In the dejected Crowd of Rival Foes.
You see the Fruit of his projecting Brain,
In offring up his Daughter to his Gain.

As

As great as [24] *Nero's* Plunder be his Store;
High, Mountain high, be pil'd the shining Ore;
Then may he Life to [25] *Nestor's* Age extend,
Nor ever be, nor ever find a Friend.

Explanatory Notes on the Twelfth Satyr.

1 *To Royal Juno.* The Queen of the Gods: so call'd by the Poets, as being Wife to *Jupiter*, who was the Supream Deity of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. By the *Warlike Maid*, is meant *Pallas* or *Minerva*, the Goddess of Learning and War. They had their peculiar Sacrifices appointed them in the Rituals or Books of Ceremonies of the Antients: White Bulls were offered to *Jupiter*; white Cows to *Juno* and *Minerva*. The Poet, tho' not able to undergo the Charge of so great a Sacrifice, yet willing as they his Devotion, and pay his Vow for his Friend's safe arrival, proportionable to his Estate, offers to *Juno* an Ewe-lamb, another to *Minerva*, and to *Jupiter* a young Bullock.

2 *Tarpeian Jove.* On mount *Capitol*, otherwise call'd the *Tarpeian* Hill, from the *Vestal* Virgin *Tarpeia* that betray'd it to the *Sabines*, *Jupiter* had a Temple, whence he was Nam'd *Tarpeian* and *Capitoline*.

3 *Hispalla's.* A Fat sensual Lady, noted as infamous for keeping a Player. *Sat.* 6.

4 *Clitumnus.* A River that devides *Tuscany* and *Umbria*, whose Water as *Pliny* relates, makes the Cows, that drink of it, give their young White: Whence the *Romans*, as *Virgil* and *Claudian* observe, were plentifully furnisht with Sacrifices for *Jupiter Capitoline*.

5 *Uncommon Juno.* The *Grandis Minister* of *Furchau*, some interpret in a sence referring to the Quality of the Person, as if the Chief Pontif, and not one of the *Popæ*, or ordinary Officers, was to give the blow; But as it is unseemly to make the Chief Pontif descend to so mean an Office: so it is more probable the Poet meant not the Dignity, but the size and strength of the Person.

6 *Isis Temple.* The *Egyptian* Goddess look'd upon by Merchants and Seamen as their Patroness; to whom they made their Vows in their extremity. The Custom was for those that escap'd to hang up

up the Wall of her Temple the Picture of a Wreck or Storm, which was call'd a Votive Table; and her Votaries, it seems, were so numerous, that she was forc'd to employ a whole Company of Painters in her Service.

7 *Just as the Beaver.* A proper Simile, and good Moral also; but the Ground is wholly fabulous; and has experimentally been prov'd so by *Sextius* a Physician, as it stands related by *Pliny*. Dr. *Brown*, in his Book of Vulgar Errors, says, that the Testicles, properly so call'd, are seated inwardly upon the Loins; and therefore it were not only a fruitless attempt, but an impossible Act, to castrate it self: And might be an hazardous Practice of Art, if at all attempted by others.

8 *Soft Mecenas.* *Augustus* his great Favourite, and Patron to *Virgil* and *Horace*. *Juvenal* here taxes him of being over-soft and delicate; which *Horace* has done too, tho' covertly, and under another Name.

9 *Bætick Air.* In *Bætick Spain* (now *Andaluzia*, and the best part of *Granada*) the Sheeps Fleeces are naturally of a colour between Red and Black, resembling the Purple Dye, which the Ancients imputed to the goodness of the Air and the Soil: And they put a great value on it, as we do now on the *Spanish* Wooll for its fineness.

10 *Parrhenius.* A great Master in the Art of Graving.

11 *The Wife of* Fuscus. *Fuscus* was a Judge, mention'd in the last Satyr, noted by *Martial* for a Drunkard; as his Wife is here by *Juvenal* in the good Company of *Pholus* the *Centaur*.

12 *Baskets of* Britain. *Bascauda*, the *British* word for a Basket, was by the *Romans* made *Latin*. They so much fancied the Baskets of our Island, that they would claim the Invention to themselves, *Mart. Lib.* 14.

Barbara de Pictis venit Bascauda Britannis,
Sed mavult jam nunc dicere Roma suam.
From British Picts *the barb'rous Basket came;*
But now Rome *gladly wou'd th' Invention claim.*

13 *Olynthus's Coast.* A strong fortify'd City of *Thrace*, not to be taken by a Storm or Siege. *Philip* of *Macedon* made a considerable Present of Plate to *Lasthenes*, who was intrusted with the Government of it by the *Athenians*; and he, being corrupted with so great a Bribe, treacherously surrender'd it to *Philip*.

14 *Parcæ Spun.* The *Destinies*; they were three Sisters, *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*, perpetually employ'd in Spinning. If the Thread they spun was White, it was a sign of Life and Prosperity; if Black, of Death and Adversity.

15 *Alban Cliffs.* Near them was built *Alba Longa* by *Ascanius*, who left his Step-mother *Lavinia*, in the City of *Lavinium*, built by his Father *Æneas*, and called by her Name. *Ascanius* call'd his own City *Longa*, from the long form of it, and *Alba* from the White Sow with Thirty Pigs sucking her, that was seen by the *Trojans* a

little after their Landing; and where the City was built, according to the Command of the Oracle. *Virg.*

18 *Our Tuscan Pharos.* *Pharos* was a Port in *Egypt*, famous for its Watch-Tower, wherein were plac'd Lights for the Benefit and Direction of Sailors by Night: *Juvenal* calls the Port of *Ostia*, where *Tiber* disburthens it self into the Sea, the *Tuscan Pharos*: It was design'd by *Augustus* after the Model of that in *Egypt*: *Claudius Cæsar*, as *Suetonius* says, carried on and finish'd the Mole, with vast labour and charges; having for eleven years together kept 30000 Men at work upon it. It was afterwards repair'd by *Trajan*.

19 *Shorn Sailors.* It was a Custom among the Ancients, when in Distress at Sea, to invoke the aid of some God or other, with a solemn Vow of cutting off their Hair, and offering it to him, as an acknowledgment to whose assistance they ow'd their safety. To this St. *Paul* probably alludes, *Acts* 27. 34. *There shall not an Hair of your Head perish*: As if he had said, They shou'd not need to vow their Hair; for without such a Vow, and the performance of it, they shou'd all escape.

20 *If Paccius or Gallita.* Two rich Men, both of them Childless; which made the *Heredipetæ* or Legacy-Hunters present them, and ply them with Gift upon Gift, in hopes to be consider'd in their Will. *Tacitus* makes mention of them both: The first he calls *African*; the other *Crassilina*.

21 *Novius or Pacuvius.* Two crafty designing Knaves, Visiters of the Sick *Gallita* or *Paccius*.

22 *Ivory Portents.* Elephants so call'd from their stupendious bigness and Ivory Teeth.

23 *His Iphigenia.* The Story in short is this: The *Grecian* Fleet lying Wind-bound at *Aulis*, the Oracle was consulted, and answer return'd, No Wind could be had for there purpose, unless *Agamemnon*, Commander in Chief in the Expedition, would offer up his Daughter *Iphigenia* to appease *Diana*'s Anger, that was offended with the *Greeks* for killing an Hind Consecrated to her: *Agamemnon*, for the Publick Good, brings his Daughter to the Altar; but the Goddess relenting, convey'd her away to the *Taurick Chersonese*, and substituted an Hind in her place. The application of this to *Paccius* is obvious enough.

24 *As Nero's Plunder.* The prodigious Sums he extorted from the Provinces by unreasonable Taxes, Confiscations, &c. are almost incredible. He gave no Office without this Charge: *Thou knowest what I want; let us make it our business, that no body may have any thing.*

25 *To Nestor's Age.* Grown now to a Proverb; who liv'd as *Homer* says to compleat the third Age of Man. The word *Age* is in equivocal Terms, and diversly taken by many; but if we take it in its full extent, as it comprehends an hundred years, it will serve very well *Juvenal*'s purpose.

THE

THE THIRTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. THOMAS CREECH,

Fellow of *All-Souls*-Colledge in *Oxford*.

The ARGUMENT.

Corvinus *had trusted one of his old Friends and Acquaintance with a Bag of Money; this Friend denies the Trust, and forswears it too: Corvinus is very much disturb'd at this Cheat, storms and rages, accuses Providence, and is ready to conclude that God takes no care of Things below, because some sudden and remarkable Vengeance did not fall upon this perjur'd false Wretch: Juvenal hearing of Corvinus's Loss, and unmanly Behaviour, writes this Satyr to him, both to comfort him after his Loss, and instruct him how to bear it; and thence takes occasion to speak of the Vileness and Villany of his Times. He begins with the Consolation of the wicked Man; and tells him, I. That the Sinner must needs hate*

hate himself; *and*, ii. *That he will be hated by all Mankind.* iii. *He puts* Corvinus *in mind that he hath a good Estate, and that this Loss will not break him.* iv. and v. *That a great many have suffer'd the like Misfortunes; that Cheats were common, his Loss but little, and therefore not to be resented with so violent a Passion. Hence,* vi. *He expatiates on the Vileness of the Times; and,* vii. *compares his Age with the Golden One, which he tediously describes.* viii. *He continues his Reflections on the general Wickedness of the Times.* ix. *Makes some Observations on the Confidence of some Sinners: And,* x. *endeavours to give some account of this: He observes that some are Atheists.* xi. *Others believe a God, but fancy the Money they get by their Perjury, will do them more good than the Punishments he inflicts will do them harm: At least,* xii. *that God is Merciful, they may be pardon'd, or 'scape in the Crowd of Sinners; since some are forgiven, and all do not meet with Punishments equal to their Deserts.* xiii. *He corrects his Friend for his Atheistical Passion, and rude Accusations of Providence; And,* xiv. *advises him to be more cool; and consider, That,* xv. *such Cheats are common, and he hath suffer'd no more than other Men; And,* xvi. *that every day he may meet with greater Crimes, which require his Concernment. That,* xvii. *his Passion is idle and fruitless; because Revenge, which is the only end of Passion, will do him no good, it will not retrieve his Loss; and besides is an Argument of a base Mind, and mean Temper. Then coming closer to his Point, he tells him,* xviii. *The Wicked are severely*

torment those Villains by their own Consciences; xix. *Vengeance waits upon them: And,* xx. *describes the miserable Life, and terrible Death of the wicked Man. And,* xxi. *closes all with observing, that few Men stop at their first Sin, but go on till their Crimes provoke Providence. And therefore,* xxii. Corvinus *need not fear but this perjur'd Friend of his would do so too, and then he should see some remarkable Judgment fall upon him.*

I.

HE that commits a *Sin*, shall quickly find
The pressing *Guilt* lie heavy on his Mind;
Tho' Bribes or Favour shall assert his Cause,
Pronounce him *Guiltless* and elude the Laws:
None quits *himself*; his own impartial Thought
Will damn, and *Conscience* will record the Fault.

II.

This first the Wicked feels: Then publick Hate
Pursues the *Cheat*, and proves the Villain's Fate.

III.

But more, *Corvinus*, thy Estate can bear
A greater Loss, and not implore thy Care;

Thy



M. Vander Gucht Sculp.

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III.

But more, *Corvinus*, thy Estate can bear
A *greater* Loss, and not implore thy Care;

Thy


M. Vander Gucht Scul:



Thy Stock's ſufficient, and thy Wealth too great
To feel the Damage of a *Petty* Cheat.

IV.

Nor are ſuch Loſſes to the World unknown,
A rare Example and thy *Chance* alone,
Moſt feel them, and in Fortune's *Lottery* lies
A heap of *Blanks*, like this, for one ſmall Prize.

V.

Abate thy Paſſion, nor too much complain,
Grief ſhou'd be forc'd, and it becomes a Man
To let it riſe no higher than his Pain:
But you, too weak the ſlighteſt Loſs to bear,
Too delicate the common Fate to ſhare,
Are on the *Fret* of Paſſion, Boil and Rage,
Becauſe, in ſo debauch'd and vile an Age,
Thy Friend and Old *Acquaintance* dares diſown
The Gold you lent him, and *forſwear* the Loan.
What, ſtart at this? When *ſixty* Years have ſpread
Their gray Experience o'er thy hoary Head!
Is this the *All* obſerving Age cou'd gain,
Or haſt thou known the World ſo long in vain?

Let

Let *Stoick* Ethicks haughty Rules advance,
To combat Fortune, and to conquer Chance;
Yet *Happy* those, tho' not to *Learn'd*, are thought,
Whom Life instructs, who by Experience taught,
For *new* to come from *past* Misfortunes look;
Nor shake the *Yoak*, which galls the more 'tis shook.

VI.

What Day's so *Sacred*, but its Rest's profan'd
By violent Robbers, or by Murders stain'd?
Here *hir'd* Assassins for their Gain invade,
And treach'rous *Poys'ners* urge their Fatal Trade.
Good Men are scarce, the *Just* are thinly sown,
They thrive but ill, nor can they last when grown.
And shou'd we count them, and our Store compile,
Yet [2] *Thebes* more Gates wou'd shew, more Mouths the *Nile*.
Worse than the *Iron Age*, and wretched times
Roul on; and *Use* hath so improv'd our Crimes,
That baffled Nature knows not how to frame
A Metal base enough to give the Age a Name.

Yet

Yet you exclaim, as loud as those that Praise
For Scraps and Couch-hire a Young Noble's Plays;
You thunder, and as Passion rouls along
Call Heaven and Earth to witness thy your Wrong:
Gray-headed Infant! and in vain grown Old!
Art thou to learn that in *Another's* Gold
Lie Charms resistless? That all laugh to find
Unthinking Plainness so o'er-spread thy Mind,
That Thou could'st *seriously* perswade the Crowd
To keep their Oaths, and to believe a *God*?

VII.

This They cou'd do whilst *Saturn* fill'd the Throne,
E're *Juno* burnish'd, or Young *Jove* was grown;
E'er private He left *Ida's* close retreat,
Or made Rebellion by Example great:
And whilst his Hoary Sire to *Latium* fled
Usurp'd his Empire, and defil'd his Bed:
Whilst Gods din'd singly, and few Feasts above,
No Beauteous *Hebe* mixt the Wine with Love;
No *Phrygian* Boy, But *Vulcan* stain'd the Pole
With sooty Hands, and fill'd the sparing Bowl.

E'er

E'er Gods grew numerous, and the Heavenly Crowd
Preſt wretched *Atlas* with a lighter Load:
E'er Chance unenvy'd *Neptune*'s Lot confin'd
To rule the Ocean, and oppoſe the Wind:
E'er *Proſerpine* with *Pluto* ſhar'd the Throne,
E're Furies laſh't, or Ghoſt had learn'd to Groan:
But free from Puniſhment as free from Sin
The *Shades* liv'd jolly, and without a King.
Then *Vice* was rare; e'en *Rudeneſs* kept in awe
Felt all the rigour of avenging Law;
And had not *Men* the *Hoary* Heads rever'd,
Or *Boys* paid Reverence when a *Man* appear'd,
Both muſt have dy'd, tho' Richer Skins they wore,
And ſaw more heaps of *Acorns* in their ſtore!
Four years Advance did ſuch Reſpect engage,
And Youth was Reverenc'd then like ſacred Age.

VIII.

Now if one *Honeſt* Man I chance to view,
Contemning *Intereſt*, and to *Virtue* true;

I

I rank him with the Prodigies of Fame
With *Ploug'd up* Fiſhes, and with *Icy* Flame;
With Things which ſtart from *Nature*'s common Rules,
With *Bearded* Infants, and with *Teeming* Mules:
As much amaz'd at the prodigious Sign,
As if I ſaw 4 *Bees* cluſter'd on a Shrine;
A Showr of Stones, or Rivers chang'd to Blood
Roul wond'rous Waves, or urge a Milky Flood.

IX.

A *little* Sum you Mourn, whilſt *Moſt* have met
With twice the Loſs, and by as *Vile* a Cheat:
By treacherous Friends, and ſecret Truſt betray'd,
Some are undone; Nor are the *Gods* our Aid.
Thoſe *Conſcious Powers* we can with eaſe cotemn,
If hid from *Men*, we truſt our Crimes with them.
Obſerve the Wretch who hath his Faith forſook
How *clear* his Voice, and how *aſſur'd* his Look!
Like Innocence, and as ſerenely bold
As Truth, how loudly He forſwers thy Gold!

By *Neptune*'s Trident, by the Bolts of *Jove*,
And all the Magazine of Wrath above.
Nay, more, in Curſes He goes *boldly* on,
He damns himſelf, and thus *devotes* his Son:
If I'm forſworn, you injur'd Gods renew
Thyeſtes's Feaſt, and prove the Fable true.

X.

Some think that *Chance* rules all, that *Nature*
ſteers
The moving Seaſons, and turns round the Years.
Theſe run to ev'ry Shrine, theſe boldly ſwear,
And keep no *Faith*, becauſe they know no *Fear*.

XI.

Another doubts, but as his Doubts decline
He dreads juſt Vengeance, and he ſtarts at Sin;
He owns a *God*: And yet the Wretch forſwears,
And thus he Reaſons to relieve his Fears.
Let [6] *Iſis* rage, ſo I ſecurely hold
The Coin forſworne, and keep the raviſh'd Gold;
Let Blindneſs, Lameneſs come; are Legs and Eyes
Of *equal* Value to ſo great a Prize?

Wou'd ſtarving *Ladas*, had he leave to chuſe,
And were not frantick, the *Rich Gout* refuſe?
For can the Glory of the ſwifteſt pace
Procure him Food? Or can he Feaſt on Praiſe?

XII.

The Gods take *Aim* before they ſtrike their Blow,
Tho' *ſure* their Vengeance, yet the Stroak is *ſlow*;
And ſhou'd at *ev'ry* Sin their Thunder fly,
I'm yet ſecure, nor is my Danger nigh:
But they are *Gracious*, but their Hands are free,
And who can tell but they may reach to Me?
Some they forgive, and ev'ry Age Relates
That *equal* Crimes have met *unequal* Fates;
That Sins *alike*, *unlike* Rewards have found,
And whilſt *This* Villains Crucify'd, *The other's* Crown'd.
The Man that ſhiver'd on the *brink* of Sin,
Thus ſteel'd and *hard'ned* ventures boldly in;
Dare him to Swear, he with a chearful Face
Flies to the *Shrine*, and bids Thee mend thy pace;

He urges, goes before Thee, ſhews the way,
Nay, pulls Thee on, and chides Thy dull delay:
For *Confidence* in Sin, when mixt with *Zeal*,
Seems *Innocence*, and looks to moſt as well.

XIII.

Thus like the waggiſh Slave in—Play,
He ſpreads the Net, and takes the eaſie Prey.
You rage and ſtorm, and *blaſphemouſly* loud,
As [8] *Stentor* bellowing to the *Grecian* Crowd,
Or *Homer*'s *Mars* with to much warmth exclaim;
Jove, doſt Thou hear, and is thy Thunder tame?
Wert Thou *all* Braſs, thy Brazen Arm ſhould rage,
And fix the Wretch a Sign to future Age:
Elſe why ſhou'd Mortals to thy Feaſts repair,
Spend *uſeleſs* Incenſe, and more *uſeleſs* Prayer?
Bathyllus [10] Statue at this rate may prove
Thy equal Rival, or a greater *Jove*.

XIV.

Be cool, my *Friend*, and hear my Muſe diſpence
Some Sovereign Comforts, drawn from Common
Sence;

Not fetcht from *Stoicks* rigid Schools, nor wrought
By *Epicurus* more indulgent Thought;
Who led by Nature, did with eaſe purſue
The Rules of Life; gueſs'd beſt, tho' miſs'd the true.
A deſperate Wound muſt skilful Hands employ,
But thine is curable by [11] *Philip*'s Boy.

XV.

Look o'er the preſent and the former time,
If no *Example* of ſo Vile a Crime
Appears, then Mourn; admit no kind Relief,
But beat thy Breaſt, and I *applaud* thy Grief.
Let Sorrow then appear in all her State,
Keep mournful Silence, and ſhut faſt thy Gate.
Let ſolemn Grief on *Money* loſt attend,
Greater than waits upon a dying Friend;
None feigns, none acted Mourning's forc'd to ſhow;
Or ſqueeze his Eyes to make that Torrent flow;
For *Money* loſt demands a heartier due;
Then Tears are real, and the Grief is true,

But if at each Aſſize, and Term, we try
A thouſand Raſcals of as deep a Dye,
If Men *forſwear* the Deeds and Bonds they draw,
Tho' Sign'd with all Formality of Law,
And tho' the Writing and the *Seal* proclaim
The *barefac'd* Perjury, and fix the Shame;
Go, Fortune's *Darling*, nor expect to bear
The common Lot, but to avoid thy ſhare!
Heav'n's *Favourite* Thou, for better Fates deſign'd,
Then we the *Dregs* and *Rubbiſh* of Mankind!

XVI.

This petty Sinner ſcarce deſerves thy Rage,
Compar'd with the great *Villians* of the Age.
Here hir'd Aſſaſſins kill, there *Sulpher* thrown,
By treacherous Hands, deſtroys the frighted Town.
Bold *Sacriledge*, invading Things Divine,
Breaks through a *Temple*, or deſtroys a Shrine,
The Reverend Goblets, and the ancient Plate,
Thoſe grateful Preſents of a Conqu'ring State,
Or pious King; or if the Shrine be poor,
The Image ſpoils: Nor is the *God* ſecure.

One

One ſeizes *Neptune*'s Beard, one *Caſtor*'s Crown,
Or *Jove* himſelf, and melts the *Thunderer* down.
Here Poyſ'ners murder, there the impious Son,
With whom a guiltleſs Ape is doom'd to drown,
Prevents old Age, and with a *haſty* blow
Cuts down his *Sire*, and quickens Fates too ſlow.
Yet what are theſe to thoſe vaſt heapes of Crimes,
Which make the greateſt *Buſineſs* of our Times,
Which *Terms* prolong, and which from Morn to Night
Amaze the *Furies*, and the *Judges* fright?
Attend the *Court*, and thou ſhalt briefly find
In that one place the Manners of Mankind;
Hear the Indictments, then return again,
Call thy ſelf Wretch, and if thou dar'ſt, complain.
Whom midſt the *Alps* do hanging throats ſurprize?
Who ſtares in *Germany* at watchet Eyes?
Or who in *Mœræ*, when the Breaſt reclin'd,
Hangs o'er the Shoulder to the Child behind,

And bigger than the Boy? For Wonders loſt
When Things grow common, and are found in moſt.

When *Cranes* invade, his little Sword and Shield
The *Pigmy* takes, and ſtreight attends the Field;
The Fight's ſoon o'er; the *Cranes* deſcend, and bear
The ſprawling Warriors through the liquid Air.
Now hear, ſhou'd ſuch a Fight appear to view,
All Men wou'd ſplit, the Sight wou'd pleaſe whilſt new:
There none's concern'd, where every day they fight,
And not one Warriour is *a Foot* in height.

XVII.

But ſhall the *Villain* 'ſcape? Shall Perjury
Grow Rich and Safe, and ſhall the Cheat be free?
Hadſt thou full power (*Rage* asks no more) to kill,
Or meaſure out his Torments by thy Will;
Yet what couldſt thou, *Tormentor* hope to gain?
Thy Loſs continues, unrepaid by Pain,

In-

Inglorious Comfort thou ſhalt poorly meet,
From his mean Blood. *But, oh! Revenge is ſweet.*
Thus think the *Crowd*, who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage;
Who ne'er *conſider*, but, without a pauſe,
Make up in Paſſion what they want in Cauſe.
Not ſo mild [13] *Thales*, nor *Chryſippus* thought,
Nor that *Good Man*, who drank the *poiſ'nous Draught*
With Mind ſerene; and cou'd not wiſh to ſee
His *Vile* Accuſer drink as deep as He:
Exalted *Socrates*! Divinely brave!
Injur'd He fell, and dying He forgave,
Too Noble for *Revenge*; which ſtill we find
The weakeſt Frailty of a feeble Mind;
Degenerous Paſſion, and for *Man* too baſe,
It ſeats its Empire in the *Female* Race,
There rages; and, to make its Blow ſecure,
Puts Flatt'ry on, until the Aim be ſure.

XVIII.

But why muſt thoſe be thought to eſcape, that feel
Thoſe Rods of Scorpions, and thoſe Whips of Steel
Which *Conſcience* ſhakes, when ſhe with Rage controuls,
And ſpreads amazing Terrors through their Souls?
Not ſharp Revenge, not *Hell* it ſelf can find
A fiercer Torment than a *Guilty* Mind,
Which Day and Night doth dreadfully accuſe,
Condemns the Wretch, and ſtill the *Charge* renews.

XIX.

A truſted *Spartan* was inclin'd to Cheat,
(The Coin lookt lovely, and the Bag was great,
Secret the Truſt) and with an *Oath* defend
The Prize, and baffle his deluded Friend.
But weak in Sin, and of the *Gods* afraid,
And not well vers'd in the forſwearing Trade,
He goes to *Delphos*; humbly begs Advice,
And thus the Prieſteſs by Command replies:

Expect ſure Vengeance by the *Gods* decreed,
To puniſh Thoughts, nor yet improv'd to Deed.
At this he ſtarted, and forbore to ſwear,
Not out of *Conſcience* of the Sin, but Fear;
Yet Plagues enſu'd, and the contagious Sin
Deſtroy'd himſelf, and ruin'd all his Kin.
Thus ſuffer'd He for the imperfect Will
To ſin, and bare Deſign of doing Ill:
For he that but conceives a Crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an *Actual* Fault:
Then what muſt he expect that ſtill proceeds
To *finiſh* Sin, and work up Thoughts to Deeds?

XX.

Perpetual *Anguiſh* fills his anxious Breaſt,
Not ſtopt by Buſineſs, nor compos'd by Reſt:
No Muſick chears him, and no Feaſts can pleaſe,
He ſits like diſcontented [14] *Damocles*,
When by the ſportive Tyrant wiſely ſhown
The dangerous Pleaſures of a *flatter'd* Throne.
Sleep flies the Wretch, or when his *Care*'s oppreſt
And his toſs'd Limbs are weary'd into reſt;

Then

Then Dreams invade, the injur'd *Gods* appear,
All arm'd with Thunder, and awake his Fear.
What frights him most, in a Gigantick size,
Thy *sacred Image* flashes in his Eyes;
These shake his Soul, and, as they boldly press,
Bring out his Crimes, and force him to confess.
This Wretch will start at *ev'ry* flash that flies,
Grow pale at the first murmer of the Skies,
E'er Clouds are form'd, and Thunder roars afraid;
And [15] *Epicurus* can afford no Aid,
His Notions fail: And the destructive Flame
Commission'd falls, not throne by *Chance*, but *Aim*:
One *Clap* is past, and now the Skies are clear,
A short reprieve, but to increase his Fear;
Whilst Arms *Divine*, revenging Crimes below,
Are gathering up to give the greater Blow.
But if a Fever fires his *sulphurous* Blood,
In ev'ry Pit, he feels the Hand of God,
And *Heaven born* Flame: Then drown'd, in deep Despair,
He dares not offer one *repenting* Prayer;

Nor

Nor vow one Victim to preſerve his Breath,
Amaz'd he lies, and ſadly Looks for Death:
For how can Hope with deſperate Guilt agree?
And the worſt Beaſt is worthier Life than he.

XXI.

He that *once* Sins, like him that ſlides on Ice,
Goes ſwiftly down the ſlippery ways of Vice;
Tho' *Conſcience* checks him, yet, thoſe Rubs gone o'er
He ſlides on ſmoothly, and looks back no more;
What Sinners finiſh where they firſt begin?
And with one Cime content their *Luſt* to Sin?
Nature, that, rude and in her *firſt* Eſſay,
Stood boggling at the roughneſs of the way,
Us'd to the Road, unknowing to return,
Goes boldly on, and loves the *Path* when worn.

XXII.

Fear not, but pleas'd with this *ſucceſsful* Bait,
Thy *Perjur'd* Friend will quickly tempt his Fate;
He will go on, until his Crimes provoke
The Arm *Divine* to ſtrike the fatal Stroke:

Then

Then thou shalt see him plung'd, when least he fears,
At *once* accounting for his deep Arrears;
Sent to those narrow *Isles*, which throng'd we see
With mighty *Exiles*, once secure as He;
Drawn to the Gallows, or condemn'd to Chains:
Then thou shalt *triumph* in the Villain's pains,
Enjoy his Groans; and with a grateful Mind
Confess, that *Heav'n* is neither Deaf nor Blind.

Explanatory Notes on the Thirteenth Satyr.

SOme read, *Extemplo quodcumque malum*, &c.

2 *Thebes* had but seven Gates, and the River *Nile* but seven Mouths.

3 That is, were of better Quality, and had more Wealth. Skins and Acorns being the primitive Cloaths and Food, according to the Poets.

4 If a swarm of Bees pitch'd upon a Temple, it was look'd upon as an Omen of some very great Mischief.

5 *Thyestis* was treated with a Hash made of his own Son.

6 *Isis*. An *Ægyptian* Goddess, suppos'd to be much concern'd in inflicting Diseases and Maladies on Mankind.

7 *Ladas*. An excellent Foot-man, who wan the Prize in the *Olympian* Games.

8 *Stentor*. A famous Crier in the *Grecian* Army, whose single Voice was as loud as that of fifty Men together.

9 *Homer*

9 *Homer* says, that *Mars* being wounded by *Diomedes*, made as great an out-cry, as Ten Thousand Men shouting to the Battel.

10 *Bathyllus.* A Fidler and a Player: But put here for any idle Scoundrel, or insignificant Fellow.

11 A Surgeon of no great Credit and Reputation.

12 The Villain that kill'd his Father, was to be put into a Bag with a Dog, a Cock, a Serpent, and an Ape, and thrown into the Sea.

13 Philosophers of great Credit and Worth.

14 *Damocles* having very much extoll'd the Happiness of Kings, in the presence of *Dionysius* King of *Syracuse*; *Dionysius* invited him to Dinner, plac'd him in a rich Throne, and gave him a very splendid Entertainment; but just over his Head hung a Sword by a Hair, with the point downward.

15 a Philosopher, who thought all Things were by Chance.

THE FOURTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. JOHN DRYDEN, Jun.

The ARGUMENT.

Since Domeſtick Examples eaſily corrupt our Youth, the Poet prudently exhorts all Parents, that they themſelves ſhould abſtain from evil Practices: Amongſt which, he chiefly points at Dice and Gaming, Taverns, Drunkenneſs, and Cruelty, which they exercis'd upon their Slaves: Leſt after their pernicious Example, their Sons ſhould copy them in their Vices, and become Gameſters, Drunkards, and Tyrants, Liſtrigons, and Cannibals to their Servants. For, if the Father, ſays Juvenal, *love the Box and Dice, the Boy will be given to an itching Elbow: Neither is it to be expected, that the Daughter of* Larga *the Adultreſs, ſhou'd be more continent than her Mother: Since we are all by Nature more apt to receive ill Impreſſions than good; and are beſides more pliant in our Infancy and Youth*

Youth, than when we grow up to riper Years. Thus we are more apt to imitate a Catiline, than a Brutus, or the Uncle of Brutus, Cato Ulicensis. For these Reasons he is instant with all Parents, that they permit not their Children, to hear lascivious Words, and that they banish Pimps, Whores, and Parasites from their Houses. If they are careful, says the Poet, when they make any Invitation to their Friends, that all things shall be clean, and set in order; much more is it their Duty to their Children, that nothing appear corrupt or undecent in their Family. Storks and Vultures, because they are fed by the Old Ones, with Snakes and Carrion, naturally, and without Instruction feed on the same uncleanly Diet. But the Generous Eaglet, who is taught by her Parent, to fly at Hares, and sowse on Kids, disdains afterwards to pursue a more ignoble Game. Thus the Son of Centronius was prone to the Vice of raising Stately Structures, beyond his Fortune; Because his Father had ruin'd himself by Building. He whose Father is a Jew, is naturally prone to Superstition, and the Observation of his Country-Laws. From hence the Poet descends to a Satyr against Avarice, which he esteems to be of worse Example than any of the former. The remaining part of the Poem is wholly employ'd on this Subject, to shew the Misery of this Vice. He concludes with limiting our Desire of Riches to a certain Measure; which he confines within the compass of what Hunger, and Thirst, and Cold, require for our Preservation and Subsistance: With which Necessaries if we are not contented, then the Treasures of Crœsus, of the Persian King, or of the Eu-



Can Cruel [1] *Rutilus*, who loves the Noiſe
Of Whips far better than a *Syren*'s Voice,
Can [2] *Polyphemus*, or [3] *Antiphates*,
Who gorge themſelves with Man, can ſuch as theſe
Set up to teach Humanity, and give
By their Example, Rules for Us to live?
Can they preach up Equality of Birth,
And tell Us how we all began from Earth?
Th' Inhuman [4] Lord, who with a cruel Guſt
Can a Red Fork in his Slave's Forehead thruſt:
Becauſe th' unlucky Criminal was caught
With little Theft of two coarſe [5] Towels fraught?
Can He a Son to ſoft Remorſe incite,
Whom [6] Gaols, and Blood, and Butchery delight?
Who wou'd expect the Daughter ſhou'd be other
Than Common Punk, if [7] *Lurga* be the Mother?
Whoſe Lovers Names in order to run o'er,
The Girl took Breath full thirty times, and more:
She, when but yet a tender Minx, began
To hold the Door, but now ſets up for Man;
And to her Gallants, in her own Hand-writing,
Sends Billets-douxs of the Old Bawd's Inditing.

So Nature prompts; ſo ſoon we go aſtray,
When Old Experience puts us in the Way:
Our Green Youth Copies what Grey Sinners act;
When venerable Age commends the Fact.

Some Sons, indeed, ſome very few, we ſee
Who keep themſelves from this Infection free,
Whom Gracious Heaven for Nobler Ends deſign'd,
Their Looks erected, and their Clay refin'd.
The reſt are all by bad Example led,
And in their Father's ſlimy Track they tread.
Is't not enough we ſhould our ſelves undo,
But that our Children we muſt ruin too?
Children, like tender Oſiers, take the bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow.
By Nature, headlong to all Ills we run,
And Virtue, like ſome dreadful Monſter, ſhun.
Survey the World, and where one [8] *Cato* ſhines,
Count a degenerate Herd of [9] *Catilines*.

Suffer no Lewdneſs, or undecent Speech,
Th' Apartment of the tender Youth to reach;

Far be from thence the Glutton [10] *Paraſite*,
Singing his Drunken Katches all the Night:
But farther ſtill be Woman; Woman firſt
Was Evil's cauſe, her ſelf of Ills the worſt.
Boys ev'n from Parents may this Rev'rence claim;
For when thou doſt at ſome vile Action aim,
Say, ſhou'd the harmleſs Child with-hold thy hand,
Wou'd it not put thy Fury to a ſtand?
Then may we not conclude the Sire unjuſt,
Who (when his Son o'ercome with Drink and Luſt,
Is by the [11] Cenſor of Good Manners caught,
And ſuffers Publick Penance for his Fault)
Rails, and Reviles, and turns him out of door,
For what himſelf ſo oft has done before?
A Son ſo copy'd from his Vice, ſo much
The very ſame in ev'ry little touch;
That ſhou'd he not reſemble too his Life,
The Father juſtly might ſuſpect his Wife.

This very Rev'rend Leacher, quite worn out
With Rheumatiſms, and Crippled with his Gout,
Forgets what he in youthful Times has done,
And ſwinges his own Vices in his Son.
To entertain a Gueſt, with what a care
Wou'd he his Houſhold Ornaments prepare;
Haraſs his Servants, and O'erſeen ſtand,
To keep 'em Working with a threatning Wand;
Clean all my Plate, he cries, let not one ſtain
Sully the Figur'd Silver, or the Plain;
Rub all the Floors, make all the Pillars bright,
No hanging Cobwebs leave to ſhock the Sight.
O wretched Man! is all this Hurry made
On this account, becauſe thou art afraid
A dirty Hall or Entry ſhou'd offend
The curious Eyes of thy invited Friend?
Reform thy Family; one Son at home
Concerns thee more than many Gueſts to come.
If to ſome [12] Uſeful Art he be not bred,
He grows meer Lumber, and is worſe than dead.
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone
In Age we are by ſecond Nature prone.

The callow Storks with Lizard and with Snake
Are fed, and ſoon as e'er to Wing they take,
At ſight thoſe Animals for Food purſue,
The firſt delicious Bit they ever knew.
Ev'n ſo 'tis Nature in the Vulture's breed,
On Dogs and Human Carcaſes to feed.
Jove's [13] Bird will ſowſe upon the tim'rous Hare
And tender Kids with his ſharp Tallons tear;
Becauſe ſuch Food was laid before him firſt,
When from his Shell the lab'ring Eaglet burſt.
Centronius [14] does high coſtly *Villa*'s raiſe
With *Grecian* Marble, which the ſight amaze:
Some ſtand upon *Cajeta*'s winding ſhoar,
At *Tybur*'s Tow'r, and at *Præneſte* more.
The Dome of *Hercules* and Fortune ſhow
To his tall Fabricks, like ſmall Cots below:
So much his Palaces o'er-look 'em all,
As gelt [15] *Poſides* does our Capitol.
His Son builds on, and never is content,
Till the laſt Farthing is in Structure ſpent.
The *Jews*, like their bigotted Sires before,
By gazing on the Clouds their [16] God adore:

So Superſtitious, that they'll ſooner Dine
Upon the Fleſh of Men than that of Swine.
Our *Roman* Cuſtoms they contemn and jeer,
But learn and keep their Country-Rites with fear.
That Worſhip only they in Rev'rence have,
Which in dark Volumes their Great *Moſes* gave.
Ask 'em the Road, and they ſhall point you wrong'
Becauſe you do not to their Tribe belong.
They'll not betray a Spring to quench your Thirſt,
Unleſs you ſhew 'em Circumciſion firſt.
So they are taught, and do it to obey
Their Fathers, who obſerve the Sabbath-Day.

Young Men to imitate all Ills are prone,
But are compell'd to Avarice alone:
For then in Virtue's ſhape they follow Vice;
Becauſe a true Diſtinction is ſo nice,
That the baſe Wretch who hoards up all he can,
Is prais'd, and call'd a careful, thrifty Man:
The Fabled [17] Dragon never guarded more
The Golden Fleece, than he his ill-got Store:
What a profound Reſpect where-e'er he goes
The Multitude to ſuch a Monſter ſhows?

Each

Each Father cries, "My Son, Example take,
"And led, by this Wise Youth, thy Fortunes make,
"Who Day and Night ne'er ceas'd to toil and
"sweat,
"Drudg'd like a Smith, and on the Anvil beat,
"Till he had hammer'd out a vast Estate.
"Side with that Sect, who learnedly deny,
"That e'er Content was join'd with Poverty;
"Who measure Happiness by Wealth encreas'd,
"And think the Money'd Man alone is Blest.
Parents the little Arts of Saving teach,
E'er Sons the Top of Avarice can reach;
When with false Weights their Servants Guts
they cheat,
And pinch their own to cover the Deceit;
Keep a stale Crust till it looks Blue, and think
Their Flesh ne'er fit for Eating till it stink;
The least Remains of which they mince, and dress
It o'er again to make another Mess:
Adding a Leek, whose ev'ry String is told,
For fear some pilf'ring Hand should make to
hold.

And with a Mark distinct, seal up a Dish
Of thrice-boil'd Beans, and putrid Summer-Fish:
A Beggar on the [18] Bridge would loath such Food,
And send it to be wash'd in *Tyber*'s Flood.
But, to what end these ways of sordid Gain?
It shews a manifest unsetled Brain,
Living, to suffer a low starving Fate,
In hopes of dying in a wealthy State.
For, as thy strutting Bags with Money rise,
The Love of Gain is of an equal size:
Kind Fortune does the Poor Man better bless,
Who though he has it not, desires it less.
One *Villa* therefore is too little thought;
A larger Farm at a vast Price is bought:
Uneasie still within these narrow bounds,
Thy next Design is on thy Neighbour's Grounds;
His Crop invites, to full Perfection grown,
Thy own seems thin, because it is thy own:
The Purchase therefore is demanded streigth,
And if he will not sell, or makes the wait,
A Teem of Oxen in the Night are sent,
(Starv'd for the purpose, and with Labour spent)

To take Free Quarter, which in one half Hour
The Pains and Product of a Year devour:
Then, ſome are baſely Brib'd to vow it looks
Moſt plainly done by Thieves with Reaping-hooks;
Such mean Revenge, committed underhand,
Has ruin'd many an Acre of good Land.
What if Men talk, and Whiſpers go about,
Pointing the Malice and its Author out?
He values not what they can ſay, or do;
For who will dare a Money'd Man to ſue?
Thus he wou'd rather curs'd, and envy'd be,
Than lov'd and prais'd in honeſt Poverty.

But to poſſeſs a long and happy Life,
Freed from Diſeaſes, and ſecure from Strife.
Give me, ye Gods, the Product of one [19] Field,
As large as that which the firſt *Romans* Till'd;
That ſo I neither may be Rich nor Poor,
And having juſt enough, not covet more.

'Twas then, Old Souldiers cover'd o'er with Scars,
(The Marks of [20] *Pyrrhus*, or the [21] *Punick* Wars,)
Though

Thought all paſt Services rewarded well,
If to their ſhare at laſt two Acres fell:
(Their Countries frugal Bounty;) ſo of old
Was Blood, and Life, at a low-Market ſold.
Yet, then, this little Spot of Earth well Till'd,
A num'rous Family with Plenty fill'd;
The good old Man and thrifty Houſwife ſpent
Their Days in Peace, and fatten'd with Content.
Enjoy'd the Dregs of Life, and liv'd to ſee
A long-deſcending Healthful Progeny.
The Men were faſhion'd in a larger Mold;
The Women fit for Labour, Big and Bold.
Gygantick Hinds, as ſoon as Work was done,
To their huge Pots of boiling Pulſe wou'd run:
Fell too, with eager Joy, on homely Food;
And their large Veins beat ſtrong with wholeſom Blood.
Of old, two Acres were a bounteous Lot,
Now, ſcarce they ſerve to make a Garden-Plott.
From hence the greateſt part of Ills deſcend,
When Luſt of getting more will have no end:

That,

That, ſtill our weaker Paſſions does Command,
And puts the Sword and Poiſon in our hand.
Who covets Riches, cannot brook delay,
But ſpurs and bears down all that ſtops his way:
Nor Law, nor checks of Conſcience will he hear,
When in hot ſcent of Gain, and full Career.

But hark, how ancient [22]*Marſus* did adviſe;
My Sons let theſe ſmall Cots and Hills ſuffice:
Let us the Harveſt of our Labour eat;
'Tis Labour makes the coarſeſt Diet ſweet:
Thus much to the kind Rural Gods we owe,
Who pity'd ſuff'ring Mortals long-ago;
When own harſh [23] Acorns hungrily they fed,
And gave 'em nicer Palats, better Bread.
The Country Peaſant meditates no harm,
When clad with Skins of Beaſts to keep him warm:
In Winter-Weather, unconcern'd he goes
Almoſt Knee-deep through Mire, in clumſey Shoes:
Vice dwells in Palaces, is richly dreſt;
There glows in Scarlet, and the *Tyrian* Veſt,

The

The wiſer Ancients theſe Inſtructions gave:
But now a Covetous old Crafty Knave,
At dead of Night ſhall rowze his Son, and cry,
Turn out, you Rogue, how like a Beaſt you lie:
Go, buckle to the Law; is this an Hour
To ſtretch your Limbs? You'll ne'er be Chancellor:
Or elſe your ſelf to *Lælius* recommend,
To ſuch broad Shoulders [24] *Lælius* is a Friend:
Fight under him, there's Plunder to be had;
A Captain is a very gainful Trade:
And when in Service your beſt Days are ſpent,
In time you may Command a Regiment.
But if the Trumpet's Clangour you abhor,
And dare not be an Alderman of War;
Take to a Shop, behind a Counter lie,
Cheat half in half; none thrive by Honeſty:
Never reflect upon the ſordid Ware
Which you expoſe; be gain your only Care.
He that grows Rich by ſcowring of a Sink,
Gets where withal to juſtifie the Stink.

This

This Sentence, worthy *Jove* himself, Record
As true, and take it on a Poet's Word:
" T'have Money, is a necessary Task,
" From whence 'tis got the World will never ask.
Taught by their Nurses, little Children get
This Saying, sooner than their Alphabet.
What care a Father takes to teach his Son,
With ill-tim'd Industry, to be undone!
Leave him to Nature, and you'll quickly find
The tender Cock'ril takes just after Kind:
The forward Youth will without driving go,
And learn to out-shoot you in your proper Bow,
As much as *Ajax* his own Sire excell'd,
And was the Brawnier Blockhead in the Field.
Let Nature in the Boy but stronger grow,
And all the Father soon it self will show:
When first the Down appears upon his Chin,
For a small Sum he Swears thro' thick and thin.
At *Ceres* Altar vents his Perjury,
And Blasts her Holy Image with a Lye:
If a Rich Wife he Marries, in her Bed
She's found by Dagger, or by Poison, Dead:

While

While Merchants make long Voyages by Sea,
To get Eſtates, he cuts a ſhorter way.
In mighty Miſchiefs little Labour lies:
I never Counſell'd this, the Father cries.
But ſtill, baſe Man, he Copy'd this from thee;
Thine was the prime, original Villany.
For he who covets Gain to ſuch exceſs,
Does by dumb Signs himſelf as much expreſs,
As if in Words at length he ſhow'd his Mind:
Thy bad Example made him Sin by Kind.
But who can Youth, let looſe to Vice, reſtrain?
When once the hard-mouth'd Horſe has got the Reign,
He's paſt thy Pow'r to ſtop; Young *Phaeton*,
By the wild Courſes of his Fancy drawn,
From Eaſt to North, irregularly hurl'd,
Firſt ſet on fire himſelf, and then the World.
Aſtrologers aſſure long Life, you ſay,
Your Son can tell you better much than they,
Your Son and Heir whoſe Hopes your Life delay.

Poiſon

Poiſon will work againſt the Stars beware;
For ev'ry Meal an Antidote prepare:
And let *Archigenes* ſome Cordial bring
Fit for a wealthy Father, or a King.
What Sight more pleaſant, in his Publick Shows
Did ever Prætor on the Stage expoſe,
Than are ſuch *Men* as ev'ry Day we ſee,
Whoſe chief Miſhap, and only Miſery
Is to be over-ſtock'd with ready Coin,
Which now they bring to watchful *Caſtor*'s Shrine;
Since *Mars*, whom we the great Revenger call,
Loſt his own Helmet, and was ſtript of all.
'Tis time dull Theatres we ſhou'd forſake,
When buſie Men much more Diverſion make.
The Tumblers Gambols ſome Delight afford,
No leſs the nimble Cap'rer on the Cord;
But theſe are ſtill inſipid Stuff to thee,
Coop'd in a Ship, and toſs'd upon the Sea.
Baſe Wretch, expos'd by thy own covetous Mind
To the deaf Mercy of the Waves and Wind.

The Dancer on the Rope, with doubtful tread,
Gets wherewithal to cloath and buy him Bread,
Nor covets more than Hunger to prevent;
But nothing leſs than Millions thee content:
What Shipwrecks and dead Bodies choak the Sea;
The num'rous Fools that were betray'd by thee!
For at the charming Call of pow'rful Gain,
Whole Fleets equipt appear upon the Main,
And ſpight of [26] *Lybian* and [26] *Carpathian* Gale,
Beyond the limits of known Earth they ſail.
A Labour worth the while, at laſt to brag
(When ſafe return'd, and with a ſtrutting Bag,)
What Finny Sea-Gods thou haſt had in view,
More than our Lying Poets ever knew.
What ſeveral Madneſſes in Men appear!
Oreſtes [27] runs from fancy'd Furies here;
Ajax [28] belabours there an harmleſs Ox,
And thinks that *Agamemnon* feels the Knocks.
Nor is indeed that Man leſs Mad than theſe,
Who Freights a Ship to venture on the Seas:
With one frail interpoſing Plank to ſave
From certain Death roll'd on by ev'ry Wave:

Yet

Yet Silver makes him all this Toil embrace,
Silver with *Titles* ſtampt, and a dull *Monarch*'s
Face.
When gath'ring Clouds o'er-ſhadow all the Skies,
And ſhoot quick Lightnings, Weigh, my Boys, he
cries,
A Summer's Thunder, ſoon it will be paſt!
Yet, hardy Fool, this Night may prove thy laſt;
When thou (thy Ship o'er-whelm'd with Waves)
ſhalt be
Forc'd to plung naked in the raging Sea;
Thy Teeth hard preſs'd, a Purſeful of dear Gold,
The laſt Remains of all thy Treaſure hold.
Thus he——
Whoſe ſacred Hunger, all the Stores that lie
In Yellow [29] *Tagus* cou'd not ſatisfie;
Does now in tatter'd Cloaths at ſome Lane's end
A painted Storm for Charity extend.
With Care and Trouble great Eſtates we gain
When got, we keep 'em with more Care and
Pain.

Rich [30] *Licinus* his Servants ready ſtand,
Each with a Water-Bucket in his Hand,
Keeping a Guard, for fear of Fire, all Night,
Yet *Licinus* is always in a Fright.
His curious Statues; Amber-Works, and Plate,
Still freſh encreaſing Pangs of Mind create.
The [31] naked *Cynick*'s Jar ne'er Flames; if broken
'Tis quickly ſodder'd, or a new beſpoken.
When *Alexander* firſt beheld the Face
Of the great *Cynick*, in that narrow ſpace;
His own Condition thus he did lament:
How much more happy thou, that are content
To live within this little Hole, than I
Who after Empire, that vain Quarry, fly;
Grapling with Dangers whereſoe'er I roam,
While thou haſt all the Conquer'd World at home.
Fortune a Goddeſs is to Fools alone,
The Wiſe are always Maſters of their own.
If any ask me what wou'd ſatisfie
To make Life eaſie, thus I wou'd reply:
As much as keeps out Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold,
Or what contented [32] *Socrates* of old:

As

As much as made wiſe *Epicurus* Bleſt,
Who in ſmall Gardens ſpacious Realms poſſeſt;
This is what Nature's Wants may well ſuffice:
He that wou'd more, is covetous, not wiſe.
But ſince among Mankind ſo few there are
Who will conform to Philoſophick Fare;
Thus much I will indulge thee for thy eaſe,
And mingle ſomething of our Times to pleaſe:
Therefore enjoy a plentiful Eſtate,
As much as will a Knight of *Rome* create
By [23] *Roſcian* Law: And if that will not do,
Double, and take as much as will make Two;
Nay, Three, to ſatisfie the laſt Deſire:
But if to more than this thou do'ſt aſpire;
Believe me, all the Riches of the Eaſt,
The Wealth of *Cræſus* cannot make the Bleſt;
The Treaſure [34] *Claudius* to *Narciſſus* gave,
Wou'd make thee, *Claudius* like, an errant Slave;
Who to obey his mighty Minion's Will,
Did his lov'd Empreſs *Meſſalina* kill.

Explanatory Notes on the Fourteenth Satyr.

1 *Rutilus*, ſome Perſon in the Poet's time, noted for his Cruelty.
2 *Polyphemus*, a famous Giant with one Eye, and a *Cannibal*.
3 *Antiphates*, a King of the *Læſtrygons*, who were all Man-Eaters. I doubt not but the *Læſtrygons*, who were a People of *Italy*, learnt this Diet of King *Saturn*, when he hid himſelf among 'em, and gave this Example by making a Meals-meat of his own Children.

4 By this Lord, is ſtill meant the ſame cruel *Rutilus*.

5 *Suppos'd Bath-Rubbers:* The *Romans* were great Bathers.

6 Country Gaols, where they kept their working Slaves in great numbers.

7 *Larga*, a fictitious Name for ſome very common Buttock.

8 *Cato* of *Utica*, a *Roman* Patriot, who ſlew himſelf, rather than he wou'd ſubmit to *Julius Cæſar*.

9 *Cataline*, a Plotter againſt the Commonwealth of *Rome*.

10 *Paraſite*, a Greek Word, among the *Romans* uſed for a Flatterer, and Feaſt-Hunter. This ſort of Creature they ſlighted in thoſe days, and us'd very ſcurvily, terming ſuch a one an *Umbra*, that is, a Shadow, an Apparition, *&c.*

11 This Cenſor of Good Manners, was an Officer of conſiderable Power in *Rome*; in ſome reſpects not unlike our Midnight Magiſtrate, but not altogether ſo ſaucy.

12 The Old *Romans* were careful to breed up their Sons ſo, that afterwards they might be uſeful to their Country in Peace or War, or Ploughing the Ground: *Utilis agris*, (as *Juvenal* has it.) An Exerciſe that wou'd break the Hearts of our modern Beaux.

13 *Jove's Bird*: The Eagle, ſo call'd for the great Service he did *Jupiter*, in bringing *Ganymede*, a Lovely Boy, on his Back to him.

14 *Centronius*, A famous extravagant Architect, who with his Son (who took after him) built away all his Eſtate, and had ſo many Palaces at laſt, that he was too poor to live in any of 'em.

15 *Juvenal* though he was wiſe enough to laugh at his own Country Gods, yet had not, or wou'd not have, a right Notion of the True Deity, which makes him ridicule the *Jews* manner of Worſhip.

16 *At Gelt* Poſides, *viz.* The Palace of the Eunuch *Poſides*. As in *Virg. Jam proximus ardet —— Ucalegon.*

17 This Dragon was Guardian of the Golden Fleece, which hung in the Temple of *Mars* at *Colchos*; and hereby hangs a Tale, or a long Story of *Jaſon* and *Media*, with which I will not trouble you.

18 Beggers took their Stations then, as they do now, in the greateſt Thorow-fares, which were their Bridges, of which there were many over the River *Tiber* in *Rome*.

19 *Field, viz.* The Field of *Mars*, or *Campus Martius*, which was the greateſt part of the *Roman* Empire, when in its Infancy under *Romulus* and *Tatius* the *Sabine*, his Copartner, admitted for the ſake of the Fair Ladies he brought along with him.

20 *Pyrrhus* King of the *Epirots*, a formidable Enemy to the *Romans*, though at laſt overcome by 'em. He dy'd a very little Death (as 'tis the Fate of ſome Heroes) being Martyr'd by the fall of a Tile from a Houſe.

21 Wars againſt the *Carthaginians*.

22 *Marſus*, a thrifty Husband-man, from whom the *Marſi* were ſo call'd, a laborious People, ſome 15 Miles diſtant from *Rome*.

23 Mankind fed on Acorns, till *Ceres* the Goddeſs of Corn inſtructed them to ſow Grain.

24 Some General Officer in the *Roman* Army.

25 Not that the Shrine was ſecur'd by the care of the God *Caſtor*, for *Juvenal* knew their Gods cou'd have no ſuch thing as Care; but it was lin'd with a ſtrong Guard of Souldiers, who had an Eye to their God as well as their Monies, leſt he ſhould be ſtoln, or unrig-g'd, as *Mars* was. Our Poet calls him watchful *Caſtor* jeeringly.

26 *Libyan and Carpathian Gale.* The firſt a South-Weſt, the latter, as we term it at Sea, a ſtrong *Levant*.

27 *Oreſtes*, ſaid to be haunted by Furies, for killing his Mother *Clytemneſtra*, the Wife of *Agamemnon*.

28 *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon*, who ran mad, becauſe *Agamemnon* gave the Armour of *Achilles* from him to *Ulyſſes*. But the miſtaking *Agamemnon*, or his Brother *Menelaus*, for Oxen, or Oxen for them, was not ſo groſs; for they were both famouſly Horn'd: And if Report ſays true, *Ajax* need not have ſpar'd *Ulyſſes*, ſince *Penelope* knew which of her Suitors cou'd ſhoot beſt in her Husband's Bow.

29 *Tagus*, a River in *Spain*, ſaid to be full of Gold-Sand. This *Tagus* has loſt his good Qualities time out of Mind, or the *Spaniard* has coin'd it dry; for now they fetch their Gold from the *Indies*, and then other Nations fetch it from them.

30 Some noted Rich Man in *Rome*.

31 *Naked Cynick: Diogenes*, a ſnarling Dog-Philoſopher (for there have been Dog-Philoſophers, as well as Poets in Doggrel.)

32 *Socrates* and *Epicurus*, two Wiſe Philoſophers, contented with the bare Neceſſaries of Life: The firſt of theſe was eſteem'd the beſt Moral Philoſopher, the latter the beſt Natural.

33 *Roſcian Law*; ſo call'd from *Roſcius Otho* Tribune of the People, who made a Law, That none ſhou'd ſit in the 14 firſt Seats of the Theater, unleſs they were worth 400 *Seſtertiums*, *per annum*, that is above 3000 Pounds of our Monies, and theſe were eſteem'd Noblemen, *ipſo facto*.

34 *Claudius* the 5th *Cæſar*, who had no better luck in a Wife than his Predeceſſors, *Julius* and *Auguſtus*, and moſt of the Great Men in Hiſtory.

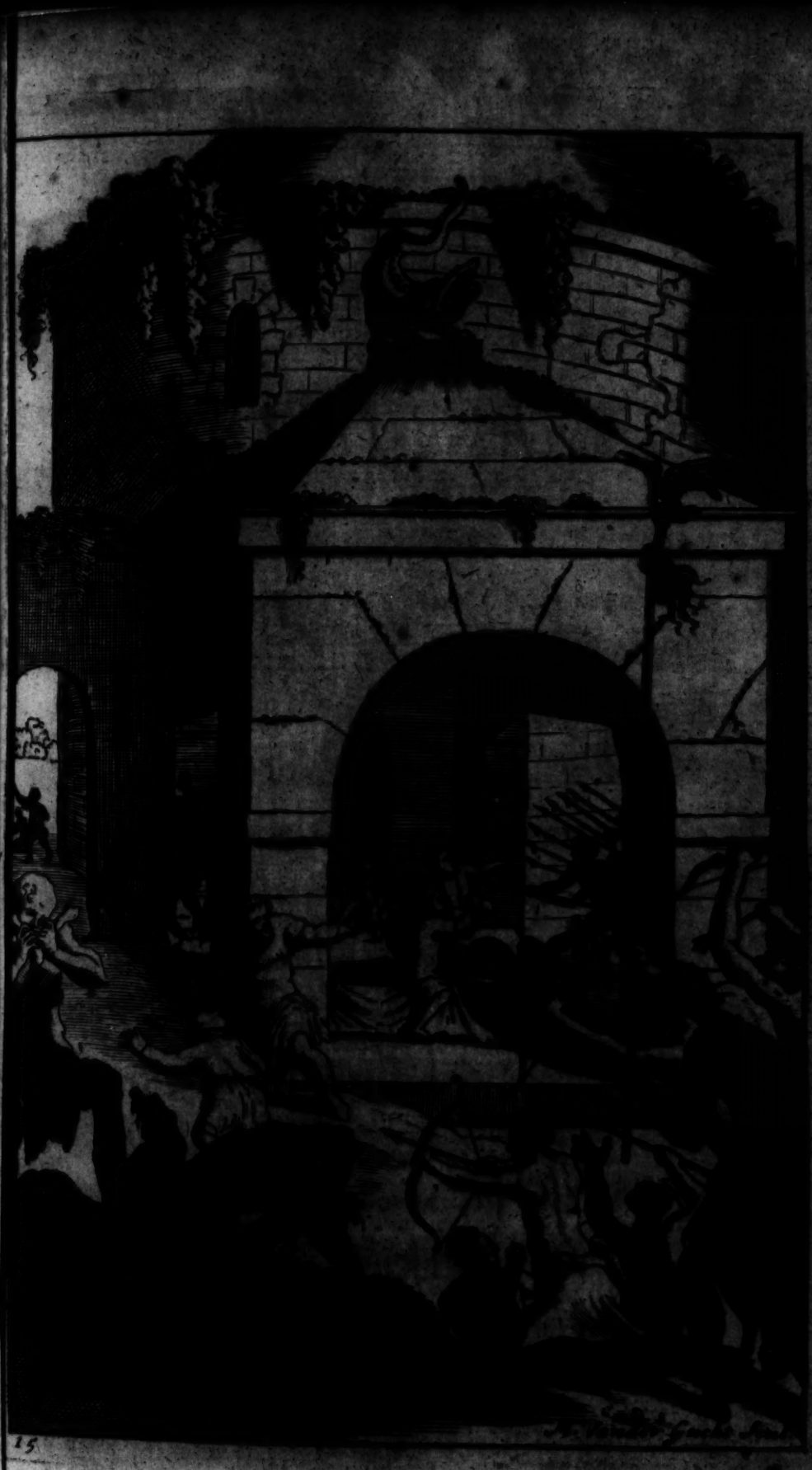
THE FIFTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. TATE.

The ARGUMENT.

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[HOW



15

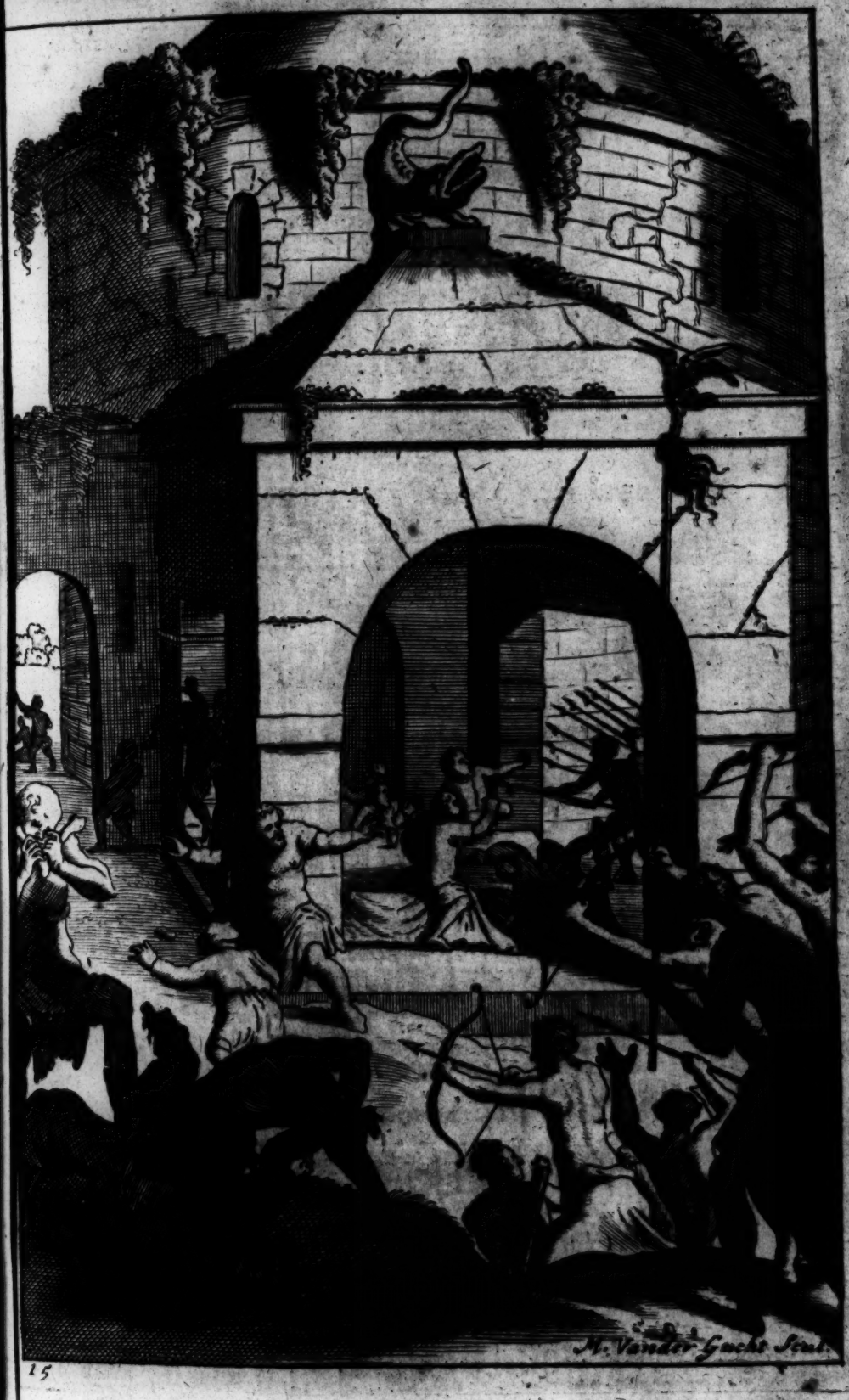
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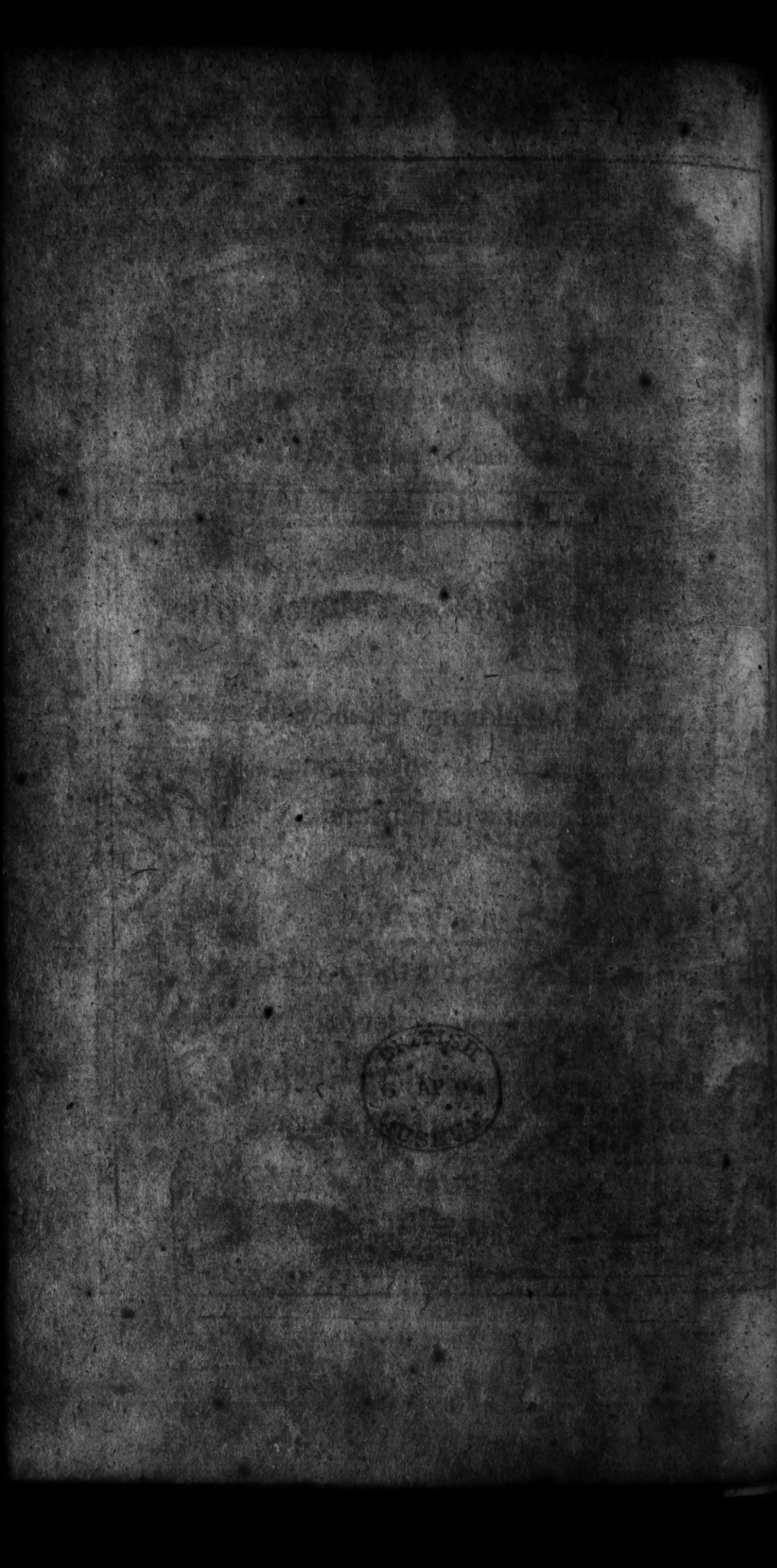
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HOW


M. Vander Gucht Sculp.



HOW *Egypt*, mad with Superſtition grown,
Makes *Gods* of Monſters, but too well is known:
One Sect Devotion to *Nile*'s [1] *Serpent* pays;
Others to [2] *Ibis* that one Serpents preys.
Where, [3] *Thebes*, thy Hundred Gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd [4] *Memnon*'s Magick Harp is heard,
Where theſe are Mouldring, leſt the Sots combine
With pious Care a *Monkey* to enſhrine!
Fiſh-Gods you'll meet with Fins and Scales o'ergrown;
Diana's Dogs ador'd in ev'ry Town,
Her Dogs have Temples, but the Goddeſs none!
'Tis mortal Sin an Onion to devour,
Each Clove of Garlick is a ſacred Pow'r.
Religious Nations ſure and bleſt Abodes,
Where ev'ry Orchard is o'er-run with Gods.
To Kill, is murder, Sacrilege to Eat
A Kid or Lamb——Man's Fleſh is lawful Meat!

Of

Of such a Practice when *Ulysses* told,
What think you? Cou'd *Alcinous* Guests withhold
From Scorn or Rage? *Shall we* (cries one) *permit*
This Lewd Romancer, and his Ranting Wit?
Nor on Charybdis *Rock beat out his Brains,*
Or send him to the Cyclops *whom he feigns.*
Of Scylla's Dogs, *and stranger Flames than these,*
Cyane's *Rocks that justle in the Seas,*
Of Winds in Bags (for Mirth-sake) let him tell,
And of his Mates turn'd Swine by Circe's *Spell,*
But Men to eat Men, *Humane Faith surpasses:*
This Trav'ller takes us Islanders for Asses.
Thus the incred'lous *Phæac* (having yet
Drank but one Round) reply'd in sober Fret.
Nor without Reason truly, since the Board
(For Proof o'th' Fact had but *Ulysses* Word)
What I relat's more strange, and ev'n exceeds
All Registers of Purple Tyrants Deeds:
Portentous Mischiefs they but singly Act,
A Multitude conspir'd to this more horrid Fact.

Prepare,

Prepare, I ſay, to hear of ſuch a Crime
As Tragick Poets, ſince the Birth of Time,
Ne'er feign'd a thronging Audience to amaze;
But true, and perpetrated in our Days.
Ombus and *Tentyr*, Neighb'ring Towns, of late
Broke into Outrage of deep-feſter'd Hate.
A Grutch in both, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd frome Sire to Son.
Religious Spight and pious Spleen bred firſt
This Quarrel, which ſo long the *Bigots* Nurſt.
Each calls the other's God a ſenſleſs Stock,
His own, Divine; tho' from the ſelf-ſame Block
One Carver fram'd them, diff'ring but in ſhape,
A Serpent this reſembling, that an Ape.
The *Tentyrites* to execute their Crime
Think none ſo proper, as a ſacred Time;
Which call'd to *Ombites* forth to Publick Rites,
Sev'n days they ſpent in Feaſts, ſev'n ſleepleſs Nights.
(For Scoundrel as theſe wretched *Ombites* be,
Canopus they exceed in Luxury)

Them

Them rev'lling thus the *Tentyrites* invade,
By giddy Heads and ſtagg'ring Legs betray'd:
Strange odds! where Crop-ſick Drunkards muſt engage
A hungry Foe, and arm'd with ſober Rage.
At firſt both Parties in Reproaches jar,
And make their Tongues the Trumpets of the War.
Words break no Bones, and in a railing Fray,
Women and Prieſts can be as ſtout as they.
Words ſerve but to enflame our warlike Liſts,
Who wanting Weapons clutch their horny Fiſts.
Yet thus make ſhift t' exchange ſuch furious Blows,
Scarſe one eſcapes with more than half a Noſe.
Some ſtand their ground with half their Viſage gone,
But with the Remnant of a Face fight on.
Such transform'd *Spectacles* of *Horrour* grow,
That not a *Mother* her own *Son* wou'd know.
One Eye, remaining, for the other ſpies,
Which now on Earth a trampled Gelly lies.

Yet

Yet hitherto both Parties think the Fray
But Mockery of War, meer Children's Play:
Tho' Traverſing, with Streams of Blood they meet,
They tread no Carcaſe yet beneath their Feet:
And Scandal think't to have none ſlain out-right
Between two Hoſts that for Religion fight.
This whets their Rage to ſearch for Stones, as large
As they cou'd lift, or with both Hands diſcharge
Not (altogether) of a ſize, if match'd
With thoſe which *Ajax* once, or *Turnus* ſnatch'd
For their Defence, or by *Tydides* thrown,
That bruſht *Æneas* Creſt, and ſtruck him down,
Of weight wou'd make two Men ſtrein hard to raiſe,
Such Men as liv'd in honeſt [8] *Homer*'s Days:
Whom Giants yet to us we muſt allow,
Dwindled into a Race of *Pigmies* now;
The Mirth and Scorn of Gods, that ſee us fight,
Such little Waſps, and yet ſo full of ſpight:
For Bulk meer Inſects, yet in Miſchief ſtrong,
And, ſpent ſo ill, our ſhort Life's much too long!

Freſh

Freſh Forces now of *Tentyrites*, from Town,
With Swords and Darts, to aid their Friends, come down.
Who with fleet Arrows levell'd from a far,
E're they themſelves approach'd, ſecure the War.
Hard ſet before, what cou'd the *Ombites* do?
They fly; their preſſing Foes as faſt purſue.
An *Ombite Wretch* (by headlong haſte betray'd
And falling down i'th' Rout) is Priſ'ner made:
Whoſe Fleſh torn off by Lumps, the rav'nous Foe
In Morſels cut, to make it farther go,
His Bones clean pick'd, his very Bones they gnaw;
No Stomack's baulkt, becauſe the Corps is raw.
T' had been loſt time to dreſs him— keen Deſire
Supplies the want of Kettle, Spit, and Fire.
(*Prometheus* Ghoſt is ſure o'er-joy'd to ſee
His Heav'n-ſtol'n Fire from ſuch diſaſter free:
Nor ſeems the ſparkling Element leſs pleas'd than he.)
The Gueſts are found too num'rous for the Treat,
But all, it ſeems, who had the luck to eat,
Swear they ne'er taſted more delicious Meat. They

They ſwear, and ſuch good Palates you ſhou'd truſt,
Who doubts the Reliſh of the firſt free Guſt?
Since one who had i' th' Rear excluded been,
And cou'd not for a Taſte o' th' Fleſh come in:
Licks the ſoil'd Earth, which he thinks full as good;
While reeking with a mangled *Ombit*'s Blood.
The [9] *Vaſcons* once with Man's Fleſh (as 'tis ſed)
Kept Life and Soul together——grant they did.
Their Caſe was diff'rent; with long Siege diſtreſs'd,
And all Extremities of War oppreſs'd.
(For Miſerable to the laſt Degree,
Th' Excuſe of ſuch a Practice ought to be)
With Creatures, Vermine, Herbs, and Weeds ſuſtain'd,
While Creatures, Vermin, Herbs, or Weeds remain'd:
Till to ſuch meagre Spectacles reduc'd,
As ev'n Compaſſion in the Foe produc'd:

Acquitted

Acquitted by the *Manes* of the Dead,
And Ghosts of Carcases on which they fed.
By [10] *Zeno*'s Doctrine we are taught, 'tis true,
For Life's support no harmless thing to do.
But *Zeno* never to the *Vascons* read;
('Tis since their Days that Civil Arts have spread;
'Twas lately *British* Lawyers, from the *Gaul*
Learnt to *Harangue*, and Eloquently Bawl.
Thule hopes next t' improve her Northern Stile,
And Plant (where yet no Spring did ever smile
With Flow'rs of Rhetorick her frozen Isle.)
That brave, the *Vascons*, were we must confess,
Who Fortitude preserv'd in such distress,
Yet not the Brightest their Example shines,
Eclips'd by the more Noble [11] *Saguntines*;
Who both the Foe, and Famine to beguile.
For Dead and Living rais'd one common Pile.
Maotis first did Impious Rites devise
Of Treating God's with Human Sacrifice;
But salvage *Egypt*'s Cruelty exceeds
The [12] *Scythian* Shrine, where, tho' the Captive bleeds,

Secure of Burial when his Life is fled,
The murd'ring Knife's thrown by, when once the
Victim's dead.
Did Famine to this monstrous Fact compel,
Or did the Miscreants try this Conj'ring Spell,
In time of Drought to make the *Nile* to swell?
Amongst the rugged *Cimbrians*, or the Race
Of *Gauls*, or fiercer *Tartars* can you Trace
An out-rage of Revenge like this, pursu'd
By an effeminate Scoundrel Multitude.
Whose utmost Daring is to cross the *Nile*
In painted Boats to fright the Crocodile.
Can Men, or more resenting Gods, invent,
Or Hell inflict proportion'd Punishment
On Varlets, who cou'd treat Revenge and Spight
With such a Feast, Famine's self wou'd fright?
Compassion proper to Mankind appears,
Which Nature witness'd when she let us Tears:
Of tender Sentiments we only give
Those Proofs: To weep in our Prerogative;
To shew by pitying Looks, and melting Eyes,
How with a suff'ring Friend we sympathize!

Nay, Tears will ev'n from a wrong'd Orphan slide,
When his false Gaurdian at the Bar is try'd:
So tender, so unwilling to accuse,
So oft the Roses on his Cheek bedews,
So soft his Tresses, fill'd with trickling Pearl,
You'd doubt his Sex, and take him for a Girl.
B'Impulse of Nature (though to us unknown
The Party be) we make the Loss our own;
And Tears steal from our Eyes, when in the Street
With some betrothed Virgin's Hearse we meet.
Or Infant's Fun'ral, from the cheated Womb
Convey'd to Earth, and Cradled in a Tomb.
Who can all sense of others Ills escape,
Is but a Brute at best in human shape.
This nat'ral Piety did first refine
Our Wit, and rais'd our Thoughts to things Divine:
This proves our Spirit of the Gods Descent,
While that of Beasts is prone and downward bent.
To them but Earth-born Life they did dispence
To us, for mutual Aid, Cœlestial Sense.

From

From straggling Mountaineers, for publick Good,
To Rank in Tribes, and quit the salvage Wood.
Houses to build, and them contiguous make,
For cheerful Neighbourhood and safety's sake.
In War, a Common Standard to erect,
A wounded Friend in Battel to protect;
The Summons take of the same Trumpet's Call
To sally from one Port or Man on publick Wall.
But Serpents now more Amity maintain!
From Spotted Skins the Leopard does refrain:
No weaker Lion's by a stronger slain:
Nor, from his larger Tusks, the Forest Boar
Commission takes his Brother-Swine to gore
Tyger with Tyger, Bear with Bear you'll find
In Leagues Offensive and Defensive joyn'd.
But lawless Man the Anvil dares profane,
And Forg'd that Steel by which a Man is slain!
Which Earth, at first, for Plow shares did afford,
Nor yet the Smith had learnt to form a Sword.
An impious Crew we have beheld, whose Rage
Their En'mies very Life cou'd not assuage,

Unleſs they Banquet on the Wretch they ſlew,
Devour the Corps, and lick the Blood they drew!
What think you, wou'd *Pythagoras* have ſed
Of ſuch a Feaſt, or to what Deſart fled?
Who Fleſh of Animals refus'd to eat,
Nor held all ſorts of Pulſe for lawful Meat.

Explanatory Notes on the Fifteenth Satyr.

1 THE Crocodile.

2 A ſort of Bird in thoſe Parts, that is a great deſtroyer of Serpents.

3 *Thebes* in *Bœotia* had ſeven Gates, this in *Egypt* an hundred, and therefore call'd *Hecatompylus*.

4 This *Coloſſus*, or Marble Statue of *Memnon*, held a Harp in its hand, which utter'd Muſical Sounds, when ſtruck by the Beams of the riſing Sun; which *Strabo* tells us, that he both ſaw and heard, but confeſſes he is not able to aſſign the Cauſe. He adds, that one half of this Statue was fall'n in an Earth Quake, from which Mutilation and Continuance of the ſtrange Sounds (ſuppos'd to proceed from Magick) our Author ſays, *Dimidio magicæ reſonant ubi Memnone Chordæ.*

5 *Homer* introduces *Ulyſſes* Shipwreckt at the Iſland *Coreyra*, and Treated by *Alcinous*, who their Reign'd King of the *Pheaks*; at whoſe Table he recited the following Paſſages.

6 The *Symplegades*, two Rocks in the Mouth of the *Boſphorus*, which being at like diſtance from each other, ſeems to ſtrike upon one another, as the Sailers paſs by them.

7 A City in *Egypt*, infamous for Riots and Debauchery.

8 Alluding to that of *Homer* in the *Iliad*. Ὁ ἓ δύο ἀνδρὸς ὀρέγνυ, ὅτις σὺν βέλτιος ἦσι.

9 In the Town *Caligulis*, beſieg'd by *Metellus*.

10 The Principal of the Stoicks.

11 The Confederates of *Rome*, who being beſieg'd by *Hanibal* for eight Months, and having ſuffer'd all Extremities, at laſt, erected one great Pile, in which they burnt themſelves with their Dead; as alſo all their Goods, to leave the Enemy no Plunder.

12 The Temple of *Diana Taurica*, where they ſacrific'd Strangers.

THE SIXTEENTH SATYR.

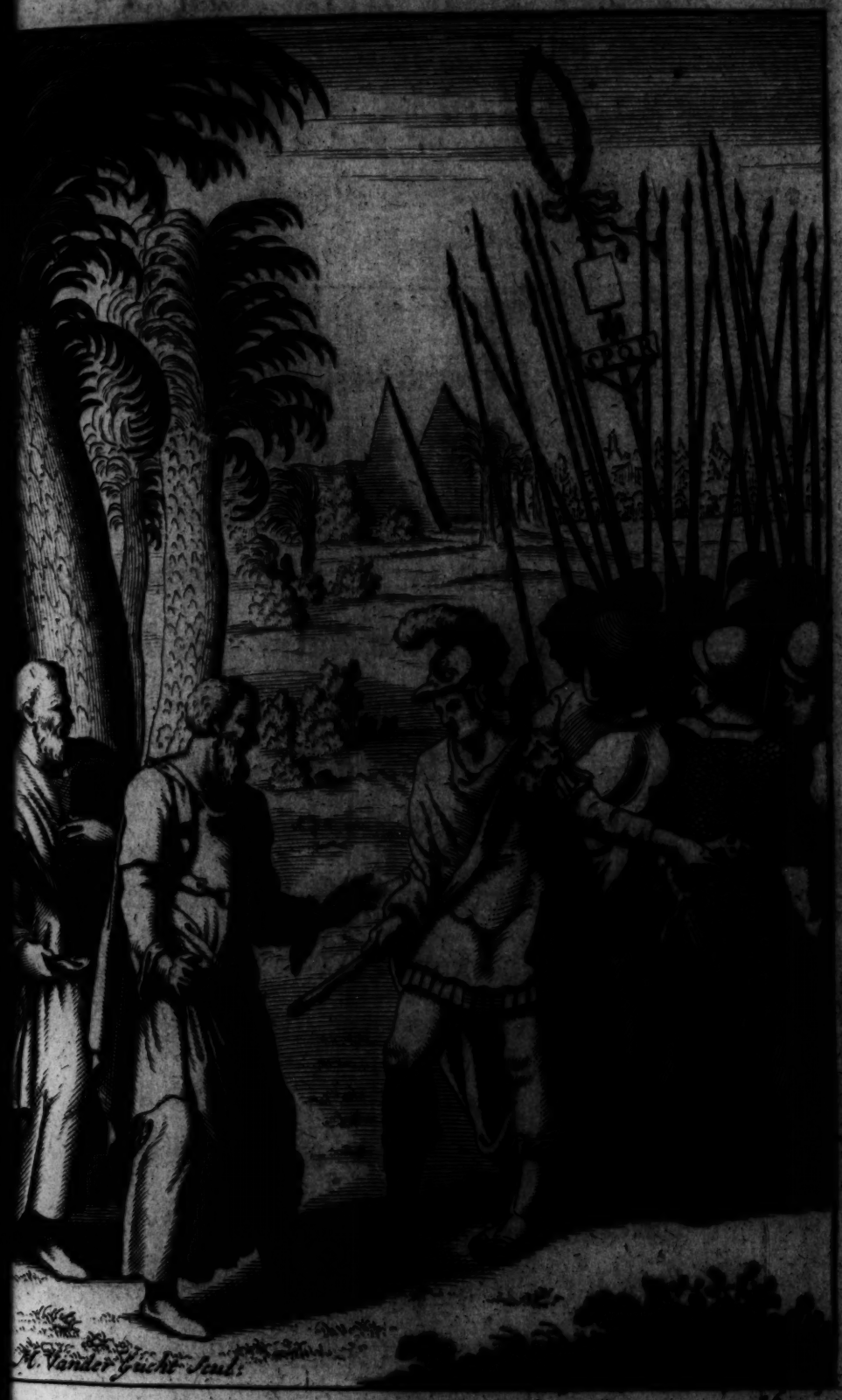
By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this Satyr, proves, that the Condition of a Souldier is much better than that of a Country-man: First, because a Country-man, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a Souldier; who is only to be judg'd by a Court-Martial: And by the Law of Camillus, *which obliges him not to Quarrel without the Trenches, he is also assur'd to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: Whereas, the Townsman, or Peasant, is delaid in his Suit by frivolous Pretentees, and not sure of Justice when he is heard in the Court. The Souldier is also priviledg'd to make a Will, and to give away his Estate, which he got in War, to whom he pleases, without consideration of Parentage, or Relations; which is deny'd to all other Romans. This Satyr was written by Juve-*

nal, *when he was a Commander in* Egypt. *'Tis certainly his, tho' I think it not finish'd. And if it be well observ'd, you will find he intended an Invective against a Standing Army.*

WHat vast Prerogatives, my *Gallus*, are
Accruing to the mighty Man of War!
For, if into a lucky Camp I light,
Tho' raw in Arms, and yet afraid to Fight,
Befriend me, my good Stars, and all goes right.
One happy Hour is to a Souldier better,
Than Mother *Juno*'s Recommending Letter,
Or *Venus*, when to *Mars* she wou'd prefer
My Suit, and own the Kindness done to Her.
See what Our Common Priviledges are:
As, first, no sawcy Citizen shall dare
To strike a Souldier, nor when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of farther Punishment.
Not tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his Forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his Disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd Face.


M. Vander Gucht Sculp.

nal, *when he was a Commander in* Egypt: *'Tis certainly his, tho' I think it not finish'd. And if it be well obſerv'd, you will find he intended an Invective againſt a Standing Army.*

WHat vaſt Prerogatives, my *Gallus*, are
Accruing to the mighty Man of War?
For, if into a lucky Camp I light,
Tho' raw in Arms, and yet afraid to Fight,
Befriend me, my good Stars, and all goes right.
One happy Hour is to a Souldier better,
Than Mother [1] *Juno*'s Recommending Letter,
Or *Venus*, when to *Mars* ſhe wou'd prefer
My Suit, and own the Kindneſs done to Her.
See what Our Common Priviledges are:
As, firſt, no ſawcy Citizen ſhall dare
To ſtrike a Souldier, nor when ſtruck, reſent
The wrong, for fear of farther Puniſhment.
Not tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes
Hang by a ſtring, in bumps his Forehead riſe,
Shall he preſume to mention his Diſgrace,
Or beg amends for his demoliſh'd Face.


S.P.Q.R.
M. Vander Gucht Scul:

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A Booted Judge shall sit to try his Cause,
Not by the Statute, but by Martial Laws;
Which old [2] *Camillus* order'd to confine
The Brawls of Souldiers to the Trench and Line:
A wise Provision; and from thence 'tis clear,
That Officers a Souldiers Cause shou'd hear:
And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honest Man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: But with a gen'ral Cry
The Regiment will rise in Mutiny,
The Freedom of their Fellow-Rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to Disband.
Withdraw thy Action, and depart in Peace;
The Remedy is worse than the Disease:
This Cause is worthy [3] him, who in the Hall
Wou'd for his Fee, and for his Client bawl:
But wouldst thou, Friend, who hast two Legs alone,
(Which Heav'n be prais'd, thou yet may'st call thy own,)
Wou'dst thou to run the Gantlet these expose
To a whole Company of [4] Hob-nail'd Shoes?

Sure the Good-breeding of wise Citizens
Shou'd teach 'em more Good-nature to their Shins.
Besides, whom can'st thou think so much thy Friend,
Who dares appear thy Business to defend?
Dry up thy Tears, and pocket up th' Abuse,
Nor put thy Friend to make a bad Excuse:
The Judge cries out, Your Evidence produce.
Will he, who saw the Souldiers Mutton-Fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the List;
To witness Truth? When I see one so Brave,
The Dead, think I, are risen from the Grave;
And with their long Spade Beards, and matted Hair,
Our honest Ancestors, are come to take the Air.
Against a Clown, with more security,
A Witness may be brought to swear a Lye,
Than, tho' his Evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a Truth against a Man of War.
More Benefits remain, and claim'd as Rights,
Which are a standing Armies Perquisites.

If any Rogue vexatious Suits advance
Against me for my known Inheritance,
Enter by violence my Fruitful Grounds,
Or take the ſacred Land-Mark from my Bounds,
Thoſe Bounds, which with Proceſſion and with Pray'r,
And [5] Offer'd Cakes have been my annual Care?
Or if my Debtors do not keep their Day,
Deny their Hands, and then refuſe to pay;
I muſt with Patience all the Terms attend,
Among the common Cauſes that depend
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for Day,
Is ſtill encumber'd with ſome new delay:
Perhaps [6] the Cloth of State is only ſpred,
Some of the *Quorum* may be ſick a-bed;
That Judge is hot, and doffs his Gown while this
O'er Night was bowſie, and goes out to piſs:
So many Rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious Suit goes on.
But Buff, and Belt-Men, never know theſe Cares,
No Time, nor Trick of Law their Action Bars;

Their

Their Cauſe they to an eaſier Iſſue put;
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another Branch of their Revenue ſtill
Remains beyond their boundleſs Right to kill,
Their Father yet alive, impowr'd to make a Will.
For, what their Proweſs gain'd, the Law declares
Is to themſelves alone, and to their Heirs:
No ſhare of that goes back to the Begetter,
But if the Son fights well, and plunders better,
Like ſtout *Coranus*, his old ſhaking Sire
Does a Remembrance in his Will deſire:
Inquiſitive of Fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the Number of the ſlain:
But ſtill he lives, and riſing by the War,
Enjoys his Gains, an has enough to ſpare:
For 'tis a Noble General's prudent Part
To cheriſh Valour, and reward Deſert:
Let him be dawb'd with Lace, live high, and Whore;
Sometimes be Lowſie, but be never Poor.

Ex-

Explanatory Notes on the Sixteenth Satyr.

1 *Juno* was Mother to *Mars* the God of War; *Venus* was his Mistress.

2 *Camillus*; (who being firſt Baniſh'd, by his ungrateful Country-men the *Romans*, afterwards return'd, and freed them from the *Gauls*,) made a Law, which prohibited the Souldiers from Quarrelling without the Camp, leſt upon that pretence they might happen to be abſent, when they ought to be on Duty.

3 *This Cauſe is worthy Him*, &c. The Poet names a *Modeneſe* Lawyer whom he calls *Vagellius*; who was ſo impudent that he wou'd Plead any Cauſe, right or wrong, without Shame or Fear.

4 *Hob-nail'd Shooes.* The *Roman* Souldiers wore Plates of Iron under their Shooes or ſtuck them with Nails; as Country men do now.

5. Land Marks were us'd by the *Romans*, almoſt in the ſame manner as now: And as we go once a Year in Proceſſion, about the Bounds of Pariſhes, and renew them, ſo they offer'd Cakes upon the Stone, or Land-Mark.

6 The Courts of Judicature were hung, and ſpred, as with us; but ſpread only before the Hundred Judges were to ſit, and judge Publick Cauſes which were call'd by *Lot*.

7 The *Roman* Souldiers had the Priviledge of making a Will, in their Father's Life-time: Of what they had purchas'd in the Wars, as being no part of their Patrimony. By this Will they had Power of excluding their own Parents, and giving the Eſtate ſo gotten to whom they Pleas'd. Therefore, ſays the Poet, *Coranus*, (a Souldier Contemporary with *Juvenal*, who had rais'd his Fortune by the Wars) was Courted by his own Father, to make him his Heir.

THE

THE SATYRS OF Aulus Perſius Flaccus.

Made ENGLISH BY

Mr. D[illegible] G[illegible]

BRITISH MUSEUM Ap 94

Sapius in Libro memoratum Perſium nomen,
Quam levis ait forte Maſſa. Suaſoriæ.

Mart.

LONDON,
Printed for Jacob Tonſon, within Gray's-Inn-Gate,
next Gray's-Inn-Lane.

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PERSIVS.

THE SATYRS OF Aulus Perſius Flaccus.

Made ENGLISH.

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Sæpius in Libro memoratur Perſius uno,
Quam levis in tota Marſus Amazonide.

Mart.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, within *Gray's-Inn-Gate*, next *Gray's-Inn-Lane.*

TO

Mr. DRYDEN,

ON His Translation

OF

PERSIUS.

A

TO

Mr. DRYDEN,

On His Tranſlation

OF

PERSIUS.

AS when of Old Heroique Story tells
Of Knights Impriſon'd long by Magick Spells;
Till future Time, the deſtin'd Hero ſend,
By whom, the dire Enchantment is to end:
Such ſeems this Work, and ſo reſerv'd for Thee,
Thou great Revealer of dark Pœſie.

Thoſe ſullen Clouds, which have for Ages paſt,
O'er Perſius's *too-long-ſuff'ring Muſe been caſt,*
Diſperſe, and fly before thy ſacred Pen,
And in their room bright Tracks of Light are ſeen.

Sure

To Mr. Dryden.

Sure Phœbus *self, thy swelling Breast inspires,*
The God of Musick and Poetique Fires!
Else, whence proceeds this great Surprize of Light!
How dawns this Day forth from the Womb of Night!

Our Wonder, now, does our past Folly show,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So Unbelievers impiously despise
The sacred Oracles, in Mysteries.
Persius, *before, in small Esteem was had,*
Unless what to Antiquity is paid;
But, like Apocrypha, with scruple read,
(So far our Ignorance, our Faith misled)
'Till you, Apollo's *Darling Priest, thought fit*
To place it, in the Poets sacred Writ:

As Coin, which bears some awful Monarch's Face,
For more than its intrinsick Worth will pass;
So your bright Image, which we here behold,
Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold.
To You, we all this following Treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, *which from a Rock did flow.*

Old

To Mr. Dryden.

Old Stoick *Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,*
Poliſh'd by you, in Modern Brillant ſhines:
And as before, for Perſius *our Eſteem,*
To his Antiquity was paid, not Him:
So now, whatever Praiſe, from us is due,
Belongs not to Old Perſius, *but the New:*
For ſtill Obſcure, to us no Light he gives;
Dead in Himſelf, in You alone he lives.

So ſtubborn Flints their inward heat conceal,
Till Art and Force, th'unwilling Sparks reveal;
But through your Skill, from thoſe ſmall Seeds of Fire,
Bright Flames ariſe, which never can expire.

Will. Congreve.

THE FIRST SATIR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Argument of the *Prologue* to the First Satir.

The Design of the Author was to conceal his Name And Quality. He lived in the dangerous Times of the Tyrant Nero; *and aims particularly at Him, in most of his Satires. For which Reason. though he was a* Roman *Knight, and of a plentiful Fortune, he wou'd appear in this Prologue but a Beggarly Poet, who Writes for Bread. After this, he breaks into the Business of the First Satir: which is, chiefly to decry the Poetry then in Fashion; and the Impudence of those, who were endeavouring to pass their Stuff upon the World.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

FIRST SATIR.

I Never did on cleft [1] *Parnassus* dream,
Nor taste the sacred *Heliconian* Stream;
Nor can remember when my Brain inspir'd,
Was, by the Muses, into Madness fir'd.
My share in pale [2] *Pyrene* I resign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues [3], with winding Ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler Poets, for a nobler Song:
Heedless of Verse, and hopeless of the Crown,
Scarce half a Wit, and more than half a Clown,
Before the [4] Shrine I lay my rugged Numbers down.
Who taught the Parrot Human Notes to try,
Or with a Voice endu'd the chatt'ring Pye?
'Twas witty Want, fierce Hunger to appease:
Want taught their Masters, and their Masters these.

Let Gain, that gilded Bait, be hung on high,
The hungry Witlings have it in their Eye:
Pyes, Crows, and Daws, Poetick Preſents bring:
You ſay they ſqueak; but they will ſwear they ſing.

Argument of the Firſt Satyr.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the Author is againſt bad Poets, in this Satir. But I muſt add, that he includes alſo bad Orators, who began at that Time, (as Petronius *in the beginning of his Book tells us,*) *to enervate Manly Eloquence, by Tropes and Figures, ill plac'd and worſe apply'd. Amongſt the* Poets, Perſius *covertly ſtrikes at* Nero; *ſome of whoſe Verſes he recites with Scorn and Indignation. He alſo takes notice of the Noblemen and their abominable Poetry, who in the Luxury of their Fortune, ſet up for Wits and Judges. The Satir is in Dialogue, betwixt the Author and his Friend or Monitor; who diſſuades him from this dangerous Attempt of expoſing Great Men. But* Perſius, *who is of a free Spirit, and has not forgotten that* Rome *was once a Commonwealth, breaks through all thoſe Difficulties, and boldly arraigns the falſe Judgment of the Age in which he lives. The Reader may obſerve that our Poet was a Stoick Philoſopher, and that all his Moral Sentences both here, and in all the reſt of his Satirs, are drawn from the Dogma's of that Sect.*

THE

THE FIRST SATYR.

In Dialogue betwixt the Poet and his Friend or Monitor.

Perſius.

HOW anxious are our Cares; and yet how vain
The bent of our Deſires!

Friend.

Thy Spleen contain:
For none will read thy Satirs.

Perſius.

This to me?

Friend.

None; or What's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard, I grant.

Perſius.

'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry Scriblers have the Publick Ear:
That this vaſt univerſal Fool, the Town,
Shou'd cry up *Labeo*'s Stuff, and cry me down.

They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who Fools and Knaves commend;
Their Smiles and Censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full Assemblies let the Crowd prevail:
I weigh no Merit by the Common Scale.
The Conscience is the Test of ev'ry Mind;
Seek not thy self, without thy self, to find.
But where's that *Roman*?—Somewhat I wou'd say,
But fear;—Let Fear, for once, to Truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick Courage: When I look
On Human Acts, and read in Nature's Book,
From the first Pastimes of our Infant Age,
To elder Cares, and Man's severer Page;
When stern as Tutors, and as Uncles hard,
We lash the Pupil, and defraud the Ward:
Then, then I say,—or wou'd say, if I durst—
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

Friend.

Once more forbear.

Per-

Perſius.

I cannot rule my Spleen;
My Scorn Rebels, and tickles me within.

Firſt, to begin at home, our Authors write
In lonely Rooms, ſecur'd from publick ſight;
Whether in Proſe, or Verſe, 'tis all the ſame:
The Proſe is Fuſtian, and the Numbers lame.
All Noiſe, and empty Pomp, a Storm of Words,
Lab'ring with Sound, that little Sence affords.
They Comb, and then they order ev'ry Hair:
A Gown, or white, or ſcour'd to whiteneſs, wear:
A Birth-day Jewel bobbing at their Ear.
Next, gargle well their Throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's Name, to be ſeen and heard.
From their high Scaffold; with a Trumpet Cheek:
And ogling all their Audience e're they ſpeak.
The nauſeous Nobles, ev'n the Chief of *Rome*,
With gaping Mouths to theſe Rehearſals come,
And pant with Pleaſure, when ſome luſty Line
The Marrow pierces, and invades the Chine.

At open fulsom Bawdry they rejoice,
And slimy Jests applaud with broken Voice.
Base Prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy Bread?
Thus dost thou feed their Ears, and thus are fed?
At his own filthy Stuff he grins and brays,
And gives the Sign where he expects their Praise.
Why have I Learn'd say'st thou, if thus con-
fin'd,
I choak the Noble Vigour of my Mind?
Know, my wild Fig-Tree, which in Rocks is
bred,
Will split the Quarry, and shoot out the Head.
Fine Fruits of Learning! Old ambitious Fool,
Dar'st thou apply that Adage of the School;
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And *Science is not Science till Reveal'd*?
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
The Crowd, with pointing Fingers, cry, That's
he!
That's he whose wondrous Poem is become
A Lecture for the Noble Youth of *Rome*!

Who

Who, by their Fathers, is at Feasts Renown'd;
And often quoted when the Bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse;
And add to Wine the Luxury of Verse.
One, clad in Purple, not to lose his Time,
Eats and recites some lamentable Rhime:
Some fenceless *Phillis*, in a broken Note,
Snuffling at Nose, or croaking in his Throat:
Then, graciously, the mellow Audience Nod;
Is not the Immortal Author made a God?
Are not his Manes blest, such Praise to have?
Lies not the Turf more lightly on his Grave?
And Roses (while his loud Applause they sing,)
Stand ready from his Sepulcher to spring?

All these, you cry, but light Objections are;
Meer Malice, and you drive the Jest too far.
For does there breath a Man, who can reject
A gen'ral Fame, and his own Lines neglect?
In Cedar Tablets worthy to appear,
That need not Fish, or Franckincense to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,

Be

Be answer'd thus: If I, by chance, succeed
In what I write (and that's a chance indeed;)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel Praise, or Fame's deserv'd Reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy Applause
Is my Works ultimate, or only Cause.
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a Prize;
For mark what Vanity within it lies.
Like *Labeo*'s Iliads; in whose Verse is found
Nothing but trifling Care, and empty Sound:
Such little Elegies as Nobles write,
Who wou'd be Poets, in *Apollo*'s spight.
Them and their woful Works the Muse defies:
Products of Citron Beds, and Golden Canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the Heart
To make a Supper, with a fine dessert;
And to thy thread-bare Friend, a cast old Sute impart.
Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me Friend,
(For I love Truth, nor can plain Speech offend,)

What

What ſays the World of me and of my Muſe?
The Poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring News:
But ſhall I ſpeak? Thy Verſe is wretched Rhime;
And all thy Labours are but loſs of time.
Thy ſtrutting Belly ſwells, thy Paunch is high;
Thou Writ'ſt not, but thou Piſſeſt Poetry.
All Authors, to their own Defects, are blind;
Hadſt thou but, [4] *Janus* like, a Face behind,
To ſee the People, what ſplay-Mouths they make,
To mark their Fingers, pointed at thy back;
Their Tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When moſt a-thirſt, of an *Apulian* Bitch:
But Noble Scriblers are with Flatt'ry fed;
For none dare find their Faults, who eat their Bread.
To paſs the Poets of Patrician Blood,
What is't the common Reader takes for good?
The Verſe in faſhion, is, when Numbers flow,
Soft without Sence, and without Spirit flow:
So ſmooth and equal, that no ſight can find
The Rivet, where the poliſh'd Peice was join'd.

So even all, with such a steady View,
As if he shut one Eye to level true.
Whether the Vulgar Vice his Satir stings,
The Peoples Riots, or the Rage of Kings,
The gentle Poet is alike in all;
His Reader hopes no Rise, and fears no Fall.

Friend.

Hourly we see, some raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and Fights, and Heroes sing;
Who for false quantities was whipt at School
But t' other day, and breaking Grammar-Rule.
Whose trivial Art was never try'd, above
The bare description of a Native Grove:
Who knows not how to praise the Country Store,
The Feasts, the Baskets, nor the fatted Boar;
Nor paint the flow'ry Fields, that paint themselves before.
Where *Romulus* was Bred, and *Quintius* Born,
Whose shining Plough-share was in Furrows worn,
Met by his trembling Wife, returning home,
And Rustically Joy'd, as Chief of *Rome*:

She

She wip'd the Sweat from the Dictators Brow,
And o'er his Back his Robe did rudely throw;
The Lictors bore, in State, their Lords Triumphant Plough.

Some love to hear the Fuſtian Poet roar;
And ſome on Antiquated Authors pore:
Rummage for Sence; and think thoſe only good
Who labour moſt, and leaſt are underſtood.
When thou ſhalt ſee the blear-ey'd Fathers Teach
Their Sons, this harſh and mouldy ſort of Speech;
Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton Smoothneſs, Female Poetry;
One wou'd enquire from whence this motley Stile
Did firſt our *Roman* Purity defile:
For our old Dotards cannot keep their Seat;
But leap and catch at all that's obſolete.

Others, by fooliſh Oſtentation led,
When call'd before the Bar, to ſave their Head,
Bring trifling Tropes, inſtead of ſolid Sence:
And mind their Figures more than their Defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-ſcull'd Judges cry,
Well mov'd, oh finely ſaid, and decently!

Theft

Theft (ſays th' Accuſer) to thy Charge I lay,
O *Pedius*, What does gentle *Pedius* ſay?
Studious to pleaſe the Genius of the Times,
With Periods, Points, and Tropes, he ſlurs his Crimes:
"He Robb'd not, but he Borrow'd from the Poor;
"And took but with intention to reſtore.
He lards with Flouriſhes his long Harangue;
'Tis fine, ſay'ſt thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate *Roman*, ſhall ſuch Stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make the wag thy Tail?
Say, ſhou'd a Shipwreck'd Saylor ſing his Woe,
Wou'dſt thou be mov'd to pity, or beſtow
An Alms? What's more prepoſt'rous than to ſee
A merry Beggar? Mirth in Miſery?

Perſius.

He ſeems a Trap, for Charity, to lay:
And cons by Night, his Leſſon for the Day.

Friend.

But to raw Numbers, and unfiniſh'd Verſe,
Sweet Sound is added now, to make it Terſe;

'Tis

"'Tis tagg'd with Rhime, like [9] *Berecynthian Atys*,
"The mid part chimes with Art, which never flat is.
"The Dolphin brave, that cut the liquid Wave,
"Or He who in his Line, can chine the long-ribb'd *Apennine*.

Perſius.

All this is Dogrel ſtuff.

Friend.

What if I bring
A Nobler Verſe? [10] *Arms and the Man I ſing.*

Perſius.

Why name you *Virgil* with ſuch Fops as theſe?
He's truly great; and muſt for ever pleaſe;
Not fierce, but awful is his Manly Page;
Bold is his Strength, but ſober is his Rage.

Friend.

What Poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing Regards, and bending Head?

Perſius.

"[11] Their crooked Horns the *Mimallonian* Crew
"With Blaſts inſpir'd; and *Baſſaris* who flew

"The

" The scornful Calf, with Sword advanc'd on high,
" Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly.
" And *Maenas*, when with Ivy-bridles bound,
" She led the *spotted Lynx*, then *Evion* rung
around;
" *Evion* from Woods and Floods repairing Ec-
cho's found.

Cou'd such rude Lines a *Roman* Mouth become,
Where any Manly Greatness left in *Rome*?
Maenas and *Atys* in the Mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring Head:
No Blood from bitten Nails, those Poems drew;
But churn'd, like Spittle, from the Lips they flew.

Friend.

'Tis Fustian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be Fools, must you be mad?
Your Satirs, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The Great will never bear so blunt a Verse.
Their Doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
Expect such Pay as railing Rhimes deserve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to starve.

Perſius.

Rather than ſo, uncenſur'd let 'em be;
All, all is admirably well for me.
My harmleſs Rhime ſhall 'ſcape the dire diſgrace
Of Common-ſhoars, and ev'ry piſſing-place.
Two painted Serpents ſhall, on high, appear;
'Tis Holy Ground; you muſt not Urine here.
This ſhall be writ to fright the Fry away,
Who draw their little Bawbles, when they play.
Yet old *Lucilius* never fear'd the Times,
But laſh'd the City and diſſected Crimes:
Mutius and *Lupus* both by Name he brought;
He mouth'd 'm, and betwixt his Grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd Deſign,
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join:
And, with a ſly inſinuating Grace,
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face:
Wou'd raiſe a Bluſh, where ſecret Vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the Wound.
With ſeeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate Paſſes, when he ſmil'd.

Cou'd he do this, and is my Muſe controll'd
By ſervile Awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At leaſt, I'll dig a hole within the Ground;
And to the truſty Earth commit the ſound:
The Reeds ſhall tell you what the Poet fears,
King is Midas *has a Snout, and Aſſes Ears.*
This mean conceit, this darling Myſtery,
Which thou think'ſt nothing, Friend, thou ſhalt not buy,
Nor will I change for all thy flaſhy Wit,
That flatt'ring *Labeo* in his Iliads writ,
Thou if there be a Thou, in this baſe Town,
Who dares, with angry *Eupolis*, to frown;
He, who, with bold *Cratinus*, is inſpir'd
With Zeal, and equal Indignation fir'd;
Who, at enormous Villany, turns pale,
And ſteers againſt it with a full-blown Sail,
Like *Ariſtophanes*; let him but ſmile
On this my honeſt Work, tho' writ in homely Stile.
And if two Lines or three in all the Vein
Appear leſs droſſie, read thoſe Lines again.

May they perform their Authors juſt Intent,
Glow in thy Ears, and in thy Breaſt ferment.
But, from the reading of my Book and me,
Be far, ye Foes of Virtuous Poverty!
Who [17] Fortune's Fault upon the Poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd Coat, and ragged Shooe;
Lay Nature's Failings to their Charge, and jeer
The dim weak Eye-ſight, when the mind is clear.
When thou thy ſelf, thus inſolent in State,
Art but, perhaps, ſome Country Magiſtrate;
Whoſe Pow'r extends no farther than to ſpeak
Big on the Bench, and ſcanty weights to break.

Him, alſo, for my Cenſor I diſdain,
Who thinks all Science, as all Virtue, vain;
Who counts Geometry, and numbers, Toys;
And [18], with his Foot, the Sacred Duſt deſtroys:
Whoſe Pleaſure is to ſee a Strumpet tear
A Cynick's Beard, and lug him by the Hair.
Such, all the Morning, to the Pleadings run;
But, when the Buſ'neſs of the Day is done,
On Dice, and Drink, and Drabs, they ſpend their Afternoon.

Explanatory Notes on the Prologue.

1 *Pernassus*, and *Helicon*, were Hills Consecreated to the Muses; and the suppos'd place of their abode. *Pernassus* was forked on the top; and from *Helicon* ran a Stream, the Spring of which was call'd the Muses Well.

2 *Pyrene*, a Fountain in *Corinth*; Consecreated also to the Muses.

3 Statues, *&c.* The Statues of the Poets, were Crown'd with Ivy about their Brows.

4 Before the Shrine; that is, before the Shrine of *Apollo*, in his Temple at *Rome*, call'd the *Palatine*.

Explanatory Notes on the First Satir.

1 *Labeo's* Stuff. Nothing is remaining of *Atticus Labeo*, (so he is call'd by the Learned *Casaubon*.) Nor is he mention'd by any other Poet besides *Persius*: *Casaubon*, from an old Commentator on *Persius*, says, that he made a very foolish Translation of *Homer's Iliads*.

2 *They Comb*, &c. He describes a Poet preparing himself to Rehearse his Works in publick; which was commonly perform'd in *August*. A Room was hir'd, or lent by some Friend; a Scaffold was rais'd, and a Pulpit plac'd for him, who was to hold forth; who borrow'd a new Gown, or scour'd his old one; and adorn'd his Ears with Jewels, *&c.*

3 *My wild Fig-Tree*: Trees of that kind, grow wild in many parts of *Italy*; and make their way through Rocks: Sometimes splitting the Tomb-stones.

4 *Janus-like*, &c. *Janus* was the first King of *Italy*; who refug'd *Saturn*, when he was expell'd by his Son *Jupiter* from *Crete*; (or as we now call it *Candia*.) From his Name, the first Month of the Year is call'd *January*. He was Pictur'd with two Faces, one before, and one behind; as regarding the time past, and the future. Some of the Mythologists think he was *Noah*, for the Reason given above.

5 The *Romans* wrote on Cedar, and Cypress Tables, in regard of the duration of the Wood: Ill Verses might justly be afraid of Frankincense; for the Papers in which they were Written, were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

6 *Products of Citron Beds*, &c. A Writings of Noblemen, whose Bedsteads were of the Wood of *Citron*.

7

7 *Where* Romulus, &c. He speaks of the Country in the foregoing Verses; the Praises of which, are the most easy Theme for Poets; but which a bad Poet cannot naturally describe: Then he makes a digression to *Romulus* the first King of *Rome*, who had a Rustical Education; and enlarges upon *Quintius Cincinnatus*, a *Roman* Senator, who was call'd from the Plough, to be Senator of *Rome*.

8 *In Periods*, &c. *Persius* here names Antitheses, or seeming Contradictions, which in this place are meant for Rhetorical Flourishes, as I think, with *Casaubon*.

9 *Berecynthian Atys*, or *Attin*, &c. Foolish Verses of *Nero*, which the Poet repeats; and which cannot be translated properly into English.

10 *Arms and the Man*, &c. The first Line of *Virgil*'s *Æneids*.

11 *Their crooked Horns*, &c. Other Verses of *Nero*, that were meer Bombast. I only note, That the Repetition of these and the former Verses of *Nero*, might justly give the Poet a caution to conceal his Name.

12 *Mænas* and *Atys*, Poems on the *Mænades*, who were Priestesses of *Bacchus*; and of *Atys*, who made himself an Eunuch to attend on the Sacrifices of *Cybele*, call'd *Berecynthia* by the Poets; she was Mother of the Gods.

13 *Two painted Serpents*, &c, Two Snakes twin'd with each other were painted on the Walls, by the Ancients, to shew the Place was Holy.

14 *Yet old* Lucilius, &c. *Lucilius* wrote long before *Horace*; who imitates his manner of Satir, but far excels him, in the design.

15 *King* Midas, &c. The Story is vulgar, that *Midas* King of *Phrygia*, was made Judge betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, who was the best Musician; He gave the Prize to *Pan*; and *Apollo* in revenge gave him Asses Ears. He wore his Hair long to hide them; but his Barber discovering them, and not daring to divulge the Secret, dug a hole in the Ground, and whisper'd into it: The place was marshy; and when the Reeds grew up, they repeated the Words which were spoken by the Barber. By *Midas*, the Poet meant *Nero*.

16 *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*, as also *Aristophanes* mention'd afterwards were all *Athenian* Poets; who wrote that sort of Comedy, which was call'd the old Comedy, where the People were Nam'd, who were Satiriz'd by those Authors.

17 *Who Fortune's Fault*, &c. The People of *Rome* in the time of *Persius*, were apt to scorn the *Grecian* Philosophers, particularly the Cynicks and Stoicks, who were the poorest of them.

18 *And with his Foot*, &c. Arithmetick and Geometry were taught on Floors, which were strew'd with Dust or Sand; in which the Numbers, and Diagrams were made and drawn, which they might strike out again at Pleasure.

THE SECOND SATIR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

This Satir contains a most Grave and Philosophical Argument, concerning Prayers and Wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's *Tenth Satir; and both of them had their Original from one of* Plato's *Dialogues, call'd the Second* Alcibiades. *Our Author has induc'd it with great Mastery of Art, by taking his Rise from the Birth-day of his Friend; on which occasions, Prayers were made, and Sacrifices offer'd by the Native.* Persius *commending first the Purity of his Friend's Vows, descends to the Impious and Immoral Requests of others. The Satir is divided into three Parts: The first is the* Exordium *to* Macrinus, *which the Poet confines within the compass of four Verses. The second relates to the matter of the Prayers and Vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein Men commonly sinn'd against right Reason, and offended in their Requests. The third part consists in shewing*

the Repugnancies of those Prayers and Wishes, to those of other Men, and Inconsistencies with themselves. He shews the Original of these Vows, and sharply inveighs against them: And lastly, not only corrects the false Opinion of Mankind concerning them, but gives the True Doctrine of all Addresses made to Heaven; and how they may be made acceptable to the Pow'rs above, in excellent Precepts; and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

THE SECOND SATYR.

Dedicated to his Friend Plotius Macrinus, *on his Birth-Day.*

LET this auspicious Morning be expreſt
With a white Stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy Fame, and as thy Honour clear;
And let new Joys attend, on thy new-added Year.
Indulge thy Genius, and oe'rflow thy Soul,
Till thy Wit sparkle, like the chearful Bowl.
Pray; for thy Pray'rs the Test of Heav'n will bear:
Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to hear;

While others pray'd to the Mighty Men of Rome,
Big swell'd with Mischief, to the Temples come;
And in low Murmurs, and with bashful Smoak,
Heav'n's Help, to prosper their black Vows, invoke:
So boldly to the Gods Mankind reveal,
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me Good Fame, ye Pow'rs and make me just;
Thus much the Rogue to publick Ears will trust:
In private then:—When wilt thou mighty *Jove*,
My wealthy Uncle from this World remove?
O thou Thund'rer's Son, great *Hercules*!
That once thy bounteous Deity wou'd please
To guide my Rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast Treasure, hidden under-ground!
O were my Pupil fairly knock'd o'th' head,
I should possess th' Estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with Rickets, and with th' Evil,
That one small Dose wou'd send him to the Devil.
This is my Neighbour *Nerius* third Spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his House:
But my Eternal Wife — Gramy Heav'n may
Survive to see the Fellow of this Day.

Thus

Thus, that thou may'ſt be better bring about
Thy Wiſhes, thou art wickedly devout:
In *Tiber* ducking thrice, by break of Day,
To waſh the Obſcenities of a Night away;
But prithee tell me, (tis a ſmall Requeſt)
With what ill Thoughts of *Jove* art thou poſſeſt?
Wou'dſt thou prefer him to ſome Man? Suppoſe
I dipp'd among the worſt, and *Staius* choſe?
Which of the two wou'd thy wiſe Head declare
The truſtier Tutor to an Orphan Heir?
Or, put it thus:—— Unfold to *Staius*, ſtraight,
What to *Jove's* Ear thou didſt impart of late:
He'll ſtare, and, O Good *Jupiter!* will cry,
Can'ſt thou indulge him in this Villany!
And think'ſt thou, *Jove* himſelf, with patience then,
Can hear a Pray'r condemn'd by wicked Men?
That, void of Care, he lolls ſupine in State,
And leaves his Buſ'neſs to be done by Fate?
Becauſe his Thunder ſplits ſome burly Tree,
And is not darted at thy Houſe and Thee?
Or that his Vengeance falls not at the time,
Juſt at the Perpetration of thy Crime?

And

And makes thee a sad Object of our Eyes,
Fit for *Furens*'s Pray'r, and Sacrifice?
What well-fed Off'ring to appease the God,
What pow'rful Present, to procure a Nod,
Hast thou in store? What Bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd by the Beard?
Our Superstitions with our Life begin:
Th' obscene old Grandam, or the next of Kin,
The new-born Infant from the Cradle takes,
And first of Spittle a Lustration makes:
Then in the Spawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the Temples, Forehead and the Lips;
Pretending force of Magick to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty Excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd Pray'r,
That Heav'n wou'd make him some rich Miser's Heir,
Lucky to Ladies, and, in time, a King,
Which to ensure, she adds a length of Navel-string.
But no fond Nurse is fit to make a Pray'r;
And *Jove*, if *Jove* be wise, will never hear;

Not

Not tho' she prays in white, with lifted hands:
A Body made of Brass the Crone demands
For her lov'd Nurling, strung with Nerves of Wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire;
Unconscionable Vows, which when we use,
We teach the Gods, in Reason, to refuse.
Suppose they were indulgent to thy Wish:
Yet the Fat Intrails in the spacious Dish,
Wou'd stop the Grant: The very over-care,
And nauseous Pomp, wou'd hinder half the Pray'r.
Thou hop'st with Sacrifice of Oxen slain,
To compass Wealth, and bribe the God of Gain,
To give thee Flocks and Herds, with large increase;
Fool! to expect 'em from a Bullock's Grease!
And think'st that when the fatten'd Flames aspire
Thou see'st th' accomplishment of thy Desire!
Now, now, my bearded Harvest gilds the Plain,
The scanty Folds can scarce my Sheep contain,
And Showers of Gold come pouring in amain!

Thus

Thus dreams the Wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank Purse declares his Money gone.
Shou'd I present thee with rare figur'd Plate,
Or Gold as rich in Workmanship as Weight;
O how thy rising Heart wou'd throb and beat,
And thy left side, with trembling Pleasure, sweat!
Thou measur'st by thy self the Pow'rs Divine;
Thy Gods are burnish'd Gold and Silver is their Shrine.
Thy puny Godlings of inferior Race,
Whose humble Statues are content with Brass.
Shou'd some of these, in [6] Visions purge from Fleam,
Foretel Events, or in a Morning dream;
Ev'n those thou wou'dst in Veneration hold;
And, if not Faces, give 'em Beards of Gold.
The Priests in Temples, now no longer care
For [7] *Saturn*'s Brass, or [8] *Numa*'s Earthen-ware;
Or Vestal Urns, in each Religious Rite:
This wicked Gold has put 'em all to flight.

O Souls, in whom no heav'nly Fire is found,
Fat Minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground!
We bring our Manners to the bleſt Abodes,
And think what pleaſes us, muſt pleaſe the Gods.
Of Oil and *Caſſia* one th' Ingredients takes,
And, of the Mixture, a rich Ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in Grain;
And make *Calabrian* Wool receive the *Tyrian* Stain;
Or from the Shells their Orient Treaſure takes,
Or, for their golden Ore, in Rivers rakes;
Then melts the Maſs: All theſe are Vanities!
Yet ſtill ſome Profit from their Pains may riſe:
But tell me, Prieſt, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the Gods the better for this Gold?
The Wretch that offers from his wealthy Store
Theſe Preſents, bribes the Pow'rs to give him more;
As Maids to *Venus* offer Baby-Toys,
To bleſs the Marriage-Bed with Girls and Boys.
But let us firſt the Gods a Gift prepare,
Which the Great Man's great Chargers cannot bear:

A Soul, where Laws both Human and Divine,
In Practice more than Speculation shine.
A genuine Virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last Recesses of the Mind:
When with such Off'rings to the Gods I come;
A Cake, thus giv'n, is worth a Hecatomb.

Explanatory Notes on the Second Satir.

1 *White Stone.* The *Romans* were us'd to mark their Fortunate Days, or any thing that luckily befel 'em, with a white Stone which they had from the Island *Creta*; and their Unfortunate with a Coal.

2 *Hercules* was thought to have the Key and Power of bestowing all hidden Treasure.

3 The Ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by Night it self, as well as bad Dreams in the Night, and therefore purifi'd themselves by washing their Heads and Hands every Morning; which Custom the *Turks* observe to this day.

4 When any one was Thunderstruck, the Soothsayer (who is here call'd *Ergenna*) immediately repair'd to the place, to expiate the displeasure of the Gods, by sacrificing two Sheep.

5 The Poet laughs at the superstitious Ceremonies which the Old Women made use of in their Lustration or Purification Days, when they nam'd their Children, which was done on the Eighth Day to Females, and on the Ninth to Males.

6 *In Visions purg'd from Fleam*, &c. It was the Opinion both of *Grecians* and *Romans*, that the Gods, in Visions or Dreams, often reveal'd to their Favourites a Cure for their Diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus *Alexander* dream'd of an Herb which cur'd *Ptolomy*. These Gods were principally *Apollo* and *Esculapius*; but, in after-times, the same Virtue and Good-will was attributed to *Isis* and *Osiris*. Which brings to my remembrance an odd passage in Sir *Tho. Brown*'s *Riligio Medici*, or in his *Vulgar Errours*; the sense whereof is, *That we are beholding, for many of our Discoveries in Phy-*

sick,

ſick, to the courteous Revelation of Spirits. By the Expreſſion of *Viſions purg'd from Fleam*, our Author means ſuch Dreams or Viſions, as proceed not from Natural Cauſes, or Humours of the Body; but ſuch as are ſent from Heaven; and are, therefore, certain Remedies.

7 *For* Saturn's *Braſs*, &c. Brazen Veſſels, in which the publick Treaſures of the *Romans* was kept: It may be the Poets means only old Veſſels, which were call'd *Κείρια*, from the Greek Name of *Saturn*.

8 *Numa's Earthen-Ware.* Under *Numa* the ſecond King of *Rome*, and for a long time after him, the Holy Veſſels for Sacrifice were of Earthen Ware; according to the Superſtitious Rites which were introduc'd by the ſame *Numa*: Tho' afterwards, when *Memmius* had taken *Corinth*, and *Paulus Emilius* had conquer'd *Macedonia*, Luxury began amongſt the *Romans*; and then their Utenſils of Devotion were of Gold and Silver, &c.

9 *And make* Calabrian *Wooll*, &c. The Wool of *Calabria* was of the fineſt ſort in *Italy*, as *Juvenal* alſo tells us. The *Tyrian Stain*, is the Purple Colour dy'd at *Tyrus*; and I ſuppoſe, but dare not poſitively affirm, that the richeſt of that Dye was neareſt our Crimſon; and not Scarlet, or that other Colour more approaching to the Blue. I have not room to juſtifie my Conjecture.

10 *As Maids to* Venus, &c. Thoſe *Baby-Toys* were little Babies, or Poppets, as we call them; in Latin *Pupæ*; which the Girls, when they came to the Age of Puberty, or Child-bearing, offer'd to *Venus*; as the Boys at Fourteen or Fifteen Years of Age offer'd their *Bullæ*, or Boſſes.

11 *A Cake thus given*, &c. A Cake of Barley, or courſe Wheat-meal, with the Bran in it: The meaning is, that God is pleas'd with the pure and ſpotleſs Heart of the Offerer; and not with the Riches of the Offering. *Laberius* in the Fragments of his *Mimes*, has a Verſe like this; *Puras, Deus, non plenas aſpicit manus.*——

What I had forgotten before, in its due place, I muſt here tell the Reader, That the firſt half of this Satir was tranſlated by one of my Sons, now in *Italy*; but I thought ſo well of it, that I let it paſs without any Alteration.

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6 *In Visions purg'd from Fleam*, &c. It was the Opinion both of *Grecians* and *Romans*, that the Gods, in Visions or Dreams, often reveal'd to their Favourites a Cure for their Diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus *Alexander* dream'd of an Herb which cur'd *Ptolomy*. These Gods were principally *Apollo* and *Esculapius*; but, in after-times, the same Virtue and Good-will was attributed to *Isis* and *Osiris*. Which brings to my remembrance an odd passage in Sir *Tho. Brown*'s *Religio Medici*, or in his *Vulgar Errours*; the sense whereof is, *That we are beholding, for many of our Discoveries in Phy-*

sick,

ſick, to the courteous Revelation of Spirits. By the Expreſſion of *Viſions purg'd from Fleam*, our Author means ſuch Dreams or Viſions, as proceed not from Natural Cauſes, or Humours of the Body; but ſuch as are ſent from Heaven; and are, therefore, certain Remedies.

7 *For* Saturn's *Braſs*, &c. Brazen Veſſels, in which the publick Treaſures of the *Romans* was kept: It may be the Poets means only old Veſſels, which were call'd *Κεῖνα*, from the Greek Name of *Saturn.*

8 *Numa's Earthen-Ware.* Under *Numa* the ſecond King of *Rome*, and for a long time after him, the Holy Veſſels for Sacrifice were of Earthen Ware; according to the Superſtitious Rites which were introduc'd by the ſame *Numa*: Tho' afterwards, when *Memmius* had taken *Corinth*, and *Paulus Emilius* had conquer'd *Macedonia*, Luxury began amongſt the *Romans*; and then their Utenſils of Devotion were of Gold and Silver, *&c.*

9 *And make* Calabrian *Wooll*, &c. The Wool of *Calabria* was of the fineſt ſort in *Italy*, as *Juvenal* alſo tells us. The *Tyrian Stain*, is the Purple Colour dy'd at *Tyrus*; and I ſuppoſe, but dare not poſitively affirm, that the richeſt of that Dye was neareſt our Crimſon; and not Scarlet, or that other Colour more approaching to the Blue. I have not room to juſtifie my Conjecture.

10 *As Maids to* Venus, *&c.* Thoſe *Baby-Toys* were little Babies, or Poppets, as we call them; in Latin *Pupæ*; which the Girls, when they came to the Age of Puberty, or Child-bearing, offer'd to *Venus*; as the Boys at Fourteen or Fifteen Years of Age offer'd their *Bullæ*, or Boſſes.

11 *A Cake thus given*, &c. A Cake of Barley, or courſe Wheat-meal, with the Bran in it: The meaning is, that God is pleas'd with the pure and ſpotleſs Heart of the Offerer; and not with the Riches of the Offering. *Laberius* in the Fragments of his *Mimes*, has a Verſe like this: *Puras, Deus, non plenas aſpicit manus.*—— What I had forgotten before, in its due place, I muſt here tell the Reader, That the firſt half of this Satir was tranſlated by one of my Sons, now in *Italy*; but I thought ſo well of it, that I let it paſs without any Alteration.

THE

THE THIRD SATIR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

Our Author has made two Satirs concerning Study, the First and the Third; The first related to Men; This to Young Students, whom he desir'd to be Educated in the Stoick Philosophy: He himself sustains the Person of the Master, or Præceptor, *in this admirable Satir. Where he upbraids the Youth of Sloth, and Negligence in Learning. Yet he begins with one Scholar reproaching his Fellow Students with late rising to their Books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the Teacher. And addressing himself particularly to Young Noblemen, tells them, That, by reason of their High Birth, and the Great Possessions of their Fathers, they are careless of adorning their Minds with Precepts of Moral Philosophy: And withal inculcates to them the Miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their Life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the Knowledge of Virtue,*

and

and the End of their Creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The Title of this Satir, in some ancient Manuscripts, was The Reproach of Idleness; *tho' in others of the Scholiasts, 'tis inscrib'd,* Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. *In both of which the Intention of the Poet is pursu'd; but principally in the former.*

I remember I Translated this Satir, when I was a *King's-Scholar* at *Westminster*-School, for a *Thursday*-Nights *Exercise*; and believe that it, and many other of my *Exercises* of this nature, in *English Verse*, are still in the hands of my *Learned Master*, the Reverend Doctor *Busby*.

IS this thy daily course? The glaring Sun
Breaks in at ev'ry Chink: The Cattel run
To shades, and Noon-tide Rays of Summer shun
Yet plung'd in Sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with Fumes of undigested Wine.
This grave Advice some sober Student bears;
And loudly rings it in his Fellows Ears.
The yawning Youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy Limbs and dozy Head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy Eyes, and scrubs his Pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been so late:

My Cloaths, make haſte: Why when! if none be near,
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear:
And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous Note,
Than an *Arcadian* Aſs can ſtretch his Throat.
With much ado, his Book before him laid,
And a Parchment with the ſmoother ſide diſplay'd;
He takes the Papers; lays 'em down agen;
And, with unwilling Fingers, tries the Pen:
Some peeviſh Quarrel ſtreight he ſtrives to pick;
His Quill writes double, or his Ink's too thick;
Infuſe more Water; now 'tis grown ſo thin
It ſinks, nor can the Character be ſeen.
O Wretch, and ſtill more wretched ev'ry day!
Are Mortals born to ſleep their Lives away!
Go back to what thy Infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a Man:
Eat Pap and Spoon-meat; for thy Gugaws cry;
Be ſullen, and refuſe the Lullaby.
No more accuſe thy Pen; but charge the Crime
On Native Sloth, and negligence of Time.
Think'ſt

Think'ſt thou thy Maſter, or thy Friends to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thy ſelf, and that's a worſe deceit.
Beware the publick Laughter of the Town;
Thou ſpring'ſt a Leak already in thy Crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd Veſſel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring ſound.
Yet, thy moiſt Clay is pliant to Command;
Unwrought, and eaſie to the Potter's Hand:
Now take the Mold: now bend thy Mind to feel
The firſt ſharp Motions of the Forming Wheel.
But thou haſt Land; a Country-Seat, ſecure
By a juſt Title; coſtly Furniture;
A [2] Fuming-Pan thy *Lares* to appeaſe:
What need of Learning when a Man's at eaſe?
If this be not enough to ſwell thy Soul,
Then pleaſe thy Pride, and ſearch the Herald's Roll,
Where thou ſhalt find thy famous Pedigree
Drawn [3] from the root of ſome old *Thuſcan* Tree;
And thou, a Thouſand, off, a Fool of long Degree.

Who, clad in Purple, canst thy Censor greet;
And, loudly, call him Cousin, in the Street.
Such Pageantry be to the People shown:
There boast thy House's Trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy Bottom; from within
Thy shallow Centre, to thy outmost Skin:
Dost thou not blush to live so like a Beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest?
But, 'tis in vain: The Wretch is drench'd too deep;
His Soul is stupid, and his Heart asleep:
Fatten'd in Vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his Loss.
Down goes the Wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the Water's brim.
Great Father of the Gods, when, for our Crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy Judgment on the Times;
Some Tyrant-King, the Terror of his Age,
The Type, and true Vicegerent of thy Rage;
Thus punish him: Set Virtue in his sight,
With all her Charms adorn'd, with all her Graces bright:

But set her distant, make him pale to see
His Gains out-weigh'd by lost Felicity!
Sicilian Tortures, and the Brazen Bull
Are Emblems, rather than express the Full
Of what he feels: Yet what he fears, is more.
The [6] Wretch, who sitting at his plenteous Board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed Sword
Hang o'er his Head, and hanging by a Twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely Dine.
Ev'n in his Sleep he starts, and fears the Knife,
And, trembling, in his Arms, takes his Accomplice Wife:
Down, down, he goes; and from his Darling-Friend
Conceals the Woes his guilty Dreams portend.
When I was young, I, like a lazy Fool,
Wou'd blear my Eyes with Oil to stay from School:
Averse from Pains, and loath to learn the Part
Of *Cato*, dying with a dauntless Heart:
Tho' much, my Master, that stern Virtue prais'd,
Which, o'er the Vanquisher the Vanquish'd rais'd:

And my pleas'd Father came, with Pride, to see
His Boy defend the *Roman* Liberty.
But then my Study was to Cog the Dice,
And dext'rously to throw the lucky Sice;
To shun Ames-Ace, that swept my Stakes away;
And watch the Box, for fear they shou'd convey
False Bones, and put upon me in the Play.
Careful, besides, the whirling Top to whip,
And drive her giddy, tell she fell asleep.
Thy Years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's Good or Ill, and both their Ends discern:
Thou, in the Stoick Porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the *Dogma's* of great *Zeno* read:
Where on the Walls, by [8] *Polignotus* Hand,
The Conquer'd *Medians* in Trunk-Breeches stand.
Where the shorn Youth to midnight Lectures rise,
Rous'd from their Slumbers to be early wise:
Where the coarse Cake, and homely Husks of Beans,
From pamp'ring Riot the young Stomack weans:
And [9] where the *Samian* Y, directs thy Steps to run
To *Virtue*'s narrow Steep, and Broad-way *Vice* to shun.

And

And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy druken
Breath,
Sour with Debauch; and sleep'st the Sleep of Death.
Thy Chaps are fallen, and thy Frame disjoin'd;
Thy Body as dissolv'd as is thy Mind.
Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain End,
To which thy Life, thy ev'ry Act may tend?
Hast thou no Mark, at which to bend thy Bow;
Or like a Boy pursu'st the Carrion-Crow
With Pellets, and with Stones from Tree to Tree:
A fruitless Toil, and liv'st *Extempore*?
Watch the Disease in time: For, when within
The Dropsie rages and extends the Skin,
In vain for *Hellebore* the Patient cries,
And Fees the Doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late for Cure, he proffers half his Wealth;
Conquest and *Gibbons* cannot give him Health.
Learn Wretches, learn the Motions of the Mind
Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
And the great Moral End of Human Kind.

Study thy self: What Rank, or what Degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the Offices of that Estate
Perform; and with thy Prudence guide thy Fate.
Pray justly, to be heard: Nor more desire
Then what the Decencies of Life require.
Learn what thou ow'st thy Country, and thy Friend;
What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the Store
Of the greaz'd Advocate, that grinds the Poor:
Fat [10] Fees from the defended *Umbrian* draws;
And only gains the wealthy Client's Cause.
To whom the *Marsians* more Provision send,
Than he and all his Family can spend.
Gammons that give a Relish to the Taste,
And potted Fowl, and Fish come in so fast,
That e're the first is out, the second stinks:
And mouldy Mother gathers on the brinks.
But, here, some Captain of the Land or Fleet,
Stout of his Hands, but of a Souldier's Wit;

Cries,

Cries, I have ſence to ſerve my turn, in ſtore;
And he's a Raſcal who pretends to more.
Dammee, what e'er thoſe Book-learn'd Blockheads ſay,
Solon's the veri'it Fool in all the Play.
Top-heavy Drones, and always looking down,
(As over-balaſted within the Crown.)
Mutt'ring betwixt their Lips ſome myſtick thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat Conjuring.
Meer-Mad-mens Dreams: For, what the Schools have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.
Is it for this they ſtudy? to grow pale,
And miſs the Pleaſures of a glorious Meal;
For this, in Rags accouter'd, they are ſeen,
And made the May-game of the publick Spleen?
Proceed, my Friend, and rail; But hear me tell
A Story, which is juſt thy Parallel.
A Spark, like thee, of the Man-killing Trade,
Fell ſick; and thus to his Phyſician ſaid:

Me-

Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my Heart:
My Pulse unequal, and my Breath is strong;
Besides, a filthy Furr upon my Tongue.
The Doctor heard him, exercis'd his Skill:
And, after, bid him for Four Days be still.
Three Days he took good Councel, and began
To mend, and look like a recov'ring Man:
The fourth, he cou'd not hold from drink; but sends
His Boy to one of his old trusty Friends:
Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
To pity his Distress, who cou'd not Dine
Without a Flaggon of his healing Wine.
He drinks a swilling Draught; and, lin'd within,
Will supple, in the Bath, his outward Skin:
Whom shou'd he find but his Physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
Sir you look wan, you hardly draw your Breath;
Drinking is dang'rous, and the Bath is death.
'Tis Nothing, says the Fool: But, says the Friend,
This Nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.

Do

Do I not ſee your Dropſie Belly ſwell?
Your yellow Skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That ſtood betwixt a fair Eſtate and me,
And, Doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, I look ill; and thou look'ſt worſe
I've done, ſays the Phyſician; take your courſe.
The laughing Sot, like all unthinking Men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His Throat half throtled with corrupted Fleam,
And breathing through his Jaws a belching ſteam.
Amidſt his Cups with fainting ſhiv'ring ſeiz'd,
His Limbs disjointed, and all o'er diſeas'd,
His Hand refuſes to ſuſtain the Bowl:
And his Teeth chatter, and his Eye-balls rowl:
Till, with his Meat, he vomits out his Soul:
Then Trumpets, Torches, and a tedious Crew
Of Hireling Mourners, for his Funeral due.
Our dear departed Brother lies in State;
His Heels ſtretch'd out, and pointing to the Gate:
And Slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead Maſter wait. They

They hoist him on the Bier, and deal the Doles;
And there's an end of a luxurious Fool.
But what's thy fulsom Parable to me?
My Body is from all Diseases free;
My temp'rate Pulse does regularly beat;
Feel, and be satisfy'd, my Hands and Feet
These are not cold, nor those oppress't with Heat,
Or lay thy Hand upon my naked Heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in ev'ry part.

I grant this true: But, still, the deadly Wound
Is in thy Soul; 'tis there thou art not sound:
Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting Gold,
Or a more tempting Harlot do'st behold;
Then, when she casts on thee a sidelong glance,
Then try thy Heart, and tell me if it Dance.

Some coarse cold Salade is before thee set;
Bread with the Bran perhaps, and broken Meat;
Fall on, and try thy Appetite to eat.
These are not Dishes for thy dainty Tooth:
What, hast thou got an Ulcer in thy Mouth?

Why

Why ſtand'ſt thou picking? Is thy Paſſion ſore?
That Bete and Radiſhes will make thee roar?
Such is th'unequal Temper of thy Mind;
Thy Paſſions, in extreams, and unconfin'd:
Thy Hair ſo briſtles with unmanly Fears,
As Fields of Corn, that riſe in bearded Ears.
And, when thy Cheeks with flushing Fury glow,
The rage of boiling Caldrons is more ſlow;
When fed with Fuel and with Flames below.
With foam upon thy Lips, and ſparkling Eyes,
Thou ſay'ſt, and do'ſt, in ſuch outrageous wiſe;
That mad *Oreſtes*, if he ſaw the Show,
Wou'd ſwear thou wert the madder of the two.

Explanatory Notes on the Third Satir.

1 AND *Parchment*, &c. The Students us'd to write their Notes on Parchments; the inſide, on which they wrote, was white; the other ſide was hairy; and commonly yellow. *Quintilian* reproves this Cuſtom, and adviſes rather Table-Books, lin'd with Wax, and a Stile, like that we uſe in our Vellum Table-Books, as more eaſie.

2 *A Fuming-Pan*, &c. Before eating, it was cuſtomary to cut off ſome part of the Meat; which was firſt put into a Pan, or little Diſh; then into the Fire; as an Offering to the Houſhold-Gods: This they call'd a *Libation*.

3 *Drawn from the Root*, &c. The *Tuſcans* were accounted of moſt ancient Nobility. *Horace* obſerves this, in moſt of his Compliments to *Mecænas*, who was deriv'd from the Old Kings of *Tuſcany*, now the Dominion of the Great Duke.

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4 Who

4 *Who clad in Purple*, &c. The *Roman* Knights, attir'd in the Robe call'd *Trabea*, were Summon'd by the Cenſor, to appear before him; and to ſalute him in paſſing by, as their Names were call'd over. They led their Horſes in their hand. See more of this in *Pompey*'s Life, written by *Plutarch*.

5 *Sicilian Tortures*, &c. Some of the *Sicilian* Kings were ſo great Tyrants, that the Name is become Proverbial. The Brazen Bull is a known Story of *Phalaris*, one of thoſe Tyrants; who when *Perillus*, a famous Artiſt, had preſented him with a Bull of that Metal hollow'd within, which when the Condemn'd Perſon was inclos'd in it, wou'd render the ſound of a Bull's roaring, caus'd the Workman to make the firſt Experiment. *Docuitque ſuum mugire Juvencum.*

6 *The Wretch who ſitting*, &c. He alludes to the Story of *Damocles* a Flatterer of one of thoſe *Sicilian* Tyrants, namely *Dionyſius*. *Damocles* had infinitely extoll'd the Happineſs of Kings. *Dionyſius* to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a Feaſt, and cloth'd him in Purple; but caus'd a Sword, with the point downward, to be hung over his Head, by a ſilken Twine; which when he perceiv'd, he cou'd eat nothing of the Delicates that were ſet before him.

7 *Thou in the Stoick Porch*, &c. The Stoicks taught their Philoſophy, under a *Porticus*, to ſecure their Scholars from the Weather. *Zeno* was the Chief of that Sect.

8 *Polygnotus*, A famous Painter, who drew the Pictures of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, Conquer'd by *Miltiades*, *Themiſtocles*, and other *Athenian* Captains, on the Walls of the *Portico*, in their Natural Habits.

9 *And where the Samian* Y, &c. *Pythagoras* of *Samos*, made the alluſion of the Y, or Greek Upſilon, to Vice and Virtue. One ſide of the Letter being broad, characters Vice, to which the aſcent is wide and eaſie, The other ſide repreſents Virtue; to which the Paſſage is ſtrait and difficult: And perhaps our Saviour might alſo allude to this, in thoſe noted Words of the Evangeliſt, *The way to Heaven*, &c.

10 *Fat Fees*, &c. *Caſaubon* here notes, that among all the *Romans*, who were brought up to Learning, few beſides the Orators, or Lawyers, grew rich.

11 The *Marſians* and *Umbrians*, were the moſt Plentiful of all the Provinces in *Italy*.

12 *His Heels ſtretch'd out*, &c. The *Romans* were Buried without the City; for which Reaſon the Poet ſays, that the dead Man's Heels were ſtretch'd out towards the Gate.

13 *That mad* Oreſtes. *Oreſtes* was Son to *Agamemnon* and *Clitemneſtra*. *Agamemnon*, at his return from the *Trojan* Wars, was ſlain by *Ægyſthus*, the Adulterer of *Clitemneſtra*. *Oreſtes* to revenge his Father's Death, ſlew both *Ægyſthus* and his Mother: For which he was puniſh'd with Madneſs, by the *Eumenides*, or Furies, who continually haunted him.

THE

THE FOURTH SATIR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

Our Author, living in the time of Nero, *was Contemporary and Friend to the Noble Poet* Lucan; *both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good Men, how unskilfully he manag'd the Commonwealth: And perhaps might guess at his future Tyranny, by some Passages, during the latter part of his First five Years; tho' he broke not out, into his great Excesses, while he was restrain'd by the Counsels and Authority of* Seneca. Lucan *has not spar'd him in the Poem of his* Pharsalia; *for his very Complement look'd asquint as well as* Nero. Persius *has been bolder, but with caution likewise: For here, in the Person of Young* Alcibiades, *he arraigns, his Ambition of meddling with State affairs, without Judgment or Experience. 'Tis probable that he makes* Seneca *in this Satir, sustain the part of* Socrates, *under a borrow'd Name. And, withal, discovers some secret Vices of* Nero, *concerning his Lust, his Drunken-*

neſs, and his Effeminacy, which had not yet arriv'd to publick Notice. He alſo reprehends the Flattery of his Courtiers, who endeavor'd to make all his Vices paſs for Virtues. Covetouſneſs was undoubtedly none of his Faults; but it is bear deſcrib'd as a Veil caſt over the true Meaning of the Poet, which was to Satyrize his Prodigality and Voluptuouſneſs; to which he makes a Tranſition. I find no Inſtance in Hiſtory, of that Emperours being a Pathique; *tho'* Perſius *ſeems to brand him with it. From the two Dialogues of* Plato, *both call'd* Alcibiades, *the Poet took the Arguments of the Second and Third Satir, but he inverted the Order of them: For the Third Satir is taken from the Firſt of thoſe Dialogues.*

The Commentators before Caſaubon, *were ignorant of our Author's ſecret Meaning; and thought he had only written againſt Young Noblemen in general, who were too forward in aſpiring to Publick Magiſtracy: But this Excellent Scholiaſt has unravell'd the whole Myſtery; and made it apparent, that the Sting of this Satir was particularly aim'd at* Nero.

WHoe'er thou art, whoſe forward Years are bent
On State Affairs, to guide the Government;
Here, firſt, what [1] *Socrates* of old has ſaid
To the lov'd Youth, whom he at *Athens* bred.
Tell me, thou Pupil to great [2] *Pericles*,
Our ſecond Hope, my *Alcibiades*,

What

What are the grounds, from whence thou doſt prepare
To undertake, ſo young, ſo vaſt a Care?
Perhaps thy Wit: (A Chance not often heard,
That Parts and Prudence, ſhou'd prevent the Beard:)
'Tis ſeldom ſeen, that Senators ſo young,
Know when to ſpeak, and when to hold their Tongue.
Sure thou art born to ſome peculiar Fate;
When the mad People riſe againſt the State,
To look them into Duty: and command
An awful Silence with thy lifted Hand.
Then to beſpeak 'em thus: *Athenians*, know
Againſt right Reaſon all your Counſels go;

This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t' other Queſtion proper for Debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'ſt ſet the Bus'neſs right,
And give each Argument its proper weight:

Know'ſt, with an equal hand, to hold the Scale:
Seeſt where the Reaſons pinch, and where they fail,
And where Exceptions, o'er the general Rule, prevail.
And, taught by Inſpiration, in a trice,
Can'ſt [3] puniſh Crimes, and brand offending Vice.
Leave; leave to fathom ſuch high Points as theſe,
Nor be ambitious, e're thy time, to pleaſe:
Unſeaſonably Wiſe, 'till Age, an d Cares,
Have form'd thy Soul, to manage great Affairs.
Thy Face, thy ſhape, thy Outſide, are but vain;
Thou haſt not ſtrength ſuch Labours to ſuſtain:
Drink [4] *Hellebore*, my Boy, drink deep and purge thy Br in.
What aim'ſt thou at, and whither tends thy Care,
In what thy utmoſt Good? Delicious Fare;
And, then, to Sun thy ſelf in open Air.
Hold, hold; are all thy empty wiſhes ſuch?
A good old Woman wou'd have ſaid as much.

But

But thou art Nobly born; 'tis true: go boast
Thy Pedigree, the thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
Beſides thou art a Beau: What's that, my Child?
A Fop well dreſt, extravagant, and wild:
She, that cries Herbs, has leſs impertinence;
And, in her Calling, more of common ſence.
None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret Imperfections of his Mind:
But ev'ry one is Eagle-ey'd, to ſee
Another's Faults, and his Deformity:
Say, doſt thou know *s Vectidius?* Who, the Wretch
Whoſe Lands beyond the *Sabines* largely ſtretch;
Cover the Country; that a ſailing Kite
Can ſcarce o'erfly 'em in a Day and Night;
Him, do'ſt thou mean, who ſpight of all his Store,
Is ever craving, and will ſtill be poor?
Who cheats for Half-pence, and who do'ffs his Coat,
To ſave a Farthing in a Ferry-Boat?
Ever a Glutton, at another's Coſt,
But in whoſe Kitchin dwells perpetual Froſt?

Who eats and drinks with his Domeſtick Slaves;
A verier Hind than any of his Knaves?
Born, with the Curſe and Anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent Genius he defrauds?
At Harveſt-home, and on the Sheering-Day,
When he ſhou'd [6] Thanks to *Pan* and *Pales* pay,
And better *Ceres*; trembling to approach
The little Barrel, which he fears to broach:
He ſays the Wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirſty Servants but a ſmack.
To a ſhort Meal, he makes a tedious Grace,
Before the Barley Pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himſelf, for ſaving Charges,
A peel'd ſlic'd Onion eats, ann tipples Verjuice.
Thus fares the Drudge: But thou, whoſe Life's a Dream
Of lazy Pleaſures, tak'ſt a worſe Extream.
'Tis all thy buſ'neſs, buſ'neſs how to ſhun;
To bask thy naked Body in the Sun;
Suppling thy ſtiffned Joints with fragrant Oil:
Then, in thy ſpacious Garden, walk a while,

To ſuck the Moiſture up, and ſoak it in:
And this, thou think'ſt but vainly think'ſt, unſeen.
But, know, thou art obſerv'd: And there are thoſe
Who, if they durſt, wou'd all thy ſecret Sins expoſe.
The [7] depilation of thy modeſt part:
Thy *Catamite*, the Darling of thy Heart,
His Engine-hand, and ev'ry lewder Art.
When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'ſt the Pleaſure, which thou can'ſt not give.
With odorous Oil thy Head and Hair are ſleek;
And then thou kemb'ſt the Tuzzes on thy Cheek:
Of theſe thy Barbers take a coſtly Care,
While thy ſalt Tail is over-grown with Hair.
Not all thy Pincers, nor unmanly Arts,
Can ſmooth the roughneſs of thy ſhameful Parts.
Not [8] five, the ſtrongeſt that the *Circus* breeds,
From the rank Soil can root thoſe wicked Weeds:
Tho' ſuppled firſt with Soap, to eaſe thy pain,
The ſtubborn Fern ſprings up, and ſprouts again.
Thus others we with Defamations wound,
While they ſtab us; and ſo the Jeſt goes round.

Vain are thy Hopes, to 'scape censorious Eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin Disguise:
Thou hast an Ulcer which no Leach can heal,
Tho' thy Broad Shoulder-belt the Wound conceal.
Say thou art sound and hale in ev'ry part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy Heart,
We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud;
Nor can'st thou cheat thy 9 Nerve, who cheat'st the Croud.

But when they praise me, in the Neighbourhood,
When the pleas'd People take me for a God,
Shall I refuse their Incense? Not receive
The loud Applauses which the Vulgar give?
If thou do'st Wealth, with longing Eyes, behold,
And, greedily, art gaping after Gold;
If some alluring Girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious Eye,
And thou, with a consenting glance, reply;
If thou, thy own Sollicitor become,
And bid'st arise the lumpish *Pendahum*:
If thy lewd Lust provokes an empty Storm,
And prompts to more than Nature can perform;

If,

If, with thy [10] Guards, thou scour'st the Streets by Night,
And do'st in Murthers, Rapes, and Spoils delight;
Please not thy self, the flatt'ring Croud to hear;
'Tis fulsom stuff, to feed thy itching Ear.
Reject the nauseous Praises of the Times:
Give thy base Poets back their cobbled Rhimes:
Survey thy [11] Soul, not what thou do'st appear,
But what thou art; and find the Beggar there.

Explanatory Notes on the Fourth Satir.

1 *Socrates*, whom the Oracle of *Delphos* praised, as the wisest Man of his Age, liv'd in the time of the *Peloponnesian* War. He, finding the uncertainty of Natural Philosophy, apply'd himself wholy to the Moral. He was Master to *Xenophon* and *Plato*; and to many of the *Athenian* Young Noblemen; amongst the rest, to *Alcibiades*, the most lovely Youth then living; afterwards a famous Captain, whose Life is Written by *Plutarch*.

2 *Pericles* was Tutor, or rather Overseer of the Will of *Clinias*, Father to *Alcibiades*. While *Pericles* liv'd, who was a wise Man, and an excellent Orator, as well as a great General, the *Athenians* had the better of the War.

3 *Can'st punish Crimes*, &c. That is, by Death. When the Judges wou'd Condemn a Malefactor, they cast their Votes into an Urn, as according to the Modern Custom, a Ballotting-Box. If the Suffrages were mark'd with Θ, they signify'd the Sentence of Death to the Offender; as being the first Letter of Θανατος which in English is Death.

4 *Drink Hellebore*, &c. The Poet wou'd say, that such an Ignorant Young Man, as he here describes, is fitter to be govern'd himself, than to govern others. He therefore advises him to drink *Hellebore*, which purges the Brain.

5 *Say, do'ſt thou know* Vectidius, *&c.* the Name of *Vectidius* is here us'd appellatively to ſignify any rich covetous Man; tho' perhaps there might be a Man of that Name then living. I have Tranſlated this Paſſage paraphraſtically, and looſly; and leave it for thoſe to look on, who are not unlike the Picture.

6 *When he ſhou'd Thanks*, &c. *Pan* the God of Shepherds, and *Pales* the Goddeſs preſiding over rural Affairs, whom *Virgil* invocates in the beginning of his Second *Georgique*. I give the Epithet of *Better* to *Ceres*, becauſe ſhe firſt taught the Uſe of Corn for Bread, as the Poets tell us. Men, in the firſt rude Ages, feeding only on Acorns, or Maſt, inſtead of Bread.

7 *The depilation of thy modeſt Part*, &c. Our Author here takes *Nero*, covertly, with that effiminate Cuſtom now us'd in *Italy*, and eſpecially by *Harlots*, of ſmoothing their Bellies, and taking off the Hairs which grow about their Secrets. In *Nero*'s time they were pull'd off with Pincers; but now they uſe a Paſte, which apply'd to thoſe Parts, when it is remov'd, carries away with it thoſe Excreſcencies.

8 *Not Five the ſtrongeſt*, &c. The Learned *Holiday*, (who has made us amends for his bad Poetry in this and the reſt of theſe Satirs, with his excellent Illuſtrations,) here tells us, from good Authority, that the Number Five does not allude to the *Five Fingers* of one Man, who us'd them all, in taking off the Hairs before mention'd; but to *Five ſtrong Men*, ſuch as were skilful in the Five robuſt Exerciſes, then in practice at *Rome*, and were perform'd in the *Circus* or Publick Place, ordain'd for them. Theſe Five he reckons up in this manner: 1. The *Cæſtus*, or Whirlbats, deſcrib'd by *Virgil*, in his fifth *Æneid*; and this was the moſt dangerous of all the reſt. The ſecond was the *Foot-race*. The Third the *Diſcus*, like the throwing a weighty Ball; a Sport now us'd in *Cornwal*, and other parts of *England*; we may ſee it daily practis'd in *Red-Lion-Fields*. The fourth was the *Saltus*, or Leaping: And the fifth *Wreſtling naked*, and beſmear'd with Oil. They who were practis'd in theſe Five Manly Exerciſes, were call'd Πενταθλοι.

10 *Thy Nerve*, &c. That is, thou canſt not deceive thy obſcene Part, which is weak, or impotent, tho' thou mak'ſt Oſtentation of thy Performances with Women.

10 *If with thy Guards*, &c. *Perſius* durſt not have been ſo bold with *Nero*, as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publickly ſpeak: I mean of *Nero*'s walking the Streets by Night, in diſguiſe, and committing all ſorts of Outrages; for which he was ſometimes well beaten.

11 *Survey thy Soul*, &c. That is, look into thy ſelf, and examine thy own Conſcience; there thou ſhalt find, that how wealthy ſoever thou appear'ſt to the World, yet thou art but a Beggar; becauſe thou art deſtitute of all Virtues, which are the Riches of the Soul. This alſo was a Paradox of the Stoick School.

THE

THE FIFTH SATIR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Judicious Casaubon, *in his Proem to this Satir, tells us, That* Aristophanes *the Grammarian being ask'd, what Poem of* Archilochus *his Iambicks he preferr'd before the rest; answer'd, the longest. His Answer may justly be apply'd to this Fifth Satir; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: For this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscrib'd it to my Learned Master* Dr. Busby; *to whom I am not only oblig'd my self for the best part of my own Education, and that of my Two Sons; but have also receiv'd from him the first and truest Taste of* Persius. *May he be pleas'd to find in this Translation, the Gratitude, or at least some small Acknowledgment of his unworthy Scholar, at the distance of 42 Years, from the time when I departed from under his Tuition.*

This

This Satir consists of two distinct Parts: The first contains the Praises of the Stoick *Philosopher* Cornutus, *Master and Tutor to our* Persius. *It also declares the Love and Piety of* Persius, *to his well-deserving Master; and the mutual Friendship which continu'd betwixt them, after* Persius *was now grown a Man. As also his Exhortation to Young Noblemen, that they wou'd enter themselves into his Institution. From hence he makes an artful Transition into the second Part of his Subject: wherein he first complains of the Sloth of Scholars, and afterwards perswades them to the pursuit of their true Liberty: Here our Author excellently Treats that Paradox of the* Stoicks, *which affirms, that the Wise or Virtuous Man is only free; and that all Vicious Men, are naturally Slaves. And, in the Illustration of this* Dogma, *he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable Satir.*

THE FIFTH SATIR.

Inscrib'd to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers Persius *and* Cornutus

PERS.

OF ancient Use to Poets it belongs,
To wish themselves an hundred Mouths and Tongues:
Whether to the well-lung'd Tragedians Rage,
They recommend their Labours of the Stage,

Or

Or sing the *Parthian*, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the *Roman* Javelin from his Thighs:

CORN.

And why wou'd'st thou these mighty Morsels chuse,
Of Words unchaw'd, and fit to choak the Muse?
Let Fustian Poets with their Stuff be gone,
And suck the Mists that hang o'er *Helicon*;
When [1] *Progne*'s or [2] *Thyestes*'s Feast they write;
And, for the mouthing Actor, Verse indite.
Thou neither, like a Bellows, swell'st thy Face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning Mass
Of melting Ore; nor can'st thou strain thy Throat,
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd Note,
Like rowling Thunder till it breaks the Cloud,
And rattling Nonsence is discharg'd aloud.
Soft Elocution does thy Stile renown,
And the sweet Accents of the peaceful Gown:
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at Follies, or to lash at Vice.
Hence draw thy Theme, and to the Stage permit
Raw-head and Bloody-Bones, and Hands and Feet.

Ragousts

Ragouſts for *Tereus* or *Thyeſtes* dreſt;
'Tis Task enough for thee t' expoſe a *Roman* Feaſt.

PERS.

'Tis not, indeed, my Talent to engage
In lofty Trifles, or to ſwell my Page
With Wind and Noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a Friend, the Secrets of my Heart;
And, in familiar Speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my Heart; for thou haſt skill to find
If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with Wind;
And, through the Veil of Words, thou view'ſt the naked Mind.

For this a hundred Voices I deſire,
To tell thee what an hundred Tongues wou'd tire;
Yet never cou'd be worthily expreſt,
How deeply thou art ſeated in my Breaſt.
When firſt my childiſh Robe reſign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden *Bulla* hung on high
To Houſhold Gods declar'd me paſt a Boy;
And my white Shield proclaim'd my Liberty:

When

When, with my wild Companions, I cou'd rowl
From Street to Street, and ſin without controul;
Juſt at that Age, when Manhood ſet me free;
I then depos'd my ſelf, and left the Reins to thee.
On thy wiſe Boſom I repos'd my Head,
And, by my better [5] *Socrates*, was bred.
Then thy ſtreight Rule ſet Virtue in my ſight,
The crooked Line reforming by the right.
My Reaſon took the bent of thy Command,
Was form'd and poliſh'd by thy skilful Hand:
Long Summer-days thy Precepts I rehearſe;
And Winter-nights were ſhort in our converſe:
One was our Labour, one was our Repoſe,
One frugal Supper did our Studies cloſe.
Sure on our Birth ſome friendly Planet ſhone;
And, as our [6] Souls, our Horoſcope was one:
Whether the [7] mounting Twins did Heav'n adorn,
Or, with the riſing [8] Ballance, we were born;
Both have the ſame Impreſſions from above;
And both have [9] *Saturn*'s Rage, repell'd by *Jove*.
What Star I know not, but ſome Star I find,
Has giv'n Thee an Aſcendant o'er my Mind.

TURN

CORN.

Nature is ever various in her Frame:
Each has a different Will; and few the ſame:
The greedy Merchants, led by Lucre run,
To the parch'd *Indies*, and the riſing Sun;
From thence hot Pepper, and rich Drugs they bear,
Bart'ring for Spices, their *Italian* Ware,
The lazy Glutton ſafe at home will keep,
Indulge his Sloth, and batten with his Sleep:
One bribes for high Preferments in the State,
A ſecond ſhakes the Box, and ſits up late:
Another ſhakes the Bed, diſſolving there,
'Till Knots upon his Gouty Joints appear,
And Chalk is in his Crippled Fingers found;
Rots like a Doddard Oak, and peacemeal falls to ground.
Then, his lewd Follies he wou'd late repent;
And his paſt years, that in a Miſt were ſpent.

PERS.

But thou art pale, in nightly Studies, grown,
To make the Stoick Inſtitutes thy own:

Thou

Thou long with ſtudious Care haſt till'd our Youth,
And ſown our well-purg'd Ears with wholſom Truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The Bounds of Good and Evil to diſcern.

CORN.

Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn,
And to to morrow wou'd the ſearch delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to day.

PERS.

But is one Day of Eaſe too much to borrow?

CORN.

Yes ſure: For Yeſterday was once To Morrow.
That Yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitleſs Days will thus be drain'd;
For thou haſt more to Morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Task;
Who, like the hindmoſt Chariot-Wheels are curſt,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt.

O Freedom! firſt delight of Human Kind!
Not that which Bondmen from their Maſters find,

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Each has a different Will; and few the ſame:
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O Freedom! firſt delight of Human Kind!
Not that which Bondmen from their Maſters find,

The [11] Privilede of Doles; nor yet t' inſcribe
Their Names in [12] this or t'other *Roman* Tribe:
That falſe Enfranchiſement with eaſe is found:
Slaves are [13] made Citizens by turning round.
How replies one, can any be more free?
Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low Degree,
Not worth a Farthing, and a Sot beſide;
So true a Rogue, for Lying's ſake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a Freeman he became;
Now [14] *Marcus Dama* is his Worſhip's Name.
Good Gods! who wou'd refuſe to lend a Sum,
If wealthy *Marcus* Surety will become?
Marcus is made a Judge, and for a Proof
Of certain Truth, *He ſaid it*, is enough.
A Will is to be prov'd; put in your Claim;
'Tis clear, if [15] *Marcus* has ſubſcrib'd his Name.
This is [16] true Liberty, as I believe;
What farther can we from our Caps receive,
Than as we pleaſe without controul to live?
Not more to [17] Noble *Brutus* cou'd belong.
Hold, ſays the Stoick, your Aſſumption's wrong:

I grant true Freedom you have well defin'd:
But living as you list, and to your mind,
And loosely tack'd, and must be left behind.
What, since the Prætor did my Fetters loose,
And let me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without Controul or Awe,
Excepting still the [18] Letter of the Law?

Hear me with patience, while thy Mind I free
From those fond Notions of false Liberty:
'Tis not the Prætor's Province to bestow
True Freedom; nor to teach Mankind to know
What to our selves, or to our Friends we owe.
He cou'd not set thee free from Cares and Strife,
Nor give the Reins to a lewd vicious Life:
As well he for an Ass a Harp might string,
Which is against the Reason of the thing;
For Reason still is whisp'ring in your Ear,
Where you are sure to fail, th' Attempt forbear.
No need of Publick Sanctions, this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the Mind;
Not to pursue the Work, to which we're not de-
sign'd.

Unskill'd in *Hellebore*, if thou ſhou'dſt try,
To mix it, and miſtake the Quantity,
The Rules of Phyſick wou'd againſt thee cry.
The high-ſhoo'd Ploughman, ſhou'd he quit the Land,
To take the Pilot's Rudder in his hand,
Artleſs of Stars, and of the moving Sand,
The Gods wou'd leave him to the Waves and Wind,
And think all Shame was loſt in Human Kind.
Tell me, my Friend, from whence hadſt thou the Skill,
So nicely to diſtinguiſh Good from Ill?
Or by the ſound to judge of Gold and Braſs,
What piece is Tinkers Metal, what will paſs?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratifie?
When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
But never Craving, or oppreſs'd with Care?
The Baits of Gifts, and Money to deſpiſe,
And look on Wealth with undeſiring Eyes?
When thou can'ſt truly call theſe Virtues thine,
Be wiſe and free, by Heav'n's Conſent and mine.

But thou, who lately of the common ſtrain,
Wer't one of us, if ſtill thou do'ſt retain
The ſame ill Habits, the ſame Follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a Saint-like ſhow,
Then I reſume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to Vice, and ſtill a Slave.
Thou can'ſt not wag thy Finger, or begin
The leaſt light motion, but it tends to ſin.

How's this? Not wag my Finger, he replies?
No, Friend; nor fuming Gums, nor Sacrifice,
Can ever make a Madman free, or wiſe.
" Virtue and [19] Vice are never in one Soul:
" A Man is wholly Wiſe, or wholly is a Fool.
A heavy Bumpkin, taught with daily Care,
Can never dance three ſteps with a becoming Air.

PERS.

In ſpight of this, my Freedom ſtill remains.

CORN.

Free, what, and fetter'd with ſo many Chains?
Can'ſt thou no other Maſter underſtand
Than [20] him that freed thee by the Prætor's Wand

Shou'd he, who was thy Lord, command thee now
With a harsh Voice, and supercilious Brow,
To servile Duties, thou woud'st fear no more;
The Gallows and the Whip are out of door.
But if thy Passions Lord it in thy Breast,
Art thou not still a Slave, and still oppress?
Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
When thou wou'dst take a lazy Morning's Nap;
Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain;
The Tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his Command th'unwilling Sluggard wakes:
What must I do, he cries? What, says his Lord?
Why rise, make ready, and go streight aboard:
With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight;
Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
Of Pepper, and *Sabean* Incense, take
With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camels Back:
And with Post-haste thy running Markets make.
Be sure to turn the Penny; lye and swear,
'Tis wholesom Sin: But *Jove*, thou say'st, will hear:

Swear

Swear, Fool, or ſterve; for the Dilemma's even:
A Tradeſman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Reſolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack
Each laddled with his Burden on his back!
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now, unleſs
Thy other Lord forbids, Voluptuouſneſs:
And he may ask this civil Queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a Shipboard? To what end?
Art thou of *Bethlem*'s Noble Colledge free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou wou'dſt tempt the Sea?
Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattreſs laid,
On a brown *George*, with lowſie Swobbers fed,
Dead Wine that ſtinks of the *Boracchio*, ſup
From a foul Jack, or greaſie Maple-Cup?
Say, wou'dſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy Store
From Six i'th Hundred, to Six Hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does ſome looſe Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for Death will make us all,
A Name, a nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.

Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure chuse
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the Rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a Slave.
Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy Marks of Servitude are gone:
The struglingGreyhound gnaws his Leash in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the Chain.
Says [21] *Phædra* to his Man, Believe me, Friend,
To this uneasie Love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? My Friends Disgrace,
And be the first lewd Unthrift of my Race?
Shall I the Neighbours nightly Rest invade
At her deaf Doors, with some vile Serenade?
Well hast thou freed thy self, his Man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer Sacrifice.
Ah, says the Youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond Creature break her Heart?
Weak Soul! and blindly to Destruction led!
She break her Heart? she'll sooner break your Head,
She knows her Man, and when you rant and swear
Can draw you to her, with a single Hair.

But shall I not return? Now, when she sues?
Shall I my own, and her Desires refuse?
Sir, take your course. But my Advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis Madness to resume your Chain.
Ay; there's the Man, who loos'd from Lust and Pelf,
Less to the Prætor owes, than to himself.
But write him down a Slave, who, humbly proud,
With Presents begs Preferments from the Crowd;
That early [22] Suppliant who salutes the Tribes,
And sets the Mob to scramble for his Bribes!
That some old Dotard, sitting in the Sun,
On Holy-days may tell, that such a Feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy Superstition too may claim a share!
When Flow'rs are strew'd, and Lamps in order plac'd,
And Windows with Illuminations grac'd,
On [23] *Herod's* Day, when sparkling Bowls go round,
And *Tunny's* Tails in savoury Sauce are drown'd,
Thou murmer'st Pray'rs obscene; nor do'st refuse
The Fasts and Sabbaths of the curtail'd *Jews*.

Then a crack'd Eggshel thy sick Fancy frights,
Besides the Childish Fear of walking Sprights.
Of o'er-grown Guelding Priests thou art afraid;
The Timbrel and the Squintifego Maid
Of *Isis*, awe thee: lest the Gods, for sin,
Shou'd, with a swelling Dropsie, stuff thy Skin:
Unless three Garlick Heads the Curse avert,
Eaten each Morn, devotly, next thy Heart.

Preach this among the brawny Guards, say'st thou,
And see if they thy Doctaine will allow:
The dull fat Captain, with a hound's deep Throat,
Wou'd bellow out a Laugh, in a Base-Note;
And prize a hundred *Zeno*'s just as much
As a clipt Sixpence, or a Schilling *Dutch*.

Explanatory Notes on the Fifth Satir.

1 *Progne* was Wife to *Tereus*, King of *Thracia*: *Tereus* fell in Love with *Philomela*, Sister to *Progne*, ravish'd her, and cut out her Tongue: In Revenge of which, *Progne* kill'd *Itys*, her own Son by *Tereus*; and serv'd him up at a Feast, to be eaten by his Father.

2 *Thyestes* and *Atreus* were Brothers, both Kings: *Atreus* to Revenge himself of his unnatural Brother, kill'd the Sons of *Thyestes*, and invited him to eat them.

3 By

3 By the Childish Robe, is meant the *Prætexta*, or first Gowns which the *Roman* Children of Quality wore: These were Welted with Purple; and on those Welts were fasten'd the *Bullæ*, or little Bells; which when they came to the Age of *Puberty*, were hung up, and Consecrated to the *Lares*, or Houshold Gods.

4 The first Shields which the *Roman* Youths wore, were white, and without any Impress, or Device on them, to shew they had yet Atchiev'd nothing in the Wars.

5 *Socrates* by the Oracle, was declar'd to be the Wisest of Mankind: He instructed many of the *Athenian* Young Noblemen in Morality, and amongst the rest *Alcibiades*.

6 Astrologers divide the Heaven into Twelve Parts, according to the Number of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack: The Sign or Constellation which rises in the East, at the Birth of any Man, is call'd the Ascendant: *Persius* therefore judges that *Cornutus* and he had the same, or a like Nativity.

7 The Sign of *Gemini*.

8 The Sign of *Libra*.

9 Astrologers have an Axiom, that whatsoever *Saturn* ties, is loos'd by *Jupiter*: They account *Saturn* to be a Planet of a Malevolent Nature, and *Jupiter* of a Propitious Influence.

10 *Zeno* was the Great Master of the Stoick Philosophy; and *Cleanthes* was second to him in Reputation: *Cornutus*, who was Master or Tutor to *Persius* was of the same School.

11 When a Slave was made free, he had the Priviledge of a *Roman* Born; which was to have a share in the Donatives or Doles of Bread, &c. which were distributed, by the Magistrates amongst the People.

12 The *Roman* People was distributed into several Tribes: He who was made free was inroll'd into some one of them, and thereupon enjoy'd the common Priviledges of a *Roman* Citizen.

13 The Master, who intended to infranchise a Slave, carried him before the City Prætor, and turn'd him round, using these Words: *I will that this Man be free.*

14 Slaves had only one Name before their Freedem: After it, they were admitted to a *Prænomen*, like our Christen'd Names: So *Dama*, is now call'd *Marcus Dama*.

15 At the Proof of a Testament, the Magistrates were to subscribe their Names, as allowing the Legality of the Will.

16 Slaves, when they were set free, had a Cap given them in Sign of their Liberty.

17 *Brutus* freed the *Roman* People from the Tyranny of the *Tarquins*, and chang'd the Form of the Government into a glorious Common-wealth.

18 The Text of the *Roman* Laws, was written in Red Letters, which was call'd the Rubrick; translated here, in more general Words, *The Letter of the Law*.

19 The

19 The Stoicks held this Paradox, That any one Vice, or notorious Folly, which they call'd Madness, hinder'd a Man from being Virtuous: That a Man was of a piece, without a mixture; either wholy Vicious, or Good; one Virtue or Vice, according to them, including all the rest.

20 The Prætor held a Wand in his Hand, with which he softly struck the Slave on the Head, when he declar'd him free.

21 This alludes to the Play of *Terence*, call'd the *Eunuch*; which was excellently imitated of late in English, by Sir *Charles Sidley*: In the first Scene of that Comedy, *Phedria* was introduc'd with his Man *Pamphilius*, discoursing, whether he shou'd leave his Mistress *Thais*, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

22 He who sued for any Office amongst the *Romans*, was call'd a Candidate, because he wore a white Gown; and sometimes chalk'd it, to make it appear whiter. He rose early, and went to the *Levees* of those who headed the People; Saluted also the Tribes severally, when they were gather'd together, to chuse their Magistrates; and distributed a Largess amongst them, to engage them for their Voices: Much resembling our Elections of Parliament-Men.

23 The Commentators are divided, what *Herod* this was whom our Author mentions; whether *Herod the Great*, whose Birth-day might possibly be Celebrated, after his Death, by the *Herodians*, a Sect among the *Jews*, who thought him their Messiah; or *Herod Agrippa*, living in the Author's time, and after it. The latter seems the more probable Opinion.

24 The Ancients had a Superstition, contrary to ours, concerning Egg-shells: They thought that if an Egg-shell were crack'd, or a hole bor'd in the bottom of it, they were subject to the Power of Sorcery: We as vainly break the bottom of an Egg-shell, and cross it, when we have eaten the Egg, lest some Hagg shou'd make use of it, in bewitching us or sailing over the Sea in it, if it were whole.

The rest of the Priests of *Isis*, and her one-ey'd, or squinting Priestess, is more largely treated in the Sixth Satir of *Juvenal*, where the Superstitions of Women are related.

THE SIXTH SATIR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

This Sixth Satir Treats an admirable Common place of Moral Philosophy; Of the true Use of Riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who bestows them, as Instruments and Helps of living commodiously our selves; and of administring to the Wants of others, who are oppress'd by Fortune. There are two Extreams in the Opinions of Men concerning them. One Error, tho' on the right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no Helps to a Virtuous Life; The other places all our Happiness in the acquisition and possession of them: and this is, undoubtedly, the worse Extream. The Mean betwixt these, is the Opinion of the Stoicks; which is, That Riches may be useful to the leading a Virtuous Life; in case we rightly understand how to Give according to right Reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The Virtue of Giving Well, is call'd Liberality: And 'tis of this Virtue that Persius *writes in this Satir; wherein he not only shews the lawful Use of Riches, but also sharply inveighs against the Vices which are oppos'd to it;*

it; and especially of those, which consist in the Defects of Giving or Spending; or in the Abuse of Riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus *his Friend, and a Poet also. Enquires first of his Health and Studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his Vices; and particularly, that he is combating Ambition, and the Desire of Wealth. He dwells upon the latter Vice: And being sensible, that few Men either desire or use Riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their Folly; which is the main Design of the whole Satir.*

THE SIXTH SATIR.

To Cæsius Bassus, *a Lyrick Poet.*

HAS Winter caus'd thee, Friend, to change thy Seat,
And seek in [1] *Sabine* Air, a warm Retreat?
Say, do'st thou yet the *Roman* Harp Command?
Do the Strings Answer to thy Noble Hand?
Great Master of the Muse, inspir'd to Sing
The Beauties of the first-created Spring;
The Pedigree of Nature to rehearse,
And sound the Maker's Work, in equal Verse.
Now

Now [2] ſporting on thy Lyre the Loves of Youth,
Now Virtuous Age, and Venerable Truth;
Expreſſing juſtly *Sapho*'s wanton Art
Of Odes, and *Pindar*'s more Majeſtick Part.
For me, my warmer Conſtitution wants
More Cold, than our *Ligurian* Winter grants;
And, therefore, to my Native Shoars retir'd,
I view the Coaſt old *Ennius* once admir'd;
Where Clifts on either ſide their points diſplay;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleaſing Proſpect of the Bay.
'Tis worth your while, O *Romans*, to regard
The Port of *Luna*, ſays our Learned Bard;
Who, in [3] a drunken Dream beheld his Soul
The Fifth within the Tranſmigrating roul:
Which firſt a Peacock, then *Euphorbus* was,
Then *Homer* next, and next *Pythagoras*;
And laſt of all the Line did into *Ennius* paſs.
Secure and free from Buſineſs of the State;
And more ſecure of what the Vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private Thoughts; nor care
What Rots for Sheep the *Southern* Winds prepare:

Survey

Survey the Neighb'ring Fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger Crop than mine?
To see a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous Bowl, nor bate my bounteous Cheer.
Nor yet unseal the Dregs of Wine that stink
Of Cask; nor in a nasty Flaggon drink;
Let others stuff their Guts with homely fair;
For Men of diff'rent Inclinations are;
Tho' born, perhaps, beneath one common Star.
In Minds and Manners Twins oppos'd we see
In the same Sign, almost the same Degree:
One, frugal, on his Birth-Day fears to Dine;
Does at a Penny's cost in Herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his Fingers in the Brine.
Prepar'd as Priest of his one Rites to stand,
He sprinkles Pepper with a sparing hand.
His Jolly Brother, opposite in Sence,
Laughs at his Thrift; and lavish of Expence,
Quaffs, Crams, and Guttles, in his own defence.

For

For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;
Yet will not Turbots for my Slaves prepare:
Nor be so nice in Taste my self, to know
If what I swallow be a Thrush, or no.
Live on thy Annual Income! Spend thy Store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing-Floor;
Next Harvest promises as much or more.
Thus I wou'd live: But Friendship's holy Band,
And Offices of Kindness hold my hand:
My Friend is Shipwreck'd on the *Brutian* Strand.
His Riches in th' *Ionian* Main are lost;
And he himself stands shiv'ring on the Coast;
Where, destitute of Help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the Deaf Gods with Fruitless Pray'r.
Their Images, the Relicks of the Wrack,
Torn from the naked Poop, are tided back
By the wild Waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The Vessel sticks and shews her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd Mast the Mews in Triumph ride.

From

From [5] thy new Hope, and from thy growing Store,
Now lend assistance, and relieve the Poor.
Come; do an Noble Act of Charity:
A Pittance of thy Land will set him free.
Let him not bear the Badges of a Wreck;
Nor [6] beg with a blue Table on his Back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning Heir will say,
'Tis mine that Wealth thou squander'st thus away'
What is't to thee, if he neglect thy Urn,
Or [7] without Spices lets thy Body burn?
If Odours to thy Ashes he refuse,
Or buys corrupted *Cassia* from the *Jews*?
All these, the wiser *Bestius* will reply,
Are empty Pomp, and Deadmen's Luxury.
We never knew this vain Expence, before
Th' effeminated *Grecians* brought it o'er:
Now Toys and Trifles from their *Athens* come;
And Dates and Pepper have unsinew'd *Rome*.
Our sweating Hinds their Sallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely Herbs with fragrant Oil.
But, to thy Fortune be not thou a Slave;
For what hast thou to fear beyond the Grave:

And

And thou who gap'ſt for my Eſtate, draw near;
For I wou'd whiſper ſomewhat in thy Ear,
Hear'ſt thou the News, my Friend? th' Expreſs is come
With Laurell'd Letters from the Camp to *Rome*:
Cæſar [8] ſalutes the Queen and Senate thus:
My Arms, are on the *Rhine*, Victorious.
From Mourning Altars ſweep the Duſt away:
Ceaſe Faſting, and proclaim a fat Thankſgiving Day.
The [9] goodly Empreſs, Jollily inclin'd,
Is, to the welcome Bearer, wond'rous kind!
And, ſetting her Good Houſewifry aſide,
Prepares for all the Pageantry of Pride.
The [10] Captive *Germans*, of Gygantick ſize,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in Frize:
The Spoils of Kings, and Conquer'd Camps we boaſt,
Their Arms in Trophies hang, on the Triumphal Poſt:
Now, for ſo many Glorious Actions done
In Foreign Parts, and mighty Battels won;

For Peace at home, and for the Publick Wealth
I mean to Crown a Bowl to Cæsar's Health:
Besides, in Gratitude for such high Matters,
Know'st I have vow'd two hundred Gladiators.
Say, wou'dst thou hinder me from this Expence?
I Disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take Offence.
Yet more a publick Largess I design
Of Oil and Pies to make the People dine:
Controul me not for fear I change my Will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
You give as if you were the *Persian* King;
Your Land does no such large Revenues bring.
Well; on my Terms thou wilt not be my Heir;
If thou car'st little, less shall be my Care:
Were none of all my Father's Sisters left;
Nay, were I of my Mother's Kin bereft;
None by an Uncle's or a Grandam's side,
Yet I cou'd some adopted Heir provide.
I need but take my Journey half a Day
From haughty *Rome*, and at *Aricea* stay,
Where Fortune throws poor *Manius* in my way.

Him will I chuſe: What him, of humble Birth,
Obſcure, a Foundling, and a Son of Earth?
Obſcure! Why prithee what am I? I know
My Father, Grandſire, and Great Grandſire too:
If farther I derive my Pedigree,
I can but gueſs beyond the fourth Degree.
The reſt of my forgotten Anceſtors,
Where Sons of Earth, like him, or Sons of Whores.
Yet why ſhou'dſt thou, old covetous Wretch, aſpire
To be my Heir, who might'ſt have been my Sire?
In Nature's Race, ſhou'dſt thou demand of me
My [12] Torch, when I in courſe run after thee?
Think I approach thee, like the God of Gain,
With Wings on Head and Heels, as Poets feign:
Thy Mod'rate Fortune from my Gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and ask no more.
What, when thou haſt embezell'd all thy Store?
Where's all thy Father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to ſupply my Want:

The Legacies of *Tadius* two are flown,
All ſpent, and on the ſelf-ſame Errand gone.
How little then to my Poor ſhare will fall?
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.

Nor tell me, in a dying Father's Tone,
Be careful ſtill of the main Chance, my Son;
Put out the Principal, in truſty hands:
Live of the Uſe; and never dip thy Lands:
But yet what's left for me? What's left, my Friend,
Ask that again, and all the reſt I ſpend.
Is not my Fortune at my own Command?
Pour Oil; and pour it with a plenteous hand
Upon my Sallads, Boy: Shall I be fed
With ſodden Nettles, and a ſing'd Sow's Head?
'Tis Holy-day; provide me better Cheer;
'Tis Holy-day, and ſhall be around the Year.
Shall I my Houſhold Gods and Genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my Meat?
That he may loll at eaſe, and pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on Giblet Pie?
And when his throbbing Luſt extends the Vein,
Have wherewithal his Whores to entertain?

Shall I in homeſpun Cloth be clad, that he
His Paunch in Triumph may before him ſee.
Go Miſer, go; for Lucre ſell thy Soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from Pole to
Pole
That men may ſay, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vaſt Eſtate he left his Son!
How large a Family of Brawny Knaves,
Well-fed, and fat as [13] *Cappadocian* Slaves!
Encreaſe thy Wealth, and double all thy Store;
'Tis done: Now double that, and ſwell the Score;
To ev'ry Thouſand add Ten thouſand more.
Then ſay, [14] *Chryſippus*, thou who woud'ſt confine
Thy Heap, where I ſhall put an end to mine.

Explanatory Notes on the Sixth Satir.

1 AND *ſeek, in Sabine Air*, &c. All the Studious, and particularly the Poets, about the end of *Auguſt*, began to ſet themſelves on Work: Refraining from Writing, during the Heats of the Summer. They wrote by Night, and ſat up the greateſt part of it: For which Reaſon the Product of their Studies, was call'd their *Elucubrations*, or Nightly Labours. They who had Country-Seats, retir'd to them while they Studied: As *Perſius* did to his, which was near the Port of the Moon in *Etruria*; and *Baſſus* to his, which was in the Country of the *Sabines*, neater *Rome*.

2 *Now ſporting on thy Lyre*, &c. This proves *Caſſius Baſſus* to have been a Lyrick Poet: 'Tis ſaid on him, that by an Eruption of the Flaming Mountain *Veſuvius*, near which the greateſt part of his Fortune lay, he was burnt himſelf, together with all his Writings.

3 *Who in a Drunken Dream*, &c. I call it a Drunken Dream of *Ennius*; not that my Author in this place gives me any encouragement for the Epithet; but because *Horace*, and all who mention *Ennius*, say he was an exceſſive Drinker of Wine. In a Dream, or Viſion, call you it which you pleaſe, he thought it was reveal'd to him, that the Soul of *Pythagoras* was tranſmigrated into him: As *Pythagoras*, before him believ'd, that himſelf had been *Euphorbus* in the Wars of *Troy*. Commentators differ in placing the Order of this Soul, and who had it firſt. I have here given it to the Peacock, becauſe it looks more according to the Order of Nature, that it ſhou'd lodge in a Creature of an inferior Species; and ſo by Gradation riſe to the informing of a Man. And *Perſius* favours me, by ſaying that *Ennius* was the Fifth from the *Pythagorean* Peacock.

4 *My Friend is Shipwreck'd on*, &c. Perhaps this is only a fine Tranſition of the Poet, to introduce the Buſineſs of the Satir; and not, that any ſuch Accident had happen'd to one of the Friends of *Perſius*. But, however, this is the moſt Poetical Deſcription of any in our Author: And ſince he and *Lucan* were ſo great Friends, I know not but *Lucan* might help him, in two or three of theſe Verſes, which ſeems to be written in his ſtile; certain it is, that beſides this Deſcription of a Shipwreck, and two Lines more, which are at the end of the Second Satir, our Poet has written nothing Elegantly. I will therefore Tranſcribe both the Paſſages to juſtify my Opinion. The following are the laſt Verſes ſaving one of the Second Satir.

Compoſitum jus, faſque animi; ſanctoſque receſſus
Mentis, & incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto:

The others are thoſe in this preſent Satir, which are ſubjoyn'd:

——— Trabe rupta, Bruttia Saxa
Prendit Amicus inops: Remque omnem, ſurdaque vota
Condidit Ionio: Facet ipſe in Littore; & una
Ingentes de puppe Dei: Famque obvia Mergis
Coſta ratis lacera———

5 *From thy new Hope*, &c. The Latin is, *Nunc & de Ceſpite vivo, fruge aliquid. Caſaubon* only oppoſes the *Ceſpes vivus*, which, word for word, is the living Turf, to the Harveſt or Annual Income: I ſuppoſe the Poet rather means, ſell a piece of Land already ſown; and give the Money of it to my Friend who has loſt all by Shipwreck: That is, do not ſtay till thou haſt Reap'd; but help him immediately, as his Wants require.

6 *Not beg with a blue Table*, &c. *Holiday* Tranſlates it a Green Table: The ſence is the ſame; for the Table was painted of the Sea-Colour; which the Shipwreck'd Perſon carry'd on his back, expreſſing his Loſſes thereby, to excite the Charity of the Spectators.

7 *Or without Spices*, &c. The Bodies of the Rich before they were burnt, were embalm'd with Spices; or rather Spices were put into the Urn, with the Relicks of the Ashes. Our Author here names *Cinnamum* and *Cassia*, which *Cassia* was sophisticated with *Cherry-Gum*: And probably enough by the *Jews*, who adulterate all things which they sell. But whether the Ancients were acquainted with the Spices of the *Moluccs* Islands, *Ceylon* and other parts of the *Indies*; or whether their *Pepper* and *Cinnamon*, &c. were the same with ours, is another Question. As for *Nutmegs* and *Mace*, 'tis plain, that the Latin Names of them are Modern.

8 *Cæsar salutes*, &c. The *Cæsar* here mention'd is *Caius Caligula*, who affected to Triumph over the *Germans*, whom he never Conquer'd, as he did over the *Britans*; and accordingly sent Letters, wrapt about with Laurels, to the Senate, and the Empress *Cæsonia*, whom I here call Queen; though I know that Name was not us'd amongst the *Romans*: But the word Empress wou'd not stand in that Verse; for which reason I adjourn'd it to another. The Dust which was to be swept away from the Altars, was either the Ashes which were left there, after the last Sacrifice for Victory; or might perhaps mean the Dust or Ashes, which were left on the Altars, since some former Defeat of the *Romans*, by the *Germans*: After which Overthrow, the Altars had been neglected.

9 *Cæsonia* Wife to *Caius Caligula*, who afterwards, in the Reign of *Claudius*, was propos'd, but ineffectually, to be Marry'd to him, after he had executed *Messalina* for Adultery.

10 *The Captive Germans*, &c. He means only such as were to pass for *Germans* in the Triumph: Large Body'd Men, as they are still; whom the Empress Cloath'd new, with coarse Garments, for the greater Ostentation of the Victory.

11 *Know, I have vow'd Two Hundred Gladiators.* A hundred pair of Gladiators, were beyond the Purse of a private Man to give: Therefore this is only a threatning to his Heir, that he cou'd do what he pleas'd with his Estate.

12 *Shou'dst thou demand of me, my Torch*, &c. Why shou'dst thou, who art an Old Fellow, hope to out-live me, and be my Heir, who am much Younger? He who was first, in the Course, or Race, deliver'd the Torch, which he carry'd, to him who was Second.

13 *Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian Slaves*: Who were famous for their Lustiness; and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a Stall when they were expos'd to Sale, to shew the good Habit of their Body; and made to play Tricks before the Buyers, to shew their Activity and Strength.

14 *Then say, Chrysippus*, &c. *Chrysippus* the Stoick invented a kind of Argument, consisting of more than three Propositions; which is call'd *Sorites*, or a Heap. But as *Chrysippus* cou'd never bring his Propositions to a certain stint; so neither can a Covetous Man bring his Craving Desires to any certain Measure of Riches, beyond which, he cou'd not wish for any more.

A Table to JUVENAL.

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